

High Times

November '78

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5 GET-RICH GURUS

D-Men vs. Nicky Barnes.

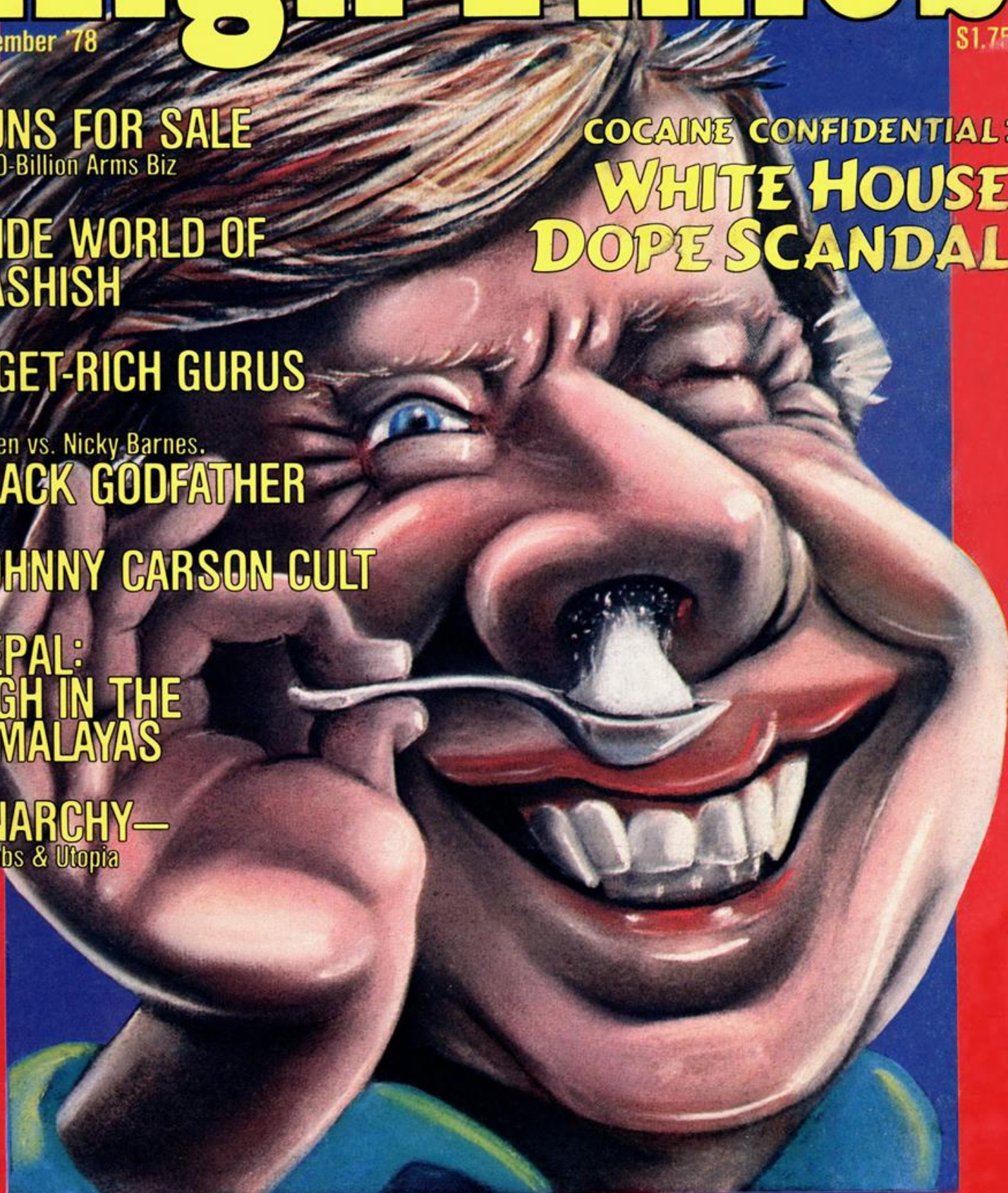
BLACK GODFATHER

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**NEPAL:
HIGH IN THE
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ANARCHY—
Bombs & Utopia



**COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL:
WHITE HOUSE
DOPE SCANDAL**





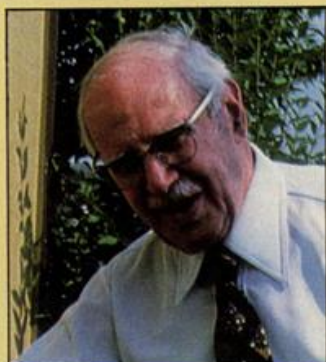
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High Times

Nov. '78 No. 39 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY



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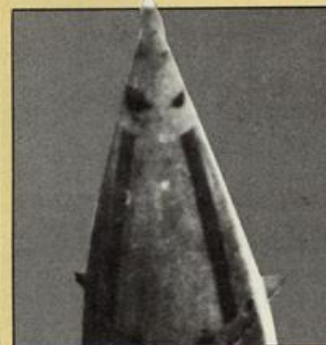
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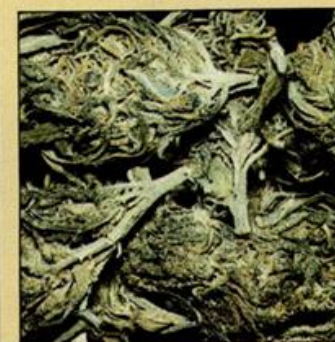
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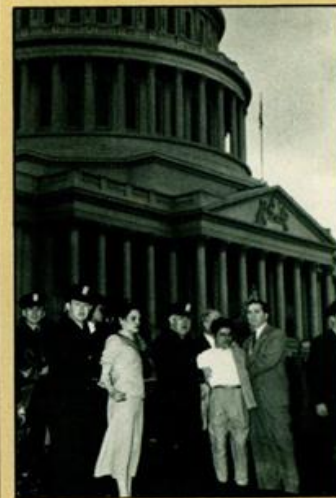
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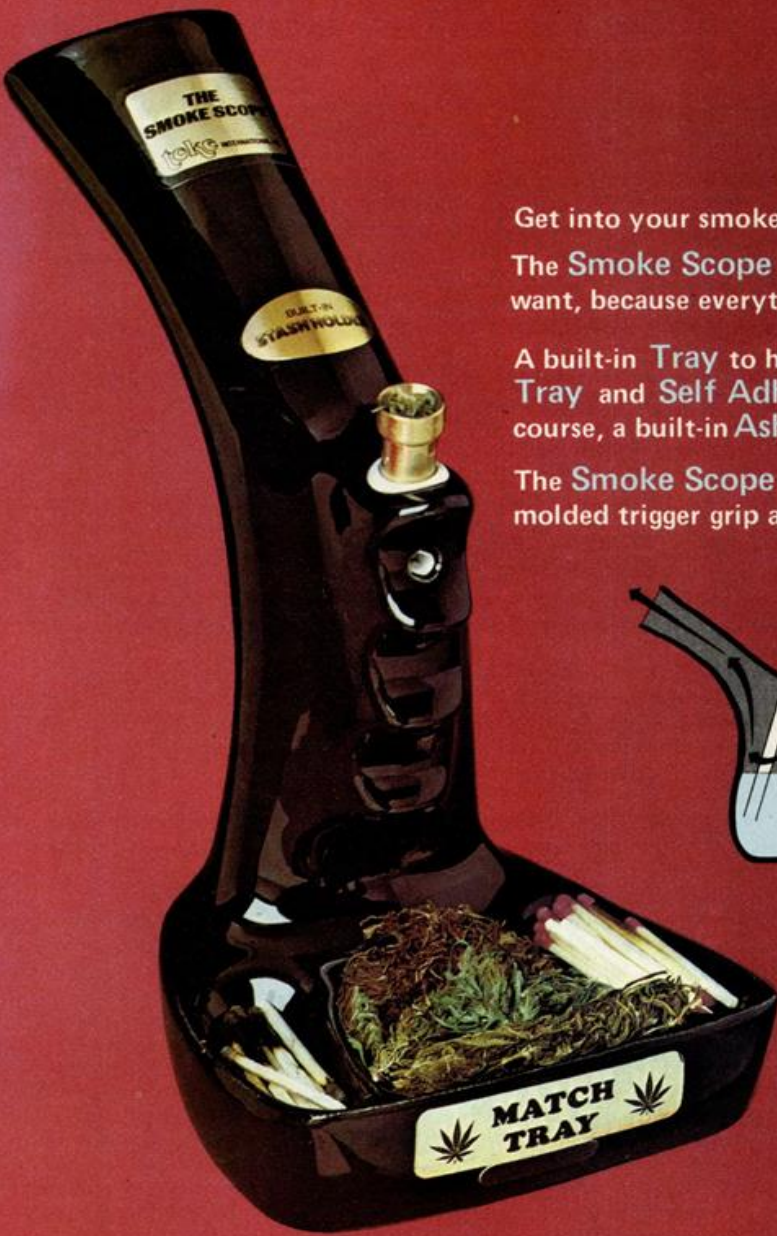
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Carter's Cocaine Conspiracy

When the people of Paris had no bread, Marie Antoinette lifted her pretty perfumed head from the lap of her pastry cook and said, "Let them eat cake!" For this offense, that little masterpiece of nature was subsequently severed from her neck and shoulders in an abrupt manner.

When the pot smokers of America were choking on paraquat he had sprayed on their marijuana, White House drug adviser Peter Bourne could barely make his lips move enough to form the words, "Let them snort coke!" Bourne, busy as he was defending before Congress his policy of poisoning the people he was charged with protecting from poison, was otherwise occupied writing phony prescriptions for Quaaludes for a White House secretary (his rationale being that a record of Quaalude use would prevent her later from obtaining a security clearance, as if American taxpayers would want a luded-out steno falling down on the control button of a nuke console).

For this indiscretion Bourne soon lost his \$51,000-a-year patronage job in the Carter administration; and, in our opinion, the doctor can count himself lucky that his pretty little head was not similarly separated in a predorsal lobotomy performed with a coke razor and then displayed, in the medieval manner, on a pike in front of the Ford Foundation or the Johns Hopkins school as a warning to other carpetbaggers, carpet biters and Carter baggies in the Cabinet.

Not that we object to those in high places getting high. At the zenith of Prohibition, the late great member of Congress John Nance Garner was wont to open a bottle of good bourbon in his chambers on Capitol Hill and invite his fellow legislators to take a good hard drink at the situation, reminding them, "Gentlemen, today we strike a blow for freedom." If Bourne had shown one-tenth as much patriotic ardor as the fine Republican senator from Illinois, he would still be one of our nation's leaders and our drug policy would not be what it is—our greatest national tragedy since Vietnam.

Truly, Jimmy Carter has made a shambles of his campaign promises of decriminalization and dopocracy. His "human rights" campaign does not even extend to the life, liberty and happiness of 20 million U.S. citizens who smoke pot. His so-called inflation fighters have not brought down the price of dope one single dollar. The bungling overtures of Cyrus Vance have failed to bring peace to Lebanon, where valleys full of hashish lie gathering dust as a needless civil war interferes with legitimate agricultural enterprise.

While American TV manufacturers, shoe makers, car assemblers and marijuana farmers swell the ranks of the unemployed, Carter shiftily evades the imposition of high tariffs on cheap Japanese, Korean and Colombian imports. And while he nickel-and-dimes the Pentagon and our NATO allies out of the hardware they need to defend the shrinking areas where democracy survives, Carter's drug hounds persecute our boys in uniform at home and abroad, denying them the one pleasure that keeps them at their hazardous and thankless duty: to wit, dope. Come, come, Mr. Carter—are you a president or some kind of hypocrite, like your friend Bourne.

While Jimmy Earl lets the marijuana smokers of America twist slowly, slowly in the wind, the truth now emerges that his own administration is kept going only by massive ministrations of the very substances his trigger-happy narcs seek to "control." Now, surely the men and women whose heavy burden and responsibility it is to run our ship of state straight and true are under great stress, and there is no reason why we should deny them solace in the form of legitimately obtained megadoses of Quaaludes, a reputable medicine widely prescribed by conscientious physicians for the relief of stress and executive tension. And at a moment when national leadership is groping for inspiration, they should certainly not be denied the imagination that comes with a toke of good grass or a toot of coke. What's needed, clearly, is a national emergency executive stash fund that would grant top-level dope clearance in the interests of national security, with all funds duly reported to the General Accounting Office. Instead of reaching for a rational solution, though, Jimmy Carter tries to keep above it all, like a rock trying to float, waving his arms and claiming he knows nothing.

Carter's record on dope is not completely blighted. His overall handling of the antismuggling drive has been insouciant and inept, possibly on purpose. Indeed, it is interesting to note that Bourne's fall from grace came only days after he began clamoring for air-force and navy jets and satellites to participate in the war on smugglers—did he fall or was he pushed? And the fact that an entire administration is constantly stoned is not in itself a bad thing; far from it, in fact. What hurts is the grinding hypocrisy that drives Carter to lash out against dope when dope is all that keeps his administration going. Give us the days of John Nance Garner, when Congress was seldom sober and America was at peace.

Whatever one thinks of stoned senators and a coked-up Cabinet, High Times cannot easily accept the role of the press as paid informant in covering the White House dope scandal. An orgy of dope smears against the administration on the one hand, and august editors of the New York Times deleting reporters' references to widespread doping in the press corps itself on the other—this sort of thing will not do.

In all, we view l'affaire Bourne more in sorrow than in anger. Oh, it's nice to see that one of the bastards got what was due him. But isn't it getting pretty ridiculous, this whole business about illegal dope? Cut the crap, Mr. Carter—let's legalize dope to save America. ☐



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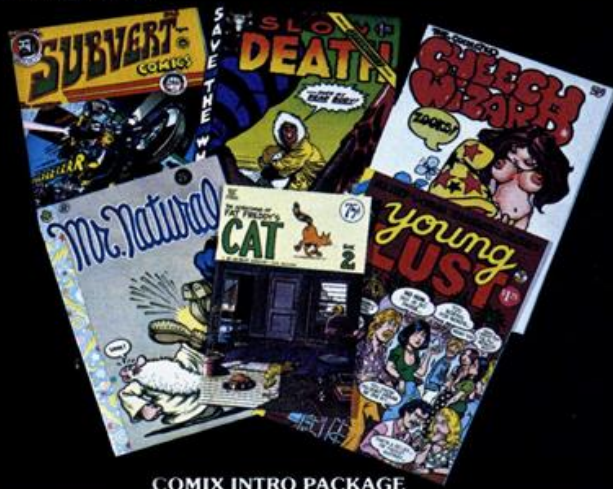
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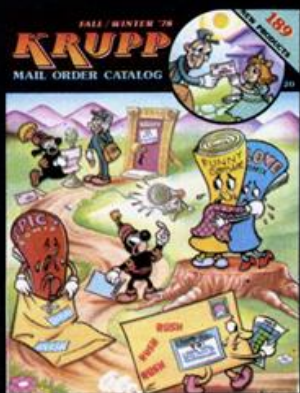
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Ultimately 4th Street

I was intrigued that the song "Ballad of the Hip Death Goddess" by Ultimate Spinach proved so popular with the young glue huffer interviewed by Joe Schenkman [*High Times*, "Glue Confessions," June '78]; I led and composed



songs for the group. Ironically, back in '68 I was described as "anti-drug" in *Newsweek*. In fact, however, I was tripping on some wonderful Owsley acid when *Newsweek* spoke with me.

I finally had to leave Ultimate Spinach (the name resulted from another acid excursion, when I went crazy with a green magic marker) because MGM was determined to turn me into Mr. Clean. I'm glad someone out there is still keeping the faith, even if he doesn't know what he's doing.

—Ian Bruce-Douglas, New Orleans, La.

Further Inside POTHibition

I enjoyed Michael Chance's "The Inside Story: POTHibition" [*High Times*, July '78], but it contains a few inaccuracies that should be clarified for the record. LeMar was not "the brainchild of Michael Aldrich." The first LeMar was set up in San Francisco in 1964 by a libertarian lawyer, James R. White III. My own relatively minor contribution to the movement began in 1967 when I started the first college branch of LeMar at SUNY-Buffalo, sponsoring many campus events and urging legalization.

The biggest problem facing the early LeMar groups was lack of money. At the 1968 National Student Association Drug Conference, a stone-brilliant undergraduate named Blair Newman came up with a

then-unique scheme to finance a truly effective national media campaign for pot-law reform. Blair proposed an amorphous (hence the name "Amorphia") nonprofit "cannabis cooperative" that would import rolling papers and devote all proceeds from their sale to marijuana research and reform.

It took three years to raise the venture capital, set up the organization and get out the first shipment of Acapulco Gold papers—the first cannabis papers marketed in America. Between 1971 and 1974, Amorphia contributed over \$50,000 to reform activities and was the largest single financial contributor to marijuana initiatives in California, Michigan, Oregon and Washington.

It was not "a squabble over salaries and seniority" that threatened the Amorphia/NORML coalition. Personality conflicts and disputes over strategy were responsible. Amorphia was usually a bit to the left of NORML in encouraging popular-action strategies, but aside from a few paranoid blunders (like accusing Playboy of trying to corner the dope market through NORML, for which I take this opportunity to apologize), we generally agree that the top priority of reform was to stop people from going to jail for marijuana.

Amorphia's eventual downfall was a result of continuing to pour money into political action, especially the doomed 1973 California initiative that didn't even get on the ballot. One of our creditors sued us, and a court awarded him all our inventory and the right to use our name and sell the papers regardless of marijuana reform. Amorphia has not had control of Acapulco Gold papers since 1974 and has been functionally defunct since then.

I was bone weary of pot politics after seven years of organizing and in 1974 became curator of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library of drug literature, a perfect job for me. LeMar and Amorphia served their purpose and, I think, helped move the movement along.

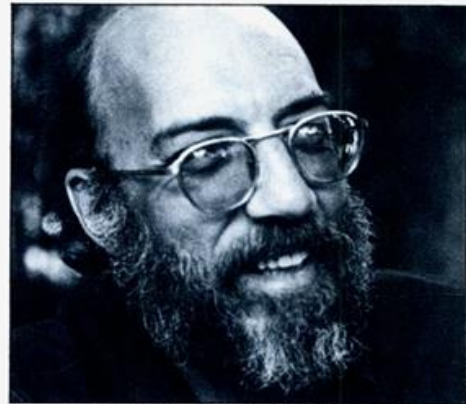
—Michael R. Aldrich, Ph.D.,
San Francisco, Ca.

Take Back Mexican

In regard to "Bring Back Mexican" by "R." Dope Connoisseur [*High Times*, "Dope," June '78]: I was surprised to hear that any Easterner would really be interested in Mexican. Having moved from New England to Texas, I was really disappointed to find that I couldn't smoke any Colombian.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that there is no good Mex, with the likes of Michoacan and Oaxacan or those unbeatable prices, as low as \$10 a lid, but I just don't like the taste. It's so bad that I've given up smoking. So consider yourselves lucky if you can enjoy that fine-tasting Colombo.

—Name and address withheld



Ashley: Avant-Garde Highness

Woodstock Nation Meets Ibogaine

In response to Richard Ashley's engaging article "Avant-Garde Highs" [*High Times*, March '78], I would like to address the notion that differences exist between the specific and nonspecific effects of any psychoactive agents. It is important to realize that the action of any drug is determined largely by the characteristics of the biological system it interacts with.

It becomes increasingly harder to predict the course of a drug experience in an individual as a direct function of what is (or isn't) known about a particular agent. In the early days of LSD, adverse and often unpleasant experiences accompanied its use—outcomes that fortunately grew less frequent as a matrix of expectations for a novice user accumulated through contact with veteran users, literature and the media, all interacting to prepare him or her for contact with the drug.

This cultural "domestication" or assimilation process continually occurs for practically all psychoactive agents, from coffee to cocaine. But when drugs (such as the harmala alkaloids and ibogaine) from other cultures emigrate to new cultures and new users, it is likely that a rash of "side effects" will result as these drugs are added to the pharmacopoeia of recreational chemicals.

The reports of drug effects filtering down to domestic users concerning the cultural use of the new agents in their native environments and culture are not necessarily those effects that will predominate or even appear in this country. Thus naive users should warily approach such chemicals with a full realization of the possibility of not experiencing the "typical reactions" that "scientists report." The scientist as well as the drug user should realize that there are as yet no "typical reactions" to these agents. These effects will have to be carefully noted and characterized through time and cultural assimilation.

Fortunately, the time period of drug assimilation into Western society seems to be decreasing as mass communication becomes more efficient and pervasive.

Hopefully this rapid build-up of a cultural/individual expectation history may be instrumental in averting what seems to be a heretofore necessarily rough transition period for such agents. This may in turn result in a reduction in what some would term "abuse" problems and serve to alert individuals to those agents most likely to have adverse effects and how to avoid them.

—M. Gene Ondrusek, Ph.D., University of North Carolina School of Medicine

Tequila Trails

This is an empty (sigh!) bottle that contained the absolute extreme of mind-boggling liquors. This very special tequila is the product of the *Thermobacterium mobile* germs that ferment in the juices of the *Agave americana* (or "Blue Agave") cactus. At 92 proof, its smoothness is deceiving.

Unlike most alcoholic highs, this Tequila Harradura produces a rather energetic and very psychoactive trip. You stay awake and hallucinate much like being on



a mushroom or peyote adventure, not just a bunch of "spins," and then pass out like on most tequila. It's expensive (\$10 a fifth) and rare, but the high is worth the hunt.

—Malozone, East Bay area, Ca.

We'd like to meet your bartender, pal! For a description of the fermenting process, see the March '78 "Forum."—Ed.



God's Stash

I recently attended the Native American Church gathering in Oilton, Texas, where church members hold ceremonies and purchase peyote direct from the local justice of the peace, who is a legal peyote

WHAT A BUNCH OF KRUPP!

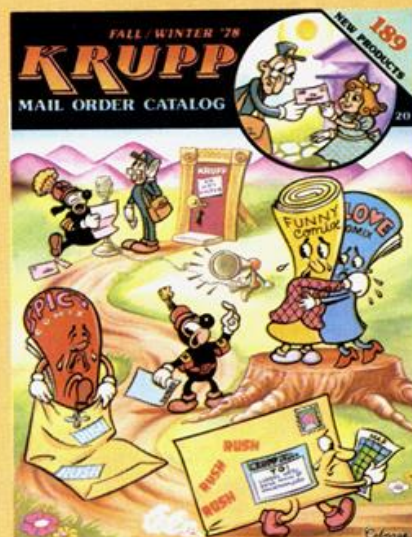
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dealer. Enclosed is a photo my wife took of me surveying freshly picked buttons drying out. Bet you can't eat just one!

—Joe Beets, address withheld

Tusk Tusk

Down with ivory coke paraphernalia! Here's some insight on the slaughter of African elephants for such items. The latest statistics on the elephant population is as follows: Four years ago there were only 17,000 elephants in Uganda's two major national parks, while in 1977 there were only about 3,000, including females and babies. Just a few years ago over 12,000 elephants roamed the forests and plains of Kenya, while today there are only about half that number.

Even the largest known elephant population, that of Zambia, has come under heavy hunting pressure and has also been reduced to about 50 percent of its former number. It's the same for Tanzania and South Africa: the elephant is in danger of extinction.

Before my incarceration for possession, I used a dollar bill or a McDonald's straw and coffee spoon to indulge with; and there are many fine nonivory pieces of coke gear on the market. Must an elephant die so we can snort our snow in style?

—Tommy Inman, Menard, Ill.



The ole daddy himself, Lord Buckley

Buckley Bio

I am writing a book about my father, Richard Buckley, better known as Lord Buckley during more than 30 years of outrageous entertaining from speakeasies and dance marathons to night clubs and television. My coauthor William Millman and I would greatly appreciate any assistance—be it photos, films, recordings or memories—from *High Times* readers in our effort to compile the definitive biography of this most unique performer.

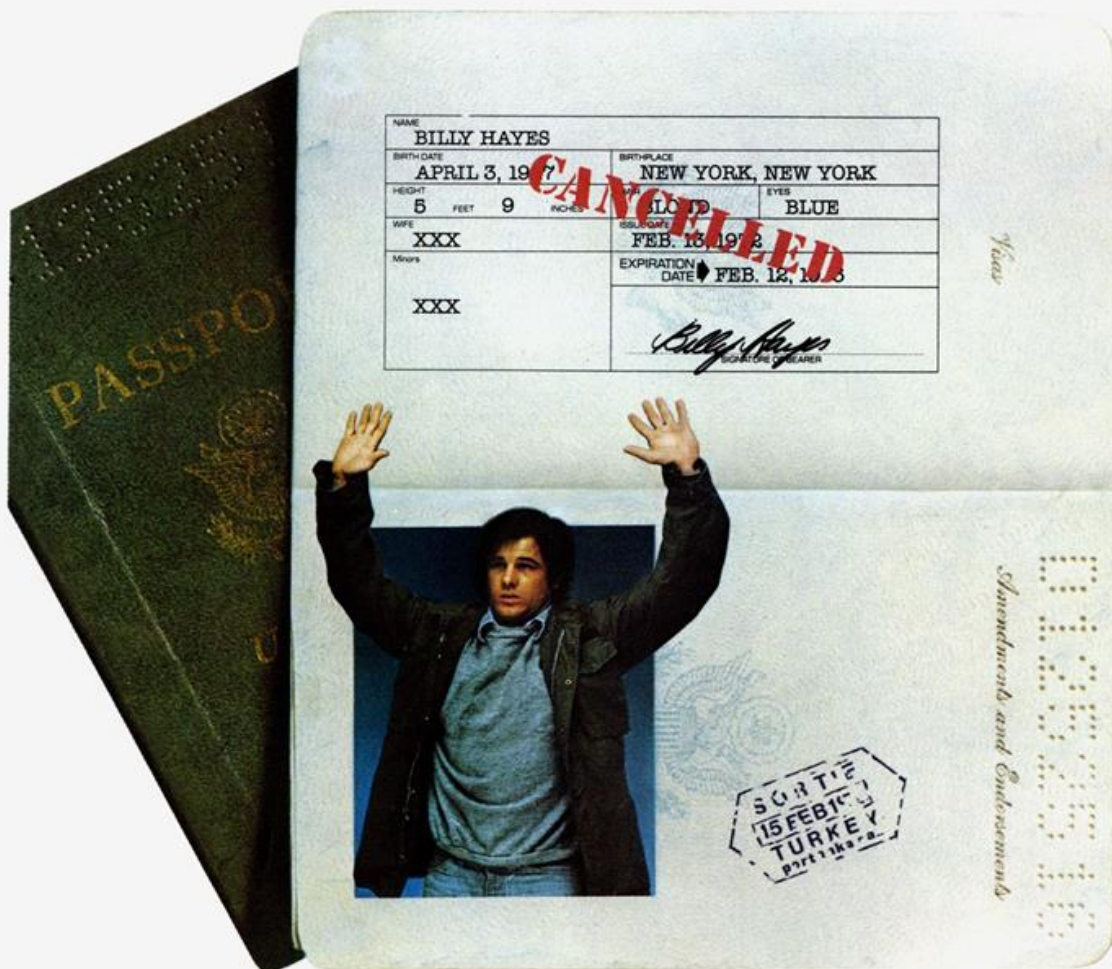
—Laurie Buckley

5239 Eldora Ave.

Las Vegas, Nev. 89102

And for the uninitiated, see "Ye Ole Daddy, Lord Buckley!" by Albert Goldman [*High Times*, January '78].—Ed. ☐

Relive the true ordeal of Billy Hayes.
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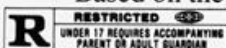
Midnight Express

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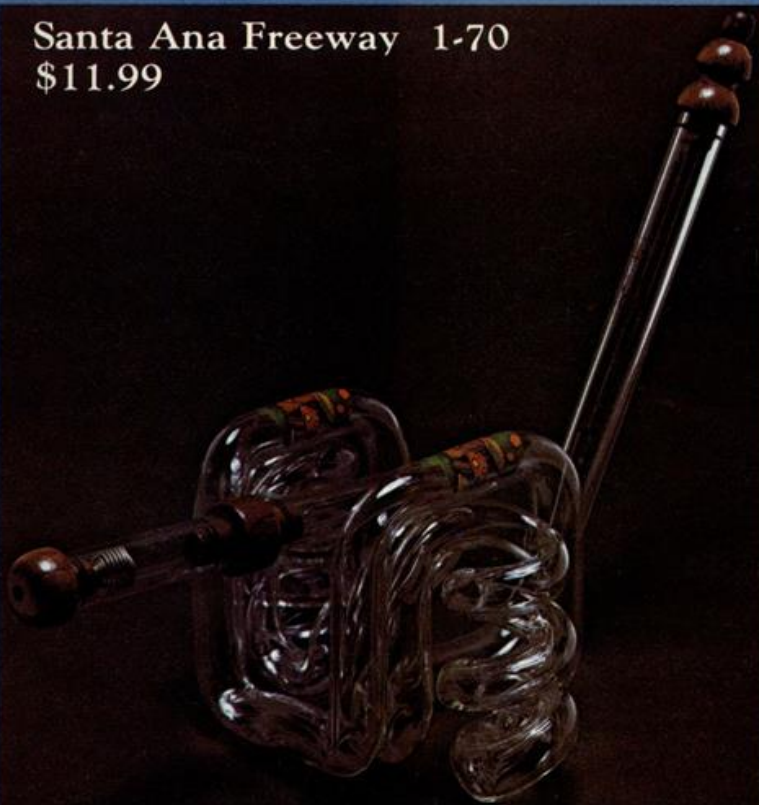
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Curing Grass

Q. We were really proud of our first crop this year, six feet tall and buds all over it. But after we tried curing it in the sun, it came out all blotchy, smelling like alfalfa, and it smokes very uneven. What exactly is the best process for curing lots of grass?
—T.F. & P.K., Kalispell, Mont.

A. In northern latitudes like yours it's hard to cure dope in the sun because after harvest time there just isn't that much sunlight. You can try sun curing it in a clear plastic bag or a glass jar, turning it slowly in the sun so that it cures evenly; but of course this is impractical for a big harvest.

Air curing in a closed shed is probably your best bet. Hang the plants from wire strung across the shed, making sure the grass is sufficiently enclosed to keep the air moist and the branches are slightly parted to provide a steady airflow. Install a heater to keep the room temperature at 90°, to prevent mold from forming, and keep the shed unventilated until the leaves grow appreciably paler. When the chlorophyll has begun fading, gradually ventilate the shed until the green color is entirely gone. This can take six weeks. An exhaust fan can be installed in the last stages to dry the dope until it is smokable but still slightly moist.

This procedure is for smoking dope. Small quantities of eating dope should be roasted slightly while still perceptibly damp for a better effect in the brownie.

MAO Inhibitors

Q. I have heard of certain kinds of dope being "MAO inhibitors" and that there are certain foods one shouldn't eat if tripping on one. Please explain what "MAO" is, what drug stimulants fit into this category, and what foods should not be taken with these drugs.—L. Baars, San Francisco, Ca.

A. Mao inhibitors work in the central nervous system by inhibiting the production of an enzyme called monoamine oxidase (MAO), consequently facilitating the production of CSN "speed-up" hormones like norepinephrine and serotonin. They are merchandised as antidepressants under the labels Eutonyl, Eutron, Marplan, Nardil and Parnate. Special conditions of diabetes and blood-pressure dysfunctions are also treated

with MAO inhibitors. Generally an MAO inhibitor's effect on an individual will be absolutely imperceptible at first, the mood elevation manifesting itself only over a period of weeks. Some individuals may react immediately with giddiness, and overdosage will immediately provoke hallucinations and convulsions in others.

MAO inhibitors drastically intensify and prolong the action of liquor, barbiturates and other depressants and shouldn't be mixed with them. They also react peculiarly with enzymes found in many common foods such as cheese, pickled herring, chicken liver, yeast, coffee, nutmeg, parsley, cocoa, broad-bean pods and canned figs. Combined with an MAO inhibitor, these enzymes can prompt a hypertensive crisis involving fever, headache and even intracranial bleeding.

The legal high yohimbine hydrochloride, commonly extracted from rauwolfia, is also an MAO inhibitor in the customary recreational dose of 15-20 mg. Persons who use it should be aware of its interaction with the foods listed above.

Grass Calms Ulcers

Q. I hear it's been discovered that grass is good for ulcers. Can you fill me in on this? I'm spending a fortune on Maalox.
—D.W., Perth Amboy, N.J.

A. Well, it may not be as good as Maalox if you're already got an ulcer, but it might well come in handy for forestalling one. Doctors at the University of Maryland's medical center, working on a series of unrelated experiences with grass, happened to notice that the stomach-acid levels in volunteers smoking dope appeared to be uniformly lower than most people's. Researcher Dr. David Nallin told High Times that since these volunteers' acid levels rose gradually to normal levels after a fortnight's abstinence from grass, this appears to indicate that some property of the marijuana itself accounts for this lowered-acid phenomenon.

Dr. Nallin also cautioned that this antacid effect of grass could possibly have the mildly untoward effect of rendering smokers more susceptible to bacterial assaults on the intestinal tract. Pot smokers visiting Mexico, for example, might be a trace more likely than others to pick up "Montezuma's Revenge." However, he also said that alcohol appears to entirely annul grass's antacid effect. So maybe a few hits of tequila per day could come in handy for weed smokers visiting South of the Border.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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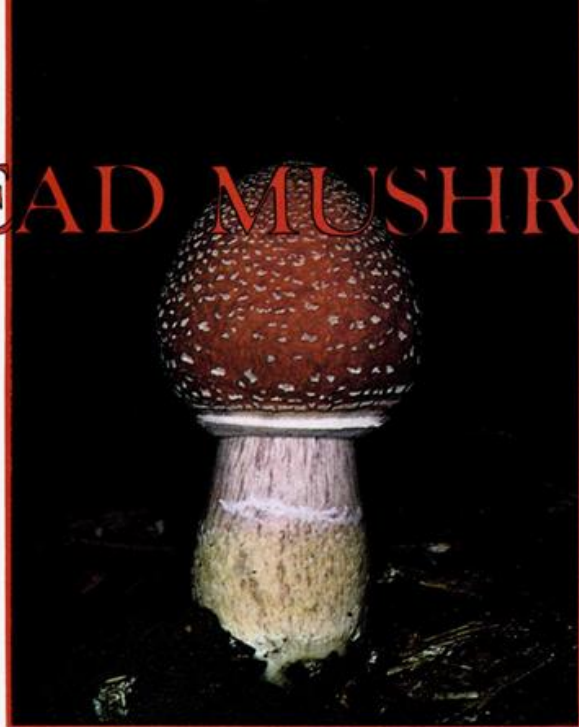
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Fandom as a Way of Life

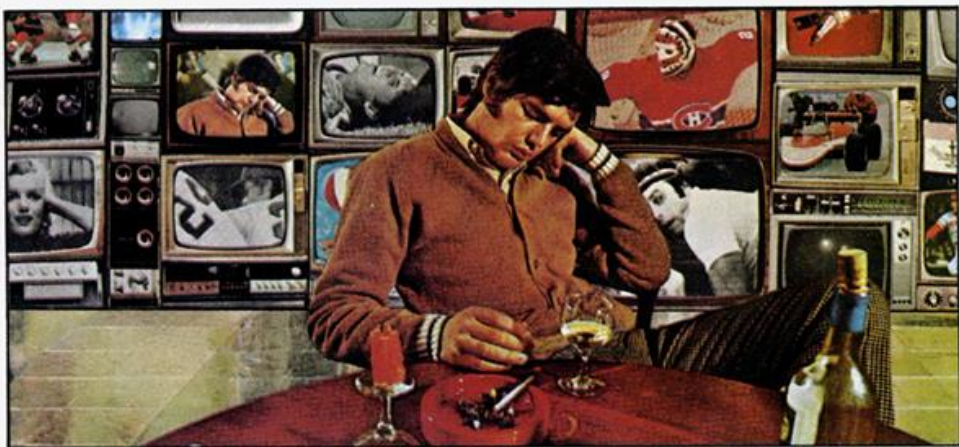
by Fenton Lawless

Leisure is becoming the fastest-growing occupation in America, and Americans are responding with all the gusto they can muster. The spectator is not only the crazy in the street, but also the crazy at home. Sporting events are quickly replacing our standard holidays as times for people to socialize with each other. We celebrate fall not with a Halloween party, but a World Series party; Memorial Day is now the Indianapolis 500, and Christmas and New Year's are the NFL playoffs, with the holiest of days soon to follow, the Super Bowl.

The way we observe these events depends on who and where we are. For example, in New York, in the middle of a steamy summer the best way to escape singles bars and other heats of the night is to go with a few friends to the apartment of your friend with the best color television to watch the Yankees. Bring a few six packs of Heinekens and a stash of gold Colombian. Cheer Bob Lemon and the likes of rapid Ron Guidry, sweet Lou Piniella, and chant Reggie, Reggie, Reggie. But what makes the viewing of the Yankee games on the tube is the play-by-play team of Bill White, Frank Messer and "the Scooter," Phil Rizzuto. Especially Rizzuto, whose "Holy Cow!" is music to the ears of Yankee fans everywhere and an experience not to be missed by any sports freak, anywhere.

If you're the buddy with the big Sony color TV, a refrigerator of cool ones and an ample supply of weed around, you already have more friends than you need. But if you are one of those poor slobs who lives out of a duffel bag without a pot to smoke, let alone piss in, one way to catch the fever is to go to one of those sports bars and watch the game on an Advent screen, which measures six feet high and wide. The camaraderie at the wood will be pleasant, but a good tip is to root for the home team unless one is prepared to become some local sparring partner, but that's another sport.

Certain dopes go with certain sports, like beer and baseball, meth and basketball—though I doubt there is enough speed around to keep one awake with the length of the basketball season nowadays—ludes and golf for you sedentary



Carol Vaucher

We celebrate fall with the World Series, Christmas with the NFL playoffs, followed by the holiest of days, Super Bowl Sunday.

types, champagne for tennis freaks, Champale for soccer people. Football attracts all dopers, but save the blow for the Super Bowl. Getting high and watching the game is all-American, but it is bad to overdo it, and nothing is more distracting during a game than a drunk, a bad trip, and, of course, an OD. A friend claims to have solved this problem, at least in the summer months. I asked him how, and he simply sang, "Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and nitrous oxide."

There are spectators who insist on flying to every major sporting event. Like the title fights in Vegas or the Derby in Kentucky. If you have such a friend, take some time off and go. We should all do this at least once. Endure the limo ride out to the airport, the snorting, the inhaling, the swigging. The first-class accommodations on the jet. The lustful stares of the stewards, or pilots, whoever. The sips of Dom, the platters of lobster, the bowls of chocolate mousse, the communal trips to the lavatories. The arrival at the host city, another trek in a limo to the stadium. Box seats over the bench or dugout or at ringside. You may go for that sort of spectating, but not me. I'm an old bleacher bum. Give me the subway ride, bottle of Rolling Rock and a buck-fifty seat under a balcony where I am constantly the target of Frisbee or beer-bomb assassins. Where the vendors yell in your ear and the security police never take their eyes off me.

Between these two extremes is the middle ground, where most fans stand or sit rapt in front of a TV, home alone or with a mate who is beginning to suspect that your fascination with Tom Seaver's curve is more than you say it is. Or that you are merely humoring them with the

statement, "Next inning, honey, next inning." There is a real danger in this juggling of attention, however; the danger that your honey will discover Julius Erving's tough, Jim Rice's arms, Catfish Hunter's salary or Chris Evert's pectorals.

Let me take you back to Joltin' Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe, probably the hottest examples of the young-turk athlete and the sex goddess. And let us not forget the love and romance of Bo Belinsky and Mamie Van Doren. The sexual history of fan and athlete is a long one. Jack Dempsey was a favorite with the silent slinkers. God knows the sexual offers the Babe received, and Joe Namath doesn't do bad either. But the athlete's first love is the fan in the stands or at home. Who needs those wealthy, attractive hangers-on, anyway? It's the fan who cheers your hit or pitch that makes it all worthwhile, right?

So here we are, America 1978-style. No war to steal the drama from the Series, no street riots to distract the attention given the playoffs, no draft boards to stifle the conscience of Muhammad Ali.

Just a reminder that fans are now starting a revolt of their own. Ralph Nader has an organization called, oddly enough, FANS, which is lobbying to get the fans of all sports the rights guaranteed them. They publish a monthly newsletter that gives the FANS subscriber all the hottest news about the lobby's latest efforts. They also issue the results of studies; for example did you know that, according to FANS, the major-league team that has gouged its fans the most is the Cincinnati Reds? Also, according to FANS, owners are usually incredibly lax in providing security for their paying customers. The fan's list of bitches is longer than Carl Yastremski's career.

Could the revolution we have been hearing about actually be a fan revolt? Will we be able to watch it on TV? Will Don King stage it in Vegas or will the rights be bought up by the Arabs? I hope it is not restricted to closed circuit; I want to see it in the comfort of my living room. Sit back and slug down a green devil, do a one-and-one and hear the Scooter yell "Holy cow, did you see that huckleberry? Unbelievable!!!!!!!"



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Rape Redux

It started off being an all-right day before the night this chick named Debbie asked me to stop by her house. To make this short and sweet, she got off work about 1:30 in the morning and I was there by 2:00. I went in after she opened the door to find that she had just gotten out of the shower and had a see-through nightgown on. We started talking, and she was telling me how she and Danny weren't getting along too well. Danny is a tight bro of mine. Seeing that her intentions were to fuck, I leaned her back on the bed, which is the only thing in the place to sit on, and started roaming around with my hand. By this time I had a hard-on that was about to break out of my pants. I decided to smoke a joint of some red Colombian before I got into it too much.

After we finished the joint I was as ready as I was going to be. I started eating her, but after a few minutes I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to fuck her knowing that she was tight as hell. We fucked until 4:30 that morning, then went to sleep. About 5:30 in the morning I woke up to Danny trying to kill me. She told him I raped her, and he told her to call the cops, so she did. I lost the case and am now in Atascadero State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. —A.L., Lomita, Ca.

Four the Merrier

I'd like to share with you an evening I'll never forget. My husband and I invited a couple over for dinner and to get high. After we ate we were ready to smoke and went into the bedroom. Three of us sat on the bed while my friend's old man sat on the floor. He pulled out some Nepalese fingers and a knife and started chipping pieces off one into a pipe. Every once in a while we'd hear a piece of hash hit the wall or floor as he chipped it off. After a very few hits we were completely stoned and felt good.

Someone then pulled out some pot and we got a lot higher. I really wanted to touch this lady, she looked so sexy. We all must have been thinking the same thing because in a minute we were undressing and caressing each other. She was so gentle and soft it was beautiful. We made each other feel good all night long, stopping only for a hit of hash her old man would prepare. The next day when we woke up it seemed like a dream, but there

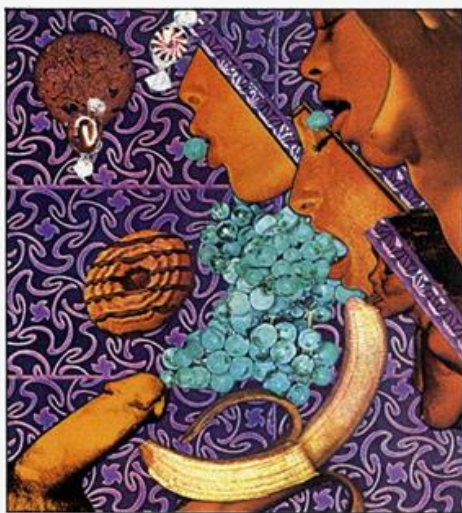


Illustration by Jeffrey Schrier

I was too stoned to resist. In an instant I was stretched naked and taut with my ass elevated on a pillow.

were little pieces of hash all around the room. We got high and knew the dream was real.

—Jan, Houston, Tex.

Cat Scratch Fever

In the six years we've been married, my wife Sarie and I have found an unending source of erotic amusement in our cats. We started out with the two oldest females, cobalt all-black Isis and big-brindled clumsy Maisie, when they were kittens. Then one day I came home with Spats, a hefty black tom.

Of course the two girls ganged up on him at first, even though crazy with heat, and kept him quaking under the fridge. Until the third night, when the most amazing screeches tumbled us both out of bed to discover Spats jockeying Maisie all over the living room with his fangs clamped behind her ears and her eyes bugging out of her head, shrieking bloody ecstasy.

Isis watched from the kitchen cupboard, growling bloody murder, until Maisie disengaged herself frantically and went caroming off the walls in relief. Then beautiful Isis slipped down onto the floor and glided straight over to Spats, who was licking himself absorbedly—and took over the licking! "Henry," Sarie breathed huskily, "I think we could use a little of that." And in a minute we were rolling all over the living-room floor.

The upshot, of course, was a pack of kittens nine weeks later. Our friends were happy to adopt this first batch, but now we're getting worried: we're so much into setting up erotic encounters between Spats and the girls, which turn us on no end, that we can see ourselves overpopulating the neighborhood with surplus kittens.

—Henry V., Sausalito, Ca.

Sucking for Her Dinner

My old lady is a devoted head giver. She likes to get eaten too, and we do a lot of fucking, but she says giving head is always the high point of the activity for her. Her very favorite thing is to just lie on her back in the dark and play with her clit while I hunch over her face and she sucks on my cock.

Anyway, one night a while ago I'd just finished supper when she suddenly got the urge for some cocksucking. unbuckled my jeans and went down on me right there at the dinner table. She was really fierce that night, dragging it out and keeping me on the ragged edge for ten everlasting minutes, and then she trapped the head between her tongue and palate and just fluttered the come out into her mouth.

"Hmmm," she said, licking her lips interestedly while I was still gasping, "that was good beef stroganoff we had tonight."

Since then we've done it right after strawberry ice cream, Swiss-chocolate fondue, even—yech—broccoli. For sweet stuff, the taste shows up in the semen less than ten minutes after eating, while more bitter stuff—Scotch, for instance—takes nearly a half-hour. Dope, though, shows up immediately.

One of these days we're going to have to try peyote. Can you imagine?

—P.L., Ames, Iowa

Sweet Blackmail

Early last fall I was lounging in the local park, and two high-school girls suddenly entered my field of vision.

"Hi, y'all," smiled the skinny one in shorts and halter. "You're Eddie, ain't you? My brother Paul says you peddle dope!"

Barbara was about 17, but the plump little blond in baggy Levis was young enough to get me in trouble if you published her age. She stayed mostly silent and bashful while Barbara pleasantly suggested we might go for a ride and enjoy some "marry-wanner," or else word might spread of how I make a living.

Barbara and her friend Jennifer sat on either side of me while I showed them how to clean and roll a joint. While we smoked it, Barbara tried to roll her own, getting all butterfingers about it—and since the fixings were in my lap, things got highly interesting.

Jennifer was as startled as I was as Barbara fished my cock out and stroked it up to total hardness. "Now don't get any ideas," she frowned, taking a good long dope toke. "We're virgins. But that don't mean we can't fool around none." In a minute she had me in her mouth, and I was sliding my hand up under her halter toward her tit. She slapped my hand away and bit hard on the knob. "You just watch your hands," she warned, drawing away and holding my glistening cock out to little Jennifer. "Here, you do it some."

Jennifer scrunched her face up tight and reluctantly took the head inside, exploring it hesitantly with her tongue. Before long she really got into it, though, snorting and woofing, and then I was coming. "You brat!" cried Barbara, trying to pull it away from her. "I wanted some of that!" Anyway, my self-control held out. They're both still virgins and I'm still dealing around.

—Name withheld, Athens, Ga.

Special Delivery

Let me tell you about the strangest date I ever had. It was two months ago with this dynamite-looking salesman named Van.

I got home from work and took a 'lude and a shower, feeling horny as hell. I even masturbated in the shower in anticipation. Van showed up at my studio early with an obvious buzz on and a bottle of champagne. I'd decided to wait before dressing, so I was still naked under a silk kimono. I was all made up and looking pretty, however, so I uncorked the bottle and poured out a few toasts before I got dressed.

Soon I was flying on the 714. I felt brazen and sexy, and I let my kimono slide over my shoulders and bare tits, leaning way back in my chair and teasing him with a good-sized spread. In no time, his cock was swelling under his pants. Suddenly, before I could protest, he jerked up my head by the hair and pulled me to my feet, pinning my wrists behind me in the strong grip of his right hand, and dragged me over to my brass bed in the corner. I was too stoned to resist, and he threw me on the bed face down and held me down with his knee and tied my wrists to the posts with the same stocking I'd put out to wear.

In an instant I was stretched naked and taut, with my ass elevated on a pillow. He pressed my face suffocatingly deep into the bedspreads, then my head was twisted around to confront his cock—a thick eight inches long and already oozing cum. "Suck this," he said. I swear to heaven, I smiled and stretched my neck to give him the best sucking I've ever given, as if my life depended on it (maybe it did). He shot a big load and rewarded me for swallowing every drop with a few snorts of cocaine and a sip of champagne.

I guess I should have been humiliated and disgusted, but I loved every rough second of it. Now Van and I go out a couple of times a week for dinner and drinks. He's always very tender and sweet. I never let him tie me up like that first strange night again, but just thinking about it makes our sex the best I get.

—J.W., Chicago, Ill.

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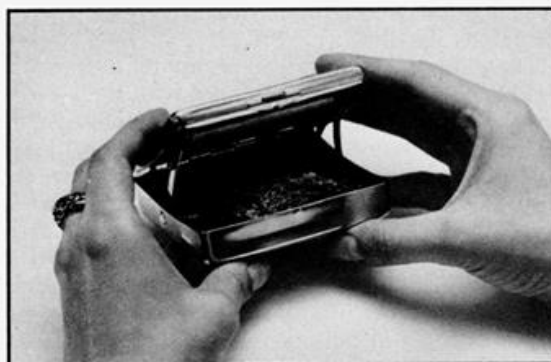
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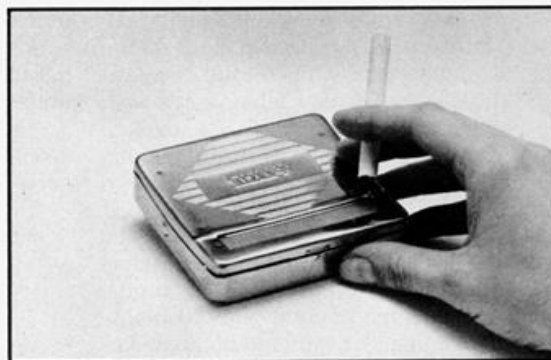
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God, Man and Johnny Carson

by Deanne Stillman

There exists a certain American ritual more fundamental than voting and more symbolic than July 4th fireworks. Like the most highly evolved of ceremonies, it has many facets, elaborate protocol and sacred icons. It is practiced three times a week in the Burbank, California, tabernacle of the National Broadcasting Corporation, and it goes something like this:

The choir plays the opening hymn, a fast-paced, upbeat, jazzy number with a host of horns. Before the hymn finishes, the altar boy intones the blessing: "H-e-e-e-e-re's Johnny!" and then leads worshippers in the sacramental chanting of "Hi-yo!" as the Reverend of the Rim-Shot Gag materializes from behind the drapes, dressed in well-tailored three-piece vestments.

A crescendo of holy percussion issues from the choir; the High Priest of TV Humor arrives at his center-stage star. With a Bedouin grovel, altar boy Ed McMahon greets this Cardinal of Late-Night Comedy, who waits for the chant of the "Hi-yo's" to subside. What words will he use, what references will he invoke, from what chapter of the scripture will he quote? The multitudes are silent. He smiles slightly. "Hi. I'm Johnny Carson. The head at the foot of your bed."

For the 4,000th-plus time, the American ritual that is the Johnny Carson monologue has begun. Beyond the "Tonight Show" 's audience assembled in the pews there are 20 million of the faithful gathered in front of their glowing television sets.

After the benediction, Johnny usually begins his comedic liturgy with several vaguely amusing topical references. "How many of you saw that weird item in the news today... the one about the company that manufacturers brassieres for cows? Nobody? Well, let's talk about the weather in California... Boy! Is it wet!"

Or, "Boy! Is it dry!"

Or, "Boy! Is it cold!"

Or, "Gee! It was really beautiful today!"

As every American worth his or her citizenship papers knows, this is a cue for the reverent to shout, for the pious to

murmur, for the adoring to praise Johnny from whom all jokes flow:

How wet is it?

How hot is it?

How cold is it?

This part of the monologue is an exercise in responsive reading. In the cult of Johnny Carson, it is a moment when the studio audience surrenders itself to a higher power so it can become One with the joke-telling process. Not a few fans have apparently waited all their lives to commune in this humorous rite, judging from the zeal with which they shout their straight lines. "How nice was it?" one woman wanted to know during the wrong part of the monologue. The poor soul was obviously overcome with religious fervor.

The answers never fail to involve at least one word that is part of the Carson

**Altar boy Ed McMahon
greet the cardinal of
late-night comedy, while
the congregation chants
"Hi-Yo" instead of "Amen."**

canon, such as "Bigfoot" ("It was so beautiful that Bigfoot was seen on a ski lift waxing his feet!") or "Tidy Bowl man" and "Mrs. Olson" ("It was so wet in Los Angeles today, the Tidy Bowl man had to row Mrs. Olson door to door") or "Evel Knievel" ("The weather in Los Angeles is so beautiful, Evel Knievel switched to a seersucker bat!").

Once finished with the weather Johnny focuses briefly on the international scene, touching many philosophical bases, as a good preacher should. However, his forte has for the last few years been jokes about the American political scene.

"I hear Vice President Mondale opened a King Tut gift shop in the White House to keep busy."

"Bert Lance is in the news again. Lance is negotiating to buy the United States so he can print enough money to pay his loans."

"It hurt the president the most when Amy asked for her allowance in German marks."

"I understand that Hamilton Jordan may leave the White House, team up with Billy Carter and start a punk-rock group."

"Now that Jerry Brown is seeing Linda Ronstadt, I hear that Ed Davis is thinking of shacking up with Kate Smith."

Prior to Watergate, Johnny was not known for his political jokes. When the Watergate scandal escalated, he started doing jokes about Nixon. Shortly after Johnny started doing Nixon jokes, Nixon resigned. While there isn't necessarily any cause and effect here, in certain circles it is believed that since Watergate, Johnny's monologue has become an accurate gauge of the nation's mood. After Bert



Doug Bruce

Lance resigned, the New York Times editorialized that the night Johnny started doing jokes about Lance signaled Lance's downfall.

Recently, newsman David Brinkley was a "Tonight Show" guest and mentioned to Johnny that reporters in Washington pay attention to his monologue to see what the public is thinking. Certainly it's impossible to say whether Johnny Carson leads public opinion or merely reflects it, but it cannot be denied that he has become a political bellwether.

The political segment of the Carson liturgy is also an interesting barometer of the public's familiarity with topical issues. Often he takes polls: "How many of you watched the president's speech last night?" "How many of you are familiar with the president's energy plan?" There is usually little response. Not long ago, he told a joke about Benedict Arnold, the understanding of which depended upon the listener's knowledge that Benedict Arnold was a traitor. Nobody laughed.

The fact is that Johnny functions as a kind of shaman through which every political, social and cultural trend passes in a deft blend of one-liners, making us realize when information has entered the popular consciousness. When Johnny and his joke writers decide to joke about, say, King Tut, Yassir Arafat or punk rock, they obviously feel certain that millions of Americans have at least heard of these things. If Johnny regularly jokes about these things over a period of weeks, you know that they are in the mainstream.

During the mid-'70s uproar over Earl Butz, for example, Johnny did at least one Earl Butz joke every night for weeks. If you didn't know who Butz was the first time, by the third or fourth time you knew that he was a public official who had committed a faux pas. By the sixth or seventh time the name "Earl Butz" was as well-known a Carson buzzword as "Tidy Bowl man" and an equally effective laugh getter.

Although Johnny's political humor is

generally the sharpest part of his monologue, he gets his biggest laughs with one-liners about everyday situations: "Let's find H&R Block and give him our 17 reasons why we don't ever want to see his face again... My doctor, Dr. Mandrake Curvy, has a matching set of Baccarat-crystal specimen jars... The great tax man H&R Goniff works out of a booth at the International House of Pancakes... If you do business while having sex with your wife, it's a tax credit..."

Certain words are sprinkled like holy water throughout the monologue, words that he uses in the weather segment mentioned earlier and other touchstones like "Maalox," "Mr. Whipple," "proctologist," "Dolly Parton," "urinary tract," "Tylenol." These words elicit an automatic laugh because they invoke angst in Johnny's disease-prone, sex-worried, middle-aged devotees. (Neil Simon has pointed out via *The Sunshine Boys* that words with a "k" sound are funny, whereas words without a "k" sound are not funny: "cucumber" is funny; "roast beef" is not.)

Perhaps one of the oldest and best-loved facets of Johnny's monologue is the continual implication that Ed McMahon drinks a lot. Alas, America will never know whether this character trait ascribed to Ed is a fiction created for Johnny's show or a fact of Ed's life, but one thing is certain: it's one of the many signs of the cross Johnny makes on the way to his last joke. Any reference to Ed and booze always gets applause. Johnny will say, "Ed celebrates anything," and then, "Ed drinks to Safeway's meat policy," or, "When the flu virus gets into Ed's bloodstream, it forgets what it's there for!"

I've often wondered if, in 30 or 40 years, the replacement for Johnny will make jokes about his sidekick's drug habit ("You know, Free celebrates anything... He smokes to Safeway's meat policy!").

I have heard viewers, generally those who grew up on "Captain Kangaroo" (note the two "k" sounds), dismiss Johnny because he's so predictable, ridicule him for being so "middle class" (he used to begin the ceremonial wisecracking with a golf swing), call Johnny a relic of the martini generation. They're right.

But obviously they've missed the point. For a proper tribute one must refer to the liturgy of another American icon, quintessentially American in a completely different sense: the Beach Boys. On their *Love You* album, released in 1977, there's a tune by Brian Wilson called "Johnny Carson." Appropriately, it includes a high-school cheer ("Who's the man that we admire / Johnny Carson is a real live wire") and one verse that, as Johnny would say, "says it all":

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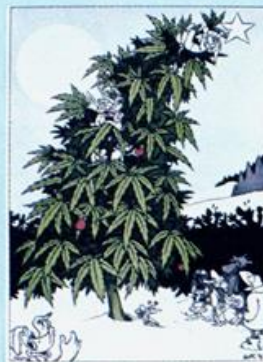
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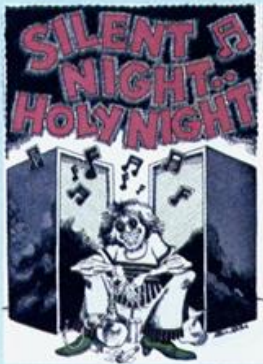
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Jack Nicholson may play **Timothy Leary** in a new movie about the psychedelic pioneer if screenwriter **Henry Edwards** has his way. Edwards, who also wrote the screenplay for *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, used to be a pop writer for the New York Times.

Peter Borsari

Punk queen **Patti Smith** recently struck a blow for women's lib—three blows in one week. She kicked Yippie street singer **David Peel** in the balls after Peel picked a fight with her in New York's Washington Square Park; then she slammed **Handsome Dick Manitoba** of *The Dictators* across his face for pinching her on the ass at a party; and later she had a fistfight with **Bruce Springsteen** for undisclosed reasons.

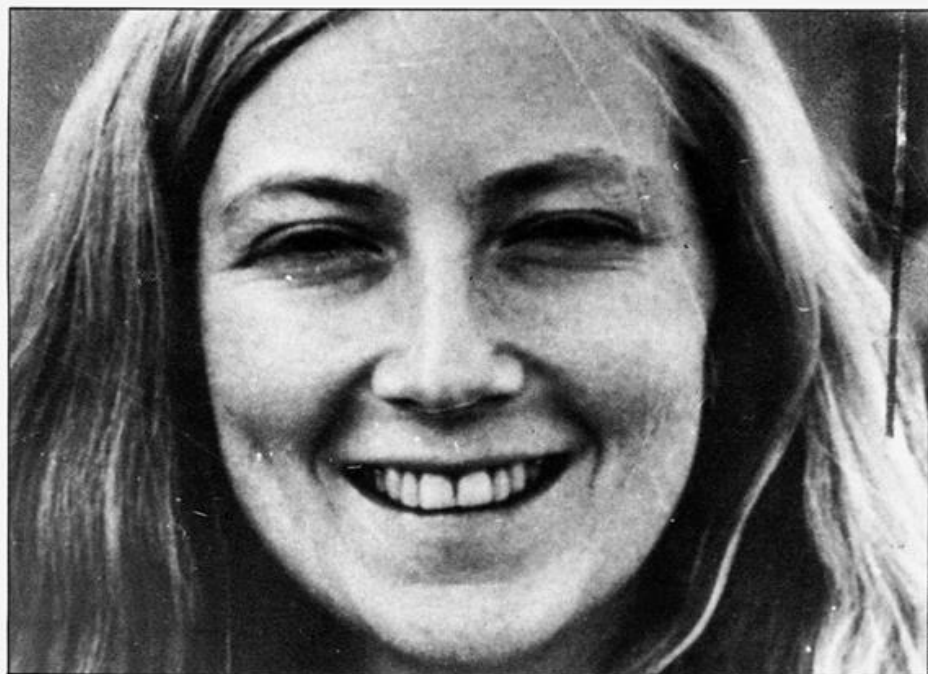


Lynn Goldsmith



Ken Regan

Pop painter **Andy Warhol** met country-western singer **Johnny Cash** at a recent party in Manhattan. "I walk the line," said Andy. "Love your soup cans," said Johnny.



Wide World

Emily Harris, former SLA member currently awaiting trial on kidnapping charges at the Alameda County Jail at Santa Rita, California, barely escaped death by fire recently when the guards refused to unlock the cells after a fire was started in protest to a female inmate getting beaten by guards and chained to a fence outside her prison dormitory. "Prisoners' lives are threatened every day in a million different ways by the very fact that one class of people—the police—has been granted the power of a key that locks the door," says Harris. "Police are quick to turn the key that locks someone up but forget how to turn the key the other way in an emergency."



Peter Borsari

Donald Sutherland and **Leonard Nimoy** will star in a remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the '50s classic about Americans being replaced by lookalike outer-space invaders.

—Harry Wasserman

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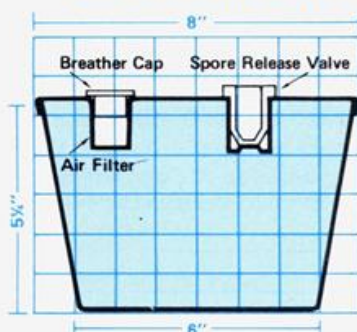
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Dinner with the Opium Chef

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

Oh rare, just and subtle opium, Thomas De Quincey exclaimed in a section of *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* devoted to "The Pleasures of Opium." Just and subtle it may be (although those inexperienced with it ought to read De Quincey's later section on "The Pains of Opium" for a balanced view), but the main thing about opium these days is that it's rare.

Even the most attentive among aficionados of the pleasures of recreational drugs can spend years without finding even a little taste of the big O. The gummy black substance, for centuries the matrix of dark dreams and muse of melancholy poets, no longer has a mass market. Perhaps it's rare because it's subtle. Junkies want heroin to obliterate the imagery and memory of reality. 'Lude freaks want to draw the dreamy down comforter of 'lude love over the troubled waters of reality. Opium doesn't obliterate reality, but opens up other realities—often more troublesome, certainly more subtle and esthetic than the pills and powders that are the true opiates of the masses today.

And so, when a generous intermediary made it possible for a companion and me to meet the renowned "opium chef," I was keen with anticipation. The rare appearances of O. Chef, as he's known to his clientele, are a cause for great joy. An expatriate jazz musician, the O. Chef spends most of his time in exotic Eastern places like Bali and Macao, smoking opium and playing the flute with Eastern musicians. On his rare return trips to the States, the chef will sometimes discover he's forgotten to leave his personal opium behind and will use the occasion of this mistake to cater for special friends' intimate opium-den evenings. With silken cloths and brocade screens he creates in an office, den or hotel room an elegantly exotic dream den much like those used by the aristocratic opium smokers in the highest circles of the capitals of Asia. Then, with all the delicacy, finesse and ritual formality of the Japanese tea ceremony, he will carefully prepare the poppy gum, produce for puffing a 1,000-year-old hand-carved ivory pipe and stand by to



In the posh hotel suite we awaited the arrival of the opium chef, sipping Dom Perignon and savoring our anticipation of this special treat.

conduct you in and out of dreamland. I looked forward to doing O "the right way" at last. My two past experiences with opium had been memorable but haphazard.

Scene of my first opium experiment was the ancient cathedral town of Canterbury, England. Source of the opium was some shadowy English connections of the Hog Farm, the traveling American hippie commune sideshow. The Farm had convened upon Canterbury to climax the infamous "Medicine Ball Caravan," a Warner Brothers-sponsored and -filmed "hippie pilgrimage" that became a silly movie and a notorious scandal of the counterculture from the account of it in an acid-penned book called *Caravan of Love and Money*.

However inauspicious the intent of this whole production was, the dope available was perhaps the finest in the world. Headquarters for the more hedonistic luxury-going pilgrims on this weird trip was a three-century-old inn with a formidable reputation for ghostly habitation. I remember the hour the sources arrived with the opium, spreading it out on a common room table at the inn. I remember that there was not much ceremony involved in the ingestion of this opium. I remember greedy sensation-starved

fingers snatching and tearing at the sticky resin and stuffing gummy morsels into eager mouths.

I don't remember much else for the next 12 hours or so, at least until I saw the ghosts. Or they saw me. I was just lying there about four in the morning, when four servant girls dressed in what looked like Elizabethan costume appeared at my doorway, glanced in, then ran out giggling. They reappeared again, four heads peering around the corner of my door frame, then disappearing, chattering and laughing to themselves. This went on for some hours, but I was never bored. I was very very scared, however innocent their intentions; at some very primitive level I knew they were not living creatures. Once they all ran into the room and then skipped out holding hands and laughing. There's no way I can persuade you this wasn't a dream. I think they were ghosts that I saw. I won't deny the opium had something to do with their appearance, sensitized me perhaps to the presence of "the souls of previous times," but I was grateful for it. In the past I had always been afraid of meeting a ghost for the harm it might do me. Now, I realized, there were potential pleasures from encounters with the ectoplasm.

My second opium experience was far more quiet and yet also more far-reaching. I had come by a small bit from a friend on an evening when I happened to be rereading the book of Genesis. As I smoked the O joint and continued to read and reread the King James version of the creation, I came upon revelations of unities and affinities within the structure of the tales in Genesis that were astonishing to me: one of the most striking religious experiences I've had.

After this I was certain that I had something very special and profound in store for me in my evening with the opium chef. If casual hedonistic experiences turned out so interestingly, how could the full-scale ritual—doing it right at last—not be a knockout?

Well I'll tell you how. It was not the setting that disappointed. A posh hotel suite had been rented for us. Dom Perignon was chilling in silver ice buckets when we arrived. As we awaited the arrival of the chef, we sipped it and savored our anticipation of this special treat.

Certainly the showmanship of the opium chef did not disappoint. He arrived wearing Western clothes and with a worn black attaché case that looked as if it once belonged to Sidney Greenstreet. He took off his clothes and from inside the attaché case drew out silken cloths he spread down as mats, draped as hangings on walls and furniture and wrapped around himself. On the beautiful brocade prayer ruglike silk tablecloth he arrayed his ivory pipe, his little heating lamps, his pearl-handled knife, pipe-cleaning implements

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and his little ball of black gum. He explained the detailed ritual procedures he had to go through to prepare the opium for proper smoking.

This is where the strain began to set in for me. First he asked one of us to go out and buy some special brand of imported olive oil to fuel the lamp for warming up the opium. No other kind of olive oil would do, despite the fact that no place within walking distance of the hotel carried the stuff—as I discovered after a half-hour search. When the right oil was finally lit there was, it seemed, an enormous amount of heating, rolling, molding, moisturizing and otherwise preparing the opium to smoke. My companion and I were getting impatient, taking surreptitious swills of the remaining Dom Perignon to take the edge off our anticipation.

At last, after elaborate instructions and more mumbo jumbo than I thought I could endure, we were permitted a sanctified puff. Then another puff and another. At last, things were beginning to feel warm and nice, and I was ready for my passage to that special dreamland with the next puff or two.

But we had to wait a half hour or more for that, as the olive oil had to be reheated, the opium rubbed and shaped and twirled. I made some casual suggestion about allowing us to just swallow a chunk and received a severe frown of disapproval. It went on like that for two hours until the chef left.

No doubt about it, the rest of the night was indeed dreamy. But somehow all that ritual hadn't done that much for the potency of this particular opium the chef had brought over with him. It seemed fairly weak to me. I wasn't getting off, not on the amount he'd provided us. I was instead getting a bit sick to my stomach.

By the morning I was so sick to my stomach I couldn't move from the big hotel-suite bed without being hit by a wave of nausea. It was not until my intrepid companion, also sick but at least ambulatory, was able to struggle down to the hotel pharmacy and come back with a pack of Dramamine, that I could bear to open my eyes for more than five seconds.

I can't explain it. The chef has so many enthusiastic devotees that one can't fault any of his preparations. But perhaps it was those interminable preparations themselves that made me sick. Since the days of the split between Ken Kesey's madcap Merry Prankster acid takers and Timothy Leary's severely ritualistic approach to the LSD trip (it has to be just like the Tibetan Book of the Dead says or you're not doing it right), there has been a division among gourmet consciousness expanders between believers in the ritual trappings that often come from the Eastern culture and the happy-go-lucky all-American let's-take-it-and-see-what-happens approach. I know the opium chef has charms for his many devotees, but I'll take the all-American way. ☐

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White House Dope Scandal

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Amid national controversy over new revelations that the Jimmy Carter White House is a hotbed of cocaine, marijuana and pharmaceutical use, Dr. Peter Bourne, Carter's top drug aide and the man he called "about the closest friend I have in the world," has resigned following charges that he wrote an illegal prescription for Quaaludes.

Bourne, who tried to cover up the Quaalude scandal after it broke in mid July, was immediately confronted with charges from columnist Jack Anderson that he had snorted cocaine at a NORML benefit. After NORML chief Keith Stroup confirmed Anderson's story, Bourne resigned his \$51,000-a-year job immediately. He is still facing legal charges and possible AMA disciplinary action arising from his bogus Quaalude "scripts."

The Bourne scandal finally brought to light a story the national media, long aware of, has ignored: widespread "drug abuse" in the Carter administration. Following Bourne's resignation, seven junior White House aides told the press they smoked pot regularly, though never in the White House.

In a series of statements, Jimmy Carter refused to answer questions about Bourne on a nationally televised press conference, told Daniel Schorr that he had never been under Dr. Bourne's treatment, and issued a warning to White House personnel that they must choose between dope and employment in his administration.

Hatchet Man

Peter Bourne first smoked marijuana as a doctor in Vietnam and later had intimate contact with psychedelic users when he worked at the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco in 1967. In 1972, he became assistant director of President Nixon's Office for Drug Abuse Prevention. In 1974, he wrote a now famous 11-page memo to Jimmy Carter explaining how the Georgia governor could become president. In fact, Bourne is reputed to be the one who first put the idea of running for president into Carter's mind. As early members of the Carter campaign team, Bourne and his wife were rewarded in 1977 with government patronage jobs worth over \$100,000 a year.

It was Peter Bourne who helped Jimmy Carter capture the youth vote in 1976 with a soft stand on marijuana, including advocacy of decriminalization as well as liberal positions on other drugs. Once in office, however, Bourne became the government's leading shill for the paraquat spraying of Mexican marijuana.

Bourne was in close contact with chief NORML lobbyist Keith Stroup. At one point, Bourne helped Stroup seek leniency from Canadian authorities in connection with his marijuana bust there. Later, when Stroup vigorously opposed the administration's paraquat program, Bourne sought the aid of NORML subordinates in ousting Stroup. Stroup replied with a clear threat to expose Bourne's drug habits to the media. "My constituents know I do drugs. Do



Peter's know that he does?" Stroup asked a State Department narcotics attaché.

It was at a NORML Christmas party in 1977 that Bourne publicly inserted a hollow, cylindrical object into his right, and then left, nostril and inhaled thereby a prodigious quantity of powerful white Peruvian snot detergent.

On three separate occasions, Stroup denied that he had ever seen Bourne dust his bulbous, bucket-shaped, wide-flanged nostrils with the mind-altering Bolivian nozzle powder, but following Jack Anderson's report he had no choice but to confirm that Jimmy Carter's top narc doc was up to his nose hairs in the gleaming crystal mucous-membrane emulsifier.

White Powder House

Bourne's departure was fraught with tension and drama for the tired and emotional White House staff and press corps. Shortly before handing in his black diplomatic passport, Bourne said there is "a high incidence" of marijuana smoking among members of the White House staff as well as "occasional" cocaine use by a "few" of his former colleagues. In addition to the phony Quaalude script he wrote for a Carter secretary, Bourne himself prescribed at least five controlled substances to members of the White House staff, including an undetermined quantity of speed to top aide Hamilton Jordan.

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While junior aides hastened to anonymously inform the press that they, too, often smoked marijuana, though never while on duty, Washington editors wrestled with the ethical questions of covering drug use in the government and in the press corps. At least one reference in a New York Times article to drug use in the press corps was censored.

"I'm sure many people smoke marijuana," said Jimmy Carter, while attending a rock concert clouded with pot fumes less than 24 hours after Bourne's resignation, "but I'm not going to ask them about it." The president sent a strongly worded memo to his staff warning them to obey the drug laws or "seek employment elsewhere." "Whether you agree with the law or others obey the law is totally irrelevant," Carter wrote. "I want my feelings conveyed directly and in no uncertain terms."

"I don't know anybody who smokes marijuana or uses cocaine," First Lady Rosalynn Carter said of White House staff members. "You [the press] probably do, but I don't because they wouldn't tell me. It's ridiculous to go around the White House asking people, 'Do you smoke marijuana, do you smoke marijuana?'"

Presidential press secretary Jody Powell dubbed media coverage of White House drug use "a witch hunt" and declined, "as a matter of principle," to say whether he had ever smoked pot.

In issue no. 37 of *High Times*, which went to press shortly before the Bourne scandal broke, 13-year-old Monica Choate severely and prophetically criticized Bourne's "hypocrisy" on drug issues and offered to "drop in at the White House and tell him [President Carter] what the kids are really thinking."

Top Dope Lawyers to Teach Courtroom Tactics

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Legal educators at Houston University have announced a new training program for lawyers in dope cases. Their aim is to stem the shrinking supply of "lawyers who are truly competent to force the prosecution to prove its case at trial... in this era of the negotiated plea bargain and use of informers."

Since 30 percent of all arrests and filings of criminal cases in the United States involve dope charges, the need for attorneys committed to full acquittal in court is particularly urgent today.

The training seminar—which will be conducted later this fall in New York and Las Vegas—will be administered by the

National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers and Public Defenders at the university's Bates College of Law. The college is the only continuing legal-education institution in the country that devotes its entire effort to training lawyers who represent alleged criminals, with its focus on developing and teaching the latest trial techniques and methods. In cases involving controlled substances this is particularly necessary, says associate dean Dominic P. Gentile, "for many lawyers have no empathy for the defendant's predicament, no understanding of what the facts and circumstances were that led to the arrest, and are too fainthearted to meet state and federal agents and chemists head-on before a jury."

"Most lawyers invariably try to introduce an entrapment defense—which rarely works—and then plead for mercy at the time of sentencing. Those lawyers who are both competent and experienced in defending drug cases agree that successful defenses are the result of a thorough and well-planned cross-examination of government witnesses."

The National College has assembled a group of the nation's most experienced dope-defense lawyers for its new program, "Advanced Cross-examination Techniques in Drug Cases." The program will demonstrate the workings of a dope trial. Professional actors, former agents and forensic chemists will play the roles of the most frequently encountered types of government witnesses (an undercover purchasing agent and surveillance agents in a conspiracy case; an accomplice who has turned government witness; an informant in a simple possession case; and a forensic chemist). Each demonstration will be preceded by a brief lecture outlining the general and specific objectives that can be realized during the cross-examination of such a witness and will be followed by a question-and-answer session.

The faculty will consist of Joseph Oteri and Martin Weinberg of Boston, Michael Kennedy of New York and San Francisco, Albert Krieger of Miami and New York, Barry Tarlow of Los Angeles, James Shellow of Milwaukee, Gerald Lefcourt of New York and Dominic Gentile, associate dean of the National College, of Chicago and Houston. Collectively, they possess more experience in the trial of dope cases than any group before on one program.

The program will be offered from November 17 to 19, 1978, at the Warwick Hotel in New York, and from December 15 to 17, 1978, at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas. For more information, contact: National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers and Public Defenders, University of Houston, Bates College of Law, Houston, Texas 77004, or call (713) 749-2283.

Smuggling Is "Free Enterprise," Says Top Narc



MIAMI, FLORIDA—Most grass and coke dealers busted by Florida narcs are really just "free-enterprising young Americans," according to regional Drug Enforcement Administration Deputy Director Kenneth A. Miley. "Why are these people into this?" he rhetorically asked a meeting of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami on the cruise ship *Emerald Seas*. "It's almost like a religion with them. It's exciting. It's glamorous. The narcotics traffickers are business people. They have their corporate structures, with their secretaries."



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Mexico's "Mr. Paraquat" Tied to Torture

TIJUANA, MEXICO—Federal District Attorney Carlos Aguilar García, credited as the mastermind of Mexico's lethal paraquat-spraying program, has been charged by Mexican bar officials with the systematic torture, rape and unwarranted detention of hundreds of helpless dope suspects in order to obtain confessions. In his tenure as DA of Culiacan in the Sinaloa department, Aguilar was repeatedly charged with torture by dope defendants and their lawyers, but these allegations were invariably ignored by Aguilar's superiors. In fact, his conspicuous zeal in coordinating vicious antinarcotics crackdowns resulted in Aguilar's promotion to the head of the federal antidrug task force; there he worked closely with American drug agencies in plotting and executing the paraquat program, currently the biggest American political scandal since Watergate. In 1977 he was rewarded with an appointment to the highly prestigious post of district attorney for Tijuana.

In Tijuana, Aguilar directly commenced an energetic assault on the city's well-established

dope traffic. In the spring of this year, he led a narco sweep of the elegant Plaza Vendome shopping center, arresting and detaining 60 citizens, mostly innocent passers-by including housewives and lawyers attending a nearby conference.

One of the bystanders arrested was Jesus Michel Jacobo, vice-president of the Tijuana Bar Association. Claiming to have been severely beaten during detention by Aguilar's narcs Jacobo launched a bar association investigation into all circumstances pertaining to the Plaza Vendome drug raid.

It took two weeks to locate the four defendants charged in the raid. They were finally found in the Baja California State Penitentiary at Las Mesa, where the new prison physician, Dr. Ricardo Estavillo, had been required to treat them immediately upon arrival from the Tijuana detention pen. During their 14 days in solitary confinement, the men said, they had been blindfolded with electric tape, routinely beaten, shocked with electric cattle prods and had car-

bonated soda poured into their noses. Dr. Estavillo confirmed that the men were covered with fresh cuts, bruises and burn marks; one had both his eardrums perforated, and another had extensive burn scabs around his genitals.

Armed with this evidence, the Eustaquio Boelna Association of Attorneys conducted interviews of 457 persons convicted of narcotics offenses by Aguilar in both Tijuana and Culiacan. Eighteen types of torture allegedly employed by Aguilar and his narcs were recounted, including systematic jail beatings, electric shocks, gang rape, immersion of the victim's head in a clogged toilet, hanging by the thumbs, and the pouring of gas, wine and carbonated soda into the nose. Many victims subsequently had to have infected limbs amputated; others lost their hearing or their teeth, some women had spontaneous abortions and many prisoners went insane.

In Tijuana Federal District Court, attorney Michel Jacobo has called for a formal government investigation into the methods of Carlos Aguilar García.

G.I. Dopers on Rise

The incidence of dope use among military personnel is increasing, according to reports released by the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control.

A recent survey conducted by the U.S. Army found that 30 percent of lower-rank enlisted people in Europe currently smoke grass; 11 percent use hard drugs; 6.2 percent use amphetamines; and 4.4 percent use downs. A 1976 Marine Corps survey discovered 70 percent of its junior enlisted personnel had tried grass at least once as opposed to 48 percent in 1974. There were smaller increases among marines who experimented with hallucinogens, from 25 to 27 percent; amphetamines, 34 to 36 percent; and opiates, 17 to 19 percent; however, use of barbiturates dropped from 34 percent in 1974 to 29 percent in 1976.

While the army polled current use, the Marine Corps asked about experimentation, and the differing results were cited as a problem during hearings into military drug use held by the House narcotics committee last summer.

During one recent six-month period, the navy seized 1½ pounds of opium and 30 pounds of hash from vessels inspected at Rota, Spain. At

Subic Bay the navy makes an average of four dope seizures during each ship inspection. One navy craft was found to have 102 Thai sticks tucked neatly under a false deck plate.

According to Acting Assistant Secretary of Defense Vernon McKenzie, most military dope use is by "enlisted men or women in the 18- to 25-year-old age group. They seem to use drugs primarily for recreational purposes while off duty," he said.

"The most prevalent drugs of abuse are the cannabis derivatives, marijuana, hashish and hash oil," McKenzie told the committee. "Thereafter, the drug of choice depends on the availability in the part of the world in which the service member is stationed. For example, in Korea it is barbiturates; and in Germany it is heroin and methaqualone among army personnel, and amphetamines on air-force bases. In the United States we see nearly everything; use of LSD is down, but the use of PCP and cannabis is on the rise."

A Department of Defense survey demonstrates that enlisted personnel experience little difficulty finding dope. Of those questioned, 86 percent said marijuana was easy to get, while 70

percent said scoring uppers and downers wasn't hard. Cocaine was said to be easily obtainable by 42 percent, but only 27 percent felt it was easy to buy heroin.

Almost half of the enlisted personnel listed relief of boredom and having fun as reasons for doing dope.

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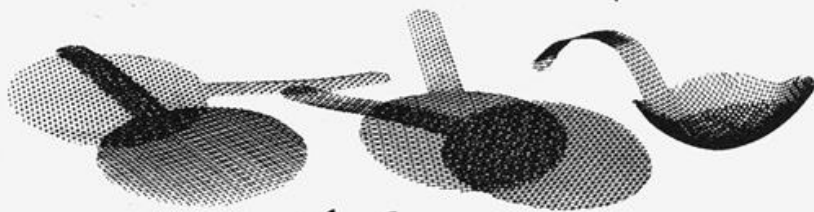
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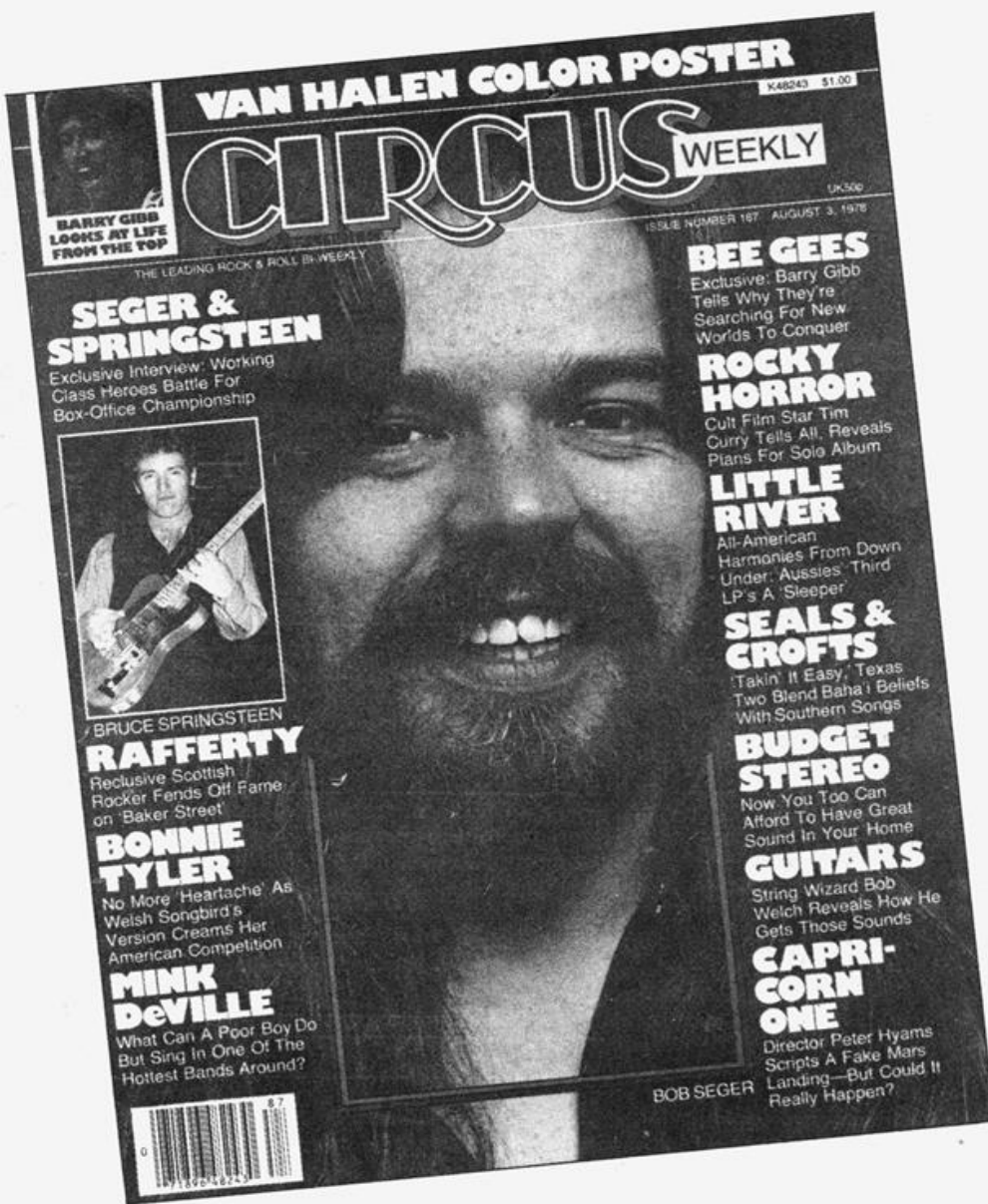
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Paraphernalia Prohibition Sweeps Nation

by Michael Antonoff

A swarm of antiparaphernalia legislation is hitting the nation this year. In the state of Georgia, Chicago's suburbs and Detroit the sale of dope-related equipment, such as bongs, hash pipes, roach clips and mirrors, has—at least on the books—been outlawed.

In Georgia, viewed as the biggest marijuana funnel in the country, Governor George Busbee signed three laws earlier this year: a blanket ban on paraphernalia sales, a ban on sales of paraphernalia to minors and the outlawing of sales of dope-oriented books and magazines to minors.

The law prohibits devices "to introduce into the human body, to enhance the effect on the human body of, to conceal or to test the strength, effectiveness or purity of, any dangerous drug or controlled substance."

Soon after the laws were signed, a federal judge—citing First Amendment freedoms of press and speech—ordered a temporary restraining order against enforcement of the literature ban. He has since extended the restraining order indefinitely.

Atlanta attorney Reber Boulton, representing Georgia paraphernalia businesses, was awaiting a ruling from a higher court on the constitutionality of the other two laws.

Enforcement has been highly selective. The first bust came June 15 against Frogs, a boutique outside Atlanta. Debbie Stone, the 23-year-old daughter of owner Lou Westbrook, was behind the counter when a plainclothes narcotics agent came in and asked for a hash pipe. He was shown a wooden pipe, and she was arrested for transacting in drug objects. Police carted away the inventory.

Ms. Westbrook says, "The only paraphernalia they didn't take was cigarette papers and incense. They ate my candy, littered the floor and left my place in turmoil. I felt outraged."

Across the state in rural Wayne County, Sheriff Riley Reddish in mid June delivered a copy of the ban to a Zippy Market in Jesup and told the

shopkeeper to "begin abiding by the law immediately." The convenience store was forced to remove its Concert Kits and the half-dozen brands of rolling paper it stocked except for OCB brand.

According to Zippy Market field representative Joe Collins, Reddish told him "it was all right to keep OCB because 'everyone knows OCB and Prince Albert [tobacco] go together.'"

"When the sheriff tells you to do something in a small town, you don't argue with him," Reddish declined comment.

Possession of paraphernalia was illegal in Jesup even before the state law passed. But rather than applying to stores, the municipal law is used several times a month to increase the fines on people found with only one or two joints, according to the police reporter for the local newspaper.

While enforcement of the state ban appears to be at the whim of local officials, a federal district judge on June 15 cited precisely this reason in overturning a separate DeKalb County, Georgia, ordinance that had revoked the business licenses of eight paraphernalia retailers.

Elsewhere, less than a year after passing marijuana decriminalization the New York state senate in May overwhelmingly approved a paraphernalia and dope magazine ban. The American Civil Liberties Union termed the bill "shockingly broad in its prospective scope."

The bill failed to be voted out of the Assembly Codes Committee, and it has, in effect, died for this year. However, its sponsor, State Senator Frank Padavan, has vowed, if reelected, to reintroduce a modified form of the bill in January.

A slew of paraphernalia bans was enacted this spring in towns surrounding Chicago. In Hoffman Estates, Illinois, for instance, merchants were required to keep a ledger of the name and address of persons who purchased paraphernalia.

In Oak Lawn, Illinois, a federal judge granted an injunction against an ordinance that prohibited Tape Town Records owner Bill Lee from displaying paraphernalia. Lee says he was even forced to remove rolling paper. He has sued the village for compensation for the business lost during the 37 days the ordinance was in effect.

Lee's attorney, Marvin Leavitt, said he knew he had won the injunction when at the hearing the village attorney argued that a scale Lee sold could not be used for anything other than illicit drugs. The judge interrupted him to say that his own secretary used it as a postal scale.

Meanwhile, the city of Berkley, Michigan, has been directed by a county judge not to enforce a marijuana and hash pipe ban pending a suit brought by a tobacconist. Under the ordinance, the shopkeeper faces a maximum penalty of \$500 and 90 days in jail for each sale.

In Indiana, a state that enacted an antiparaphernalia law three years ago, NORML coordinator Steve Allen is confident that a court injunction preventing enforcement of the law will become permanent. He says retailers are operating "full blast."

Pharmacists Blast "Callous" DEA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Pharmacists want to know why they can go to the street and get cocaine, but they can't get it from their distributor," complains the head of the American Society of Hospital Pharmacists. According to Dr. Michael Stolar, controls on the manufacture of cocaine imposed by the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) are already too stringent and fail to take into account the increasing use of coke to treat pain in persons dying of cancer.

This year the DEA has ordered that the one New Jersey lab licensed to extract coke from Peruvian coca leaves can manufacture only 3,252

pounds of it. Thus drug companies that refine the raw coke into therapeutic purity—Merck, Lilly and Malinkrodt—are forced to distribute the drug as equitably as possible to American hospitals with already dwindling supplies.

The use of coke with morphine in "Brompton's Cocktail" (see *High Times*, "Highwitness News," September '78) has proven invaluable in the alleviation of terminal cancer agony and is in extreme demand at hospitals around the country. The DEA's continued unresponsiveness to the needs of these patients has been termed "inhuman" by one pharmacologist.

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Dawn Operation Halted by M-16s

8 Tons Captured by Narcs in Jersey Shoot-Out

● Police busted eight tons of Colombian pot as it was being unloaded from a DC-6 at a small airport outside Trenton, New Jersey.

When the huge 60-ton plane made a dawn landing at the little Robinsville rural airstrip, it attracted considerable local attention. Rick Meyer, a local 26-year-old mechanic, reports that he was chatting with the pilot of the DC-6 when a sleek twin-engine Cessna and a number of U-Haul vans pulled up next to it. Right after the big plane's cargo hatch was opened and men began loading burlap-covered parcels out of it, Meyer recalls, "suddenly 15 patrol cars came flying onto the field full of M-16 automatic rifles."

While Meyer and the pilot were being handcuffed, the Cessna tore out across the airstrip and lifted off amid what police termed "a hail of gunfire." Eight tons of primo Colombian fume, it turned out, were being moved from the DC-6, fresh out of the Bahamas, to the vans. During his brief chat, Meyer had found the alleged smugglers to be "very nice guys." I told them I was sorry I hadn't met them on different terms."

● After a four-year trial, French Connection kingpins Urbaine Giaume, 64, and Joseph Patrisi, 61, were sentenced in Paris to 20 years apiece for dope trafficking. With eight other codefendants and various undercover snitches in France and the USA, the two had moved a ton of smack from Marseilles and Nice to New York City



Soon after touching down in New Jersey with eight tons of fume, this DC-6 was surrounded by 15 carloads of M-16-carrying cops.

between 1969 and 1974.

● Two navy airmen—Steve Lee Dodson, 21, and David Gorakczyk, 20—were busted for possession of 2.5 ounces of phencyclidine (PCP) in the Orange Park, Florida, Holiday Inn, on the eve of a Mediterranean cruise aboard the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy. The two, members of the Helicopter Antisubmarine Squadron II, were allegedly cutting the dust into salable portions when DEA narcs and Jacksonville vice-squad agents working on a snitch tip broke into the room.

● The suspicions of Opa-Locka, Florida police were aroused by the sight of a helicopter riding along at roof level after sundown, heading toward the isolated Opa-Locka West airstrip with no running lights. So they followed the craft until they encountered a van heading away from the strip on U.S. 27. The van was stopped and found to contain 22 bales in burlap, a full ton of pot plus two cans of copter fuel and an elaborate flashlight system apparently used to outline a pad. The copter could not be located.

● Undercover RCMP narcs in Vancouver, British Columbia, bought 40,000 hits of blotter acid and arrested six men in two separate busts. The cops called it the biggest acid haul ever in the Pacific Northwest.

● Barbara Ann Burdick was convicted of growing ten patches of sinsemilla on 40 acres of secluded prairie 12 miles north of Fort Scott, Kansas. Though she claimed to be conducting a botanical experiment in sinsemilla cultivation, she was convicted of conspiracy to sell dope, along with the plot's lessee, William Reed of

Kansas City. Ms. Burdick's husband Denton was also charged in the case.

● A cop on routine patrol down Park Road in the Ngara district in Nairobi, Kenya, slipped the leash on his patrol dog after the animal began excitedly lunging toward a pile of burlap bags under a bush. The bags proved to contain 300 pounds of bhang, top-notch African weed. No busts were made.

● Three Ghanaian citizens were busted in the Hotel Via Calabria in Rome, Italy, for possession of 11 kilos of marijuana after two black undercover narcs faked a fight in the lobby, giving uniformed carabinieri an excuse to search all persons present. Narcs had already bought a ki of grass from Isam Hoffer, 23, and clues found on his person led them to a room where Josephine Esim Baako, 27, was discovered with \$4 million in international currency in her handbag. In the adjoining room were Korakye Edwin Kato, 20, and Comfort Owusu, 36, with ten more ki's in their luggage. In the midst of the lobby scuffle, however, another suspect, Mensah Malas, 25, eluded capture and later jumped a plane to London, where Scotland Yard and Interpol are currently pursuing him.

● Residents of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, sighting a suspiciously overloaded yacht named the Concorde moored behind a house in Rio Vista, called police. Later that night, four men were busted loading 12 tons of boo from the 63-foot boat.

● In the plush Terra Mar section of Pompano Beach, Florida, five people were arrested unloading 2,100 pounds of grass from a yacht in the marina behind their home.

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Cops Grab 30 Kilos from Gang of Lady Dealers

Approximately 30 kilos of cocaine were confiscated in Lima, Peru. The police charged that the cocaine was found at an empty construction site that was used as a warehouse by a gang of female drug traffickers. The band supposedly operated with coke brought from the Peruvian jungle that was later transported into Ecuador or Colombia for shipment to the U.S. There were no arrests.

● Narcs at Los Angeles International busted Larry Thorsen, 33, in possession of 23 pounds of 88-percent-pure cocaine, as he arrived on a flight from Miami International, where he'd been detained overnight by the Miami mule-profile squad on the grounds of behaving suspiciously.

● Two Colombians and three Ecuadorians were

convicted of conspiracy to move 26 pounds of toot in through New Orleans off the Grancolumbia freighter *Rio Guayas*. The convictions came down two weeks after the DEA busted the *Rio Guayas* crew at the Celeste Street wharf.

● When Angela Luz Gomez of Colombia lost her suitcase at Miami International Airport, she checked into the Ambassador Hotel downtown and called National Airlines to have them track it down. Airport narcs, however, had already found an untaged suitcase behind the National Airlines ticket counter, containing, they say 23 pounds of snort and a .357-caliber revolver. A plainclothes narc delivered it to Gomez's room, and when she signed a receipt for the case, busted her.



Federal narcs restage the strip search of Louise Boivin for the cameras after she and two other Canadians, Norman Bolland (seated center) and Gilles Boivin (right), were arrested at Mexico City International Airport for allegedly carrying almost ten pounds of pure cocaine.

Hit Parade

As the Harvest Moon rises over the Bay of Biscayne it smiles down on some of the wildest dope-buccaneering adventures ever seen. Last month's Customs and Coast Guard seizures were surely only a tithe of the new crop that will be cause for Thanksgiving.

● 92,000 lbs plus 6.6 lbs of smack, 11 lbs opium, 13.2 lbs coke, 100,000 speed tabs, result of five-week Mexican army dope offensive, 286 arrests.

● 60,000 lbs, 71-ft. shrimp Swain, near Amelia, Louisiana, 2 arrested by Customs.

● 50,000 lbs aboard 80-ft. shrimp Lawrence, boarded off the Dry Tortugas by C.G.C. Dauntless, no arrests.

● 30,000 lbs, North Providence Channel in the Bahamas, 121-ft. *St. Anne D'Aury*, disabled vessel assisted by C.G.C. Steadfast, 8 Colom-

bians deported, no arrests.

● 7,000 lbs of Kona gold, spotted by helicopter narcs growing in irregular "football-field" plots near a volcano in Hawaii, no arrests.

● 4,000 lbs in a flatbed truck in the Little River area of South Carolina, 3 arrests.

● 3,500 lbs, 15 miles east of Hollywood, Florida, aboard the fisher *Tete-a-Tete*, C.G.C. Cape Knox boarding party, no arrests.

● 3,000 lbs off Fernandina Beach, Florida, aboard 25-ft. cabin cruiser *Pappy K* and 41-ft. single-masted trimaran sailboat *Nareis*; state and federal investigation, 6 arrests.

● 2,000 lbs, South Dade, Florida, trailer on Bird Road, 1 arrest.

● 300 lbs, Hepzibah, Georgia, van at landing strip loaded with dope from twin-engine Lockheed Lodestar, 3 arrests.

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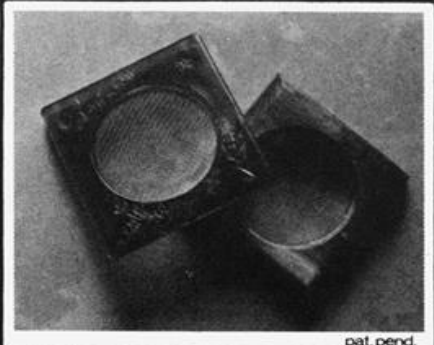
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Cons Party Out with Pinched Downs

Howard Sit / Vicksburg Evening Post



Looking like actors ordered up from Central Casting to star in a TV sitcom about a motley crew of lovable narcs, five Mississippi cops pose with some of the 2,000 plants recently confiscated from the home of a 23-year-old Warren County man. Let's see, suppose we get one redneck, one black, one skinhead, one Barney Miller type, one Chicano....

Two thousand tablets of the pharmaceutical tranquilizer Meproamate, en route by delivery van to the Buena Vista Drugstore in Pueblo, Colorado, were pinched by convicts when the van made a stop at the Colorado State Reformatory. Prison officials learned of the theft when a prisoner who swallowed a dozen of the pills had to be rushed to the state hospital with a massive OD. Only two thirds of the downs were retrieved.

● MIAMI, FLORIDA—"It's hard for me to believe, even now," said security officer William Hope

after a 60-ton DC-6 cargo plane was pinched right off the runway at Miami International Airport. The plane was discovered missing by a loading crew who arrived at its usual berth, at the northwest corner of the Air Haiti strip, to load its usual morning dry-goods cargo for the Miami-to-Santo Domingo haul. At midnight the previous evening, the plane had casually taxied to the runway and obtained takeoff clearance by conning tower authorities. "As far as we're concerned, it was just another DC-6 departing," said a tower clerk, who last saw the aircraft nosing northward into the darkness. The federal Drug Enforcement Administration, on the theory that the plane was probably intended for use in dope smuggling, immediately launched a statewide search for it. "It would be very hard to hide," speculated Hope.

● MIAMI, FLORIDA—The body of 34-year-old Louis Michael Marinacchio, a successful and respected art teacher, was recently discovered in his "incredibly filthy apartment" along with 100 colorful finches, 15 of which had died before Marinacchio's body was found. Six more dead finches were discovered in the deceased's freezer, wrapped in aluminum foil.

The building's apartment manager entered Marinacchio's flat with a passkey, after not seeing him on the premises for three days. With the body were discovered a considerable quantity of vitamins and prescription drugs, visual-aid material for art classes at Palm Springs Elementary

School and erotic photos of naked men, all befouled with finch droppings. Marinacchio's wallet was missing, as was his 1978 Lincoln Continental Mark V. "We feel his particular lifestyle impacted on his murder more than anything else," said a homicide sergeant.

Three more finches died en route to Animal Control Headquarters.

● INDIANOLA, MISSISSIPPI—When police lieutenant Jimmy Newman spotted a pickup truck issuing great billows of smoke from its cab on Route 82 near here, he pulled over and rushed to the aid of driver Jennings Henderson. The source of the smoke, however, turned out to be a quantity of overdry marijuana that had been sitting on the truck's manifold when it caught fire. Lt. Newman managed to save 30 pounds of weed from the flames and busted Henderson on the spot for possession.

● SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA—When police stopped Christopher Lavon Jones, 20, for drunken driving, they noticed a quantity of suspicious white crystal in the car and decided to investigate it by snorting from it. Subsequently, patrolmen Roy Doakes and Matthew Weathersby were treated for PCP inhalation at Community Hospital and released without serious effects. Jones was booked for drunk driving and possession of a controlled substance.

● NEW YORK CITY—The Alliance for the Liberation of Medical Patients, formed by a group of former mental patients, has called for a boycott of Contac, Sine-Off, ARM antihistamines and other products of the Klein, French Company. Thorazine and Stelazine, antidepressant medications also made by Klein, French, are routinely administered to mental patients, often without their knowledge or consent. According to the alliance, these drugs are associated with an incurable brain disease called *tardive dyskinesia*. Smith, Klein, also invests heavily, they say, in "fascist" nations—South Africa, Brazil and Argentina.

● "I was born dead," Playboy cartoonist Gahan Wilson told an interviewer when asked to account for the exceptional morbidity that pervades much of his work. He said that at his birth 50 years ago in Evanston, Illinois, the doctor first pronounced him stillborn, but then dipped him into a basin of ice water; this novel reversal of the conventional Leboyer method, which involves immersing newborn babies in warm water, apparently triggered Wilson's vital signs, and he came to life. "There must have been brain damage," he gloomily told the interviewer.



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Keith McNichol

Flying a monstrous balloon muggle to symbolize their worship of the weed, 2,000 people turned out at the Edmonton, Alberta, legislature grounds this July to protest Canada's pot law. Demonstrators also fired up quantities of real joints, both to show their defiance of repressive legislation and to enhance their perception of the event.

Senator Wins Medical Pot for Indiana

Indiana's legislature recently passed a bill legalizing the administration of a cannabis extract called tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) to glaucoma victims and cancer-chemotherapy patients, in liquid or capsule form. The bill was sponsored by State Senator George Sangmeister, 49, who underwent four months of excruciating chemotherapy last year. "They used platinum on me," recalls Sangmeister. "It was horrible. I would vomit sometimes as much as 18 times in 20 minutes." Treatment with a cannabis derivative, however, conspicuously alleviated Sangmeister's side effects. "It's not the pleasant high you hear about," he says, "but it took my mind off the treatment and stopped the vomiting."

● In Louisiana, testimony of a mother whose child has cancer helped the passage of a similar cannabis therapy bill through the Baton Rouge legislature. The woman had been scoring street dope for the youngster and told the legislature in open session that the law "should not make a parent look for marijuana illegally." In the same legislative session, a bill was passed to eliminate possible prison penalties for possession of a half ounce or less of smoke.

● Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark came out thundering on behalf of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws in a Washington, D.C., district court in the first round of NORML's suit to overthrow the provision of the 1970 Controlled Substances Act that makes possession of grass a federal crime. On behalf of NORML, Clark told Judge Aubrey F. Robinson that the law as written violates the constitutional

guarantee of privacy for folks who party in their homes; moreover, since the government has been unable to demonstrate that marijuana consumption is physically or mentally harmful, those punished are subjected to "cruel and unusual punishment," Clark charged.

The former Johnson cabinet minister went further and affirmed that while he himself did not use weed, he was convinced of its harmlessness. "With marijuana there is a long history of which no one has been able to demonstrate physical or psychological damage. We can't disentrail ourselves from emotional feelings about marijuana," he admitted. "It's hard to be objective, but objectivity is the critical test of law."

● A good deal of the support for the recently formed United Kingdom equivalent to NORML comes from police authorities who confess reluctance to enforce the Cannabis Act with suitable vigor and sternness. The editor of Police Magazine, calling for relaxation of the hash and grass statutes, writes, "The law has exacerbated relations between the police and groups of young people in a way that has not been the police experience with any other law."

Although 9,748 arrests were made last year under Great Britain's Cannabis Act, less than 1 percent of those busted were actually jailed. So agitation by dope-smoking Britishers for a formal pro-pot lobby has been minimal. In fact, the seasonal smoke-ins held in Hyde Park in London by the Smokey Bears, Britain's equivalent to the American yippies, have lately come to be regarded as unfashionably passé.

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"Cattle Prod" Clark Nailed for Over 3 Tons

● Sheriff Jim "Cattle Prod" Clark of Birmingham, Alabama—infamous for leading a troop of mounted officers full-tilt into a group of kneeling, praying, civil-rights demonstrators in Selma in 1965—is going down the river for moving an alleged 6,600 pounds of herb. The dope was found aboard a plane at Donnelley Field near Montgomery that had been forced to land due to engine trouble, and the investigation led narcs to Clark.

● One of the top families in Japanese popular entertainment was wracked by grass and acid busts recently. Actress Arika Kawaguchi, 28, is charged with introducing her brothers, actor Hishashi and show-biz manager Atshushi, to a



Former Alabama Sheriff Jim Clark

dealer who regularly sold them quantities of Thai grass and Hawaiian blotter acid. Ms. Kawaguchi allegedly did up a goodly consignment of Hawaiian "dolls" while appearing nightly at the Shin Kabukiza in the Minato Ward theater, a top show-business district. Hisashi, 33, is said to have enjoyed tripping while surfing off Sendai Bay, and Atshushi got high for the first time while studying acting at Lincoln High School in Seattle, Washington. All three are children of best-selling writer Matsutaro Kawaguchi.

● Scott Gates, 22, son of Los Angeles Sheriff Darryl Gates, has been convicted on three dope and paraphernalia counts and ordered to participate in a voluntary dope-rehab program.



Mexico City's self-aggrandizing police chief General Arturo Durazo (center, in uniform) holds a press conference prior to the burning of four and one-half tons of pot this summer.

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Water-pressed hash	marbled	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash		oz	2-3
		kilo	100-175
	stupefying	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
Mazar-i-sharif	black, primo	oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
Opium	knockout	6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	average	oz	30-35
Superior domestic	top quality	lb	400-460
Thai sticks		oz	45-55
Nepalese hash		lb	575-700
Lebanese hash	excellent slabs	one	15-18
		oz	200-300
		lb	2000-3000
Domestic hash	taste treat	oz	200-300
		lb	2300-2900
	truly inferior	oz	15-20
		lb	1400-1800

BRAZIL

Green grass	domestic stash, seedy	oz	10-15
Brown grass	domestic, fair to good, mucho	kilo	20-25
Manja Rosa grass	3-toke trippy	oz	400-450
Black Power grass	high	lb	15-20
Bonsai hemp	ultra-energetic	kilo	75-100
	peculiar stony buzz	1/4 kilo	950
Cocaine	from weak local to top Peruvian	gm	30-80
Metham-phetamine	Argentinian; scrupulous	oz	400-800
Mescaline	good domestic synthetic	100gm	80
Magic mushrooms	fabulous	100gm	800
Mandrax	steady supply	hit	100
		100	2-3
		100	100-200

CANADA

Domestic	off season	oz	10-20
Commercial	glut	lb	100-125
Colombian		oz	30-45
Connoisseur	increasing flow	lb	350-450
Colombian		oz	40-60
Hawaiian	variety, good to excellent	lb	180-200
Thai sticks	up	oz	2000-3100
Afghani hash	black slabs, worthwhile	one	20-25
	lovers' delight	lb	160-200
MDA	crystal, good	hit	1200-1800
Metham-phetamine		oz	2-4
Honey oil	amber, tremendous	gm	500-800
	blotter, microdot, caveat emptor	oz	4500-7000
LSD		hit	35-50
Cocaine	short and sweet	oz	450-600
		hit	1-3
		100	100-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1450-2000

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good selection, quantity	oz	4-10
Commercial	leafy brown	lb	55-75
		oz	2-4
		lb	30-40
Colombian hash	improving, still ho-hum	oz	10-30
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	lb	750-1250
Mushrooms	OK supply	oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1250
Cocaine	excellent flake and rock	oz	3-5
		lb	100-300
		oz	200-500
		lb	3000-5000

DENMARK

Domestic grass	smoked out	oz	10-15
Moroccan hash	good kif mix, erratic supply	gm	2.50-4
Afghani hash	primo	kilo	1700-2200
		gm	3.50-6
		kilo	3000-3500

Pakistani hash	plentiful, improving	gm	2.50-5
		kilo	2200-3500
Nepalese hash	fresh supply	gm	3.50-6
		kilo	3000-4000
Cocaine	increasing quantity, variable quality	gm	100-150
		oz	2000-2500
LSD	microdot	hit	2.50-3.50
Opium	mostly in-crowd, not commercial	gm	10-12
PCP	local chemists	hit	2-3
Magic mushrooms	very popular	gm	6

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	small amounts of quality	oz	30-40
Afghani hash	thin slabs, good	lb	400-600
		oz	75-150
Colombian hash	quality up	lb	800-1250
Hash oil		oz	50-65
		lb	500-800
LSD	some Afghani	gm	25-35
		hit	375-500
Cocaine	big blotter	100	1-1.50
		gm	75-150
	OK to good	gm	1600-2000
Mandrax	large demand, steady supply	one	1-3
		100	100-200

GERMANY

Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	50-75
		lb	500-725
Lebanese hash	soft red, good	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	1200-1350
Thai sticks		oz	35-50
		lb	475-575
LSD	high quality	one	15-25
		100	800-1200
Cocaine	blotter	hit	2.50-5
	decent supply	gm	65-110
		oz	500-750

MEXICO

Torreon violet	breathtaking	oz	8-12
Oaxacan tops	rising potency	lb	30-75
		oz	4-6
Guerrero gold	smooth, but seedy	lb	50-90
Pueblo	good	oz	3-6
		lb	20-50
Magic mushrooms	fresh, excellent	oz	3-6
Cocaine		lb	20-70
		oz	5-10
Opium	brown to pure white	lb	50-125
	not much	gm	30-50
		oz	300-500
		lb	30-50
		oz	300-400

PERU

Gold buds	jungle grass	oz	10
Brown buds	mountain grass	lb	70-75
		oz	4-5
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	lb	55
Coca leaves	dry	oz	2-3
Coca paste	for smoking	lb	35
Cocaine	90% pure, the world's best	kilo	1.15
		gm	1.50-2
Quaaludes	locally produced, not very good	kilo	1100
		one	5-10
		8500	.20

SPAIN

Spanish griffe	good grass	oz	15-20
Moroccan hash	erratic supply	kilo	400-500
Lebanese red hash	sacks blond & red, not the best	oz	40-50
Hash oil	Moroccan dark	oz	1000-1200
LSD	good blotter	oz	50-60
		gm	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300

Cocaine	good to excellent	gm	80-120
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	oz	1000-1500
		100	20-25
		1000	2000-2250

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Quality Jamaican	good brown	lb	125-275
Commercial		oz	30-40
Connoisseur	muchacho	lb	125-300
Seedless		oz	25-40
Colombian	likewise	lb	250-375
Crystal	top stuff, scarce	oz	40-50
methedrine		lb	50-75
California	ace	gm	500-675
sinsemilla		oz	40-75
Jamaican	delish	oz	75-100
sinsemilla		lb	500-1000
Hawaiian	spicy new breed	oz	50-75
Puna buds	astronomical	lb	500-850
Moroccan hash		oz	100-175
Lebanese hash	erratic supply	lb	800-1200
Black Afghani		oz	75-100
Nepalese hash	dirty blond, sleepy	lb	625-800
Paki hash	overpriced, fair	oz	85-120
Thai sticks	pressed balls, knockout	lb	1000-1400
Hawaiian	just decent, no buy	oz	150-200
	the bigger, the better	lb	1500-1800
Hash oils		oz	100-150
PCP	potent Afghani to honey powder, the pits	lb	1000-1200
LSD	blotter, microdot, others	hit	75-100
Psilocybin mushrooms	available fresh, frozen, dried	100	75-200
Peyote	fresh	oz	25-45
Quaaludes, 714s	available	lb	100-250
Cocaine	rare, many "boots"	oz	30
California red hair		one	150
		100	3-5
		gm	350-500
		oz	60-120
		lb	1000-2000
		oz	50-125
		lb	450-1000

Alaska

Domestic	market down	oz	25-40
Regular Mexican	thin supply	lb	250-350
Cocaine	fair to good	oz	25-35
Colombian	mostly commercial	gm	250-350
		oz	100-120
		lb	50-100
		oz	500-700

Hawaii

Kona gold	piney taste, excellent high	oz	110-160
Mau	delicious, tourist prices	lb	950-1600
Kauai	stoney, overpriced	oz	100-150
Puna buds	sweet, red	lb	900-1500
Oahu shake	nice buzz	oz	100-130
		lb	800-1200
		oz	110-160
		lb	950-1600
		oz	20-40

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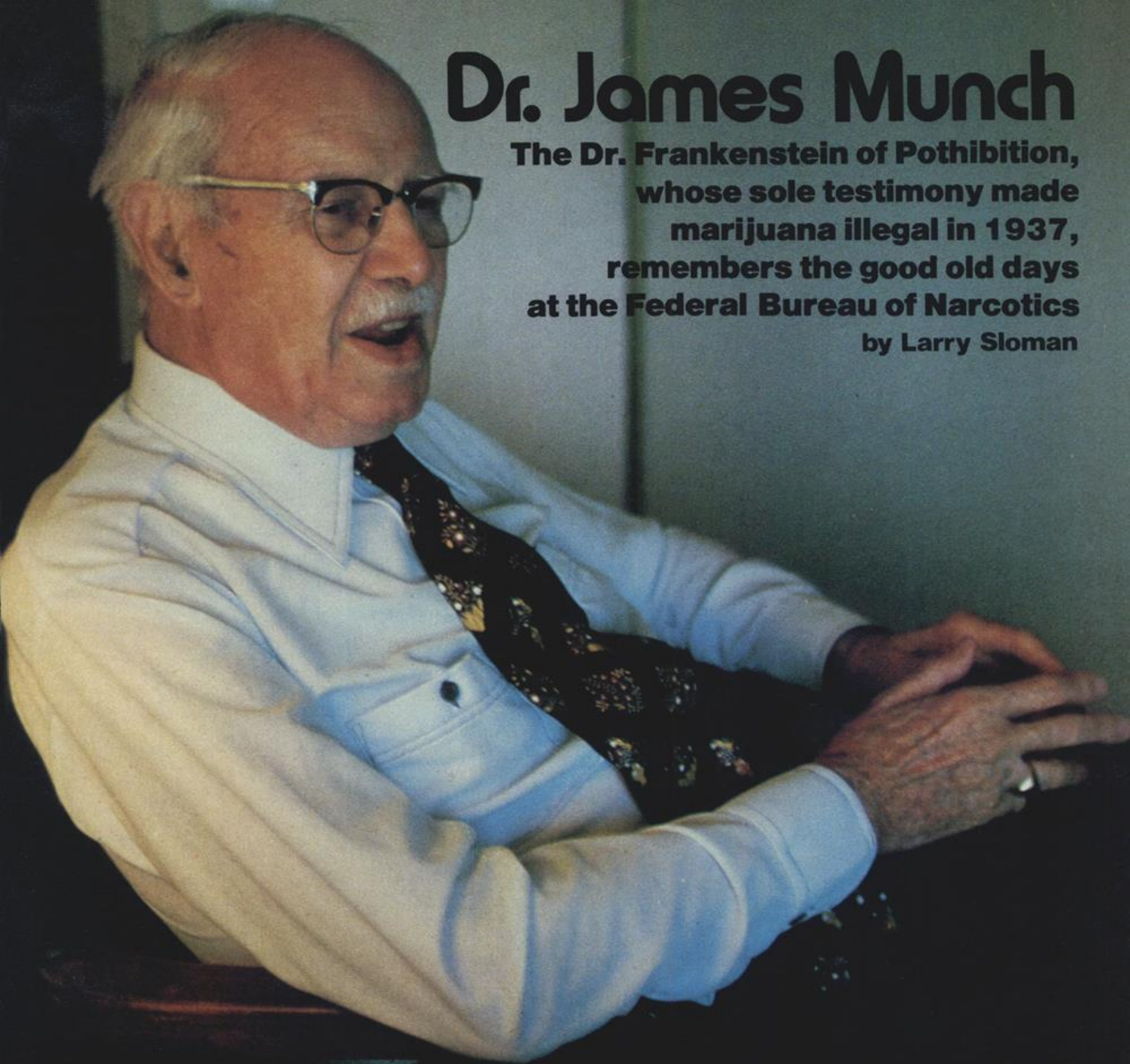
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Interview

Dr. James Munch

**The Dr. Frankenstein of Prohibition,
whose sole testimony made
marijuana illegal in 1937,
remembers the good old days
at the Federal Bureau of Narcotics**

by Larry Sloman



For 32 years, from 1930-1962, Harry Anslinger was the commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics and was instrumental in formulating the repressive laws that regulate America's use of dope. One device that Harry used to retain his position over the years was to surround himself with experts who would testify on the dangers of illicit dope use whenever Anslinger was forced to defend his theories before congressional or judicial inquiry.

James Munch was Anslinger's resident expert on marijuana. After first coming to the commissioner's attention for his work on the doping of race horses in the late '20s, Munch was asked to join the Bureau of Narcotics as a consultant and work on the new menace facing America: the killer weed. The elfish pharmacologist and toxicologist spent the next 40 years investigating dope pharmacology for the government and was the only scientific expert to testify in the 1937 hearings on the Marihuana Tax Act.

Munch was the first investigator to assert that the male marijuana plant as well as the female contained psychoactive properties and was among the first to warn that excessive use of grass leads to irreversible brain damage. And he was probably the only member of the Anslinger team who could make those claims based on firsthand knowledge, since he once had sampled some of his own experimental homegrown.

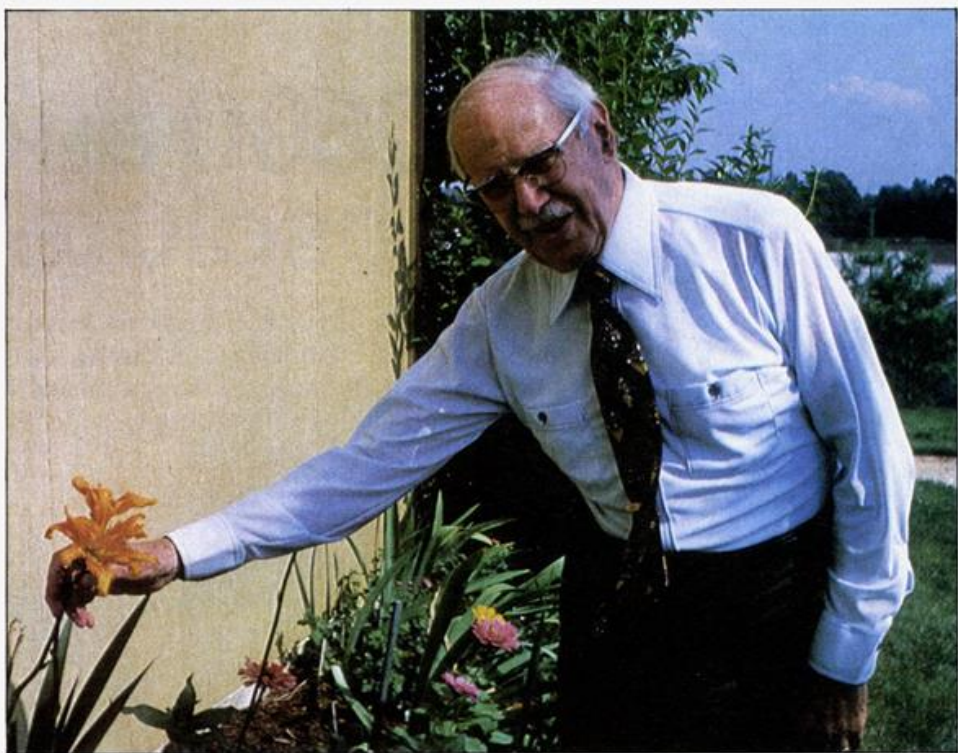
At 81, Munch lives in semiretirement at an old-age community called Leisure World in Maryland, and it was in these bucolic surroundings that *High Times* encountered the man who was responsible for much of the early scientific research on *Cannabis sativa*. Still alert and spry, and dressed up for the occasion in a neat striped tie and suit, sporting a raffish moustache, Dr. Munch led the way to a fascinating trip down marijuana's memory lane.

High Times: How did you first get hooked up with Anslinger? You were originally with the Food and Drug Administration, right?

Munch: Anslinger got interested in me because one of the main diversions of narcotics was the doping of race horses, and at the FDA I had shown that the injection of the saliva or urine of race horses in laboratory mice would cause definite symptoms of narcotics use in the mice within five minutes. That was one of my pet projects.

High Times: The famous mouse-tail test...

Munch: That's right. If you inject morphine into a mouse, his tail curves up into a very characteristic curve. I had taken an observation that had been entirely classroom and applied it on a barn scale. The net result being if a horse had been given any improper medication within 24 hours, I could guess 90 percent of the time what the medication had been. I was



Michael Salzberg

"Cats and women are stimulated by morphine and heroin, while dogs and men are depressed."

wrong once in a while, but I was right 100 percent in saying the horse had been doped or not been doped.

High Times: Why did they give the horses heroin? When addicts take heroin they become lethargic, they get slowed down.

Munch: Horses are not humans, humans are not horses. It's different. Cats and women are stimulated by morphine and heroin, while dogs and men are depressed. Well, that was my introduction to Harry. In the meantime this marijuana thing became acute.

High Times: When was this?

Munch: This was back in 1928, 1930. It was my contention that cannabinal was not the active principle of *Cannabis sativa*. So I got permission to raise some marijuana on my farm in Pennsylvania. See, once upon a time there was a farm right across the Potomac, and they raised marijuana plants there, and they tore them down to build a little building called the Pentagon. The man in charge there was Dewey, in charge of hemp culture, to make rope. Well, I talked to Dewey and he said, "Phooey, the female plants are effective and not the male." I tried them both and found both the male and female are active.

Then there was a chap named Quimby who went down to Mississippi under government auspices and raised various varieties of marijuana from all over the world. A hundred different varieties. And chemical analysis showed marked differences in potency. They wanted

Quimby to produce a dependable uniform source of material to be used by all research workers. And that later was THC, a basis of standardization.

But Lester Dewey's job was to raise it and see where it could grow for hemp. We never told the colored friends that it had a narcotic effect, and the way it was treated, it would grow and they'd chop it down, throw it in the water, and it would rot, to get the hemp fiber, you see, which lost all of the narcotic thing. They never learned, and we never told them, the possibilities of the narcotic action.

High Times: But you farmed it yourself?

Munch: I had a 95-acre farm, and I had about a dozen acres of marijuana.

High Times: How did it start being used as a narcotic?

Munch: Well, it was a substitute for tobacco. The youngsters in the late '20s were trying it out because they didn't like tobacco. They'd done a lot of roll-your-own cigarettes with Bull Durham, and so they tried this out. Even teenagers those days were hard to handle. Some of the youngsters would try it, and they were not satisfied. You see, the theory behind it was it increased their sexual ability. That's what they used it for. Increases frequency and duration. And they found it didn't do it.

High Times: But it was my impression that the first marijuana that was smoked was imported from Mexico or South America, by sailors and immigrants.

Munch: The Mexicans that were crossing

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"I smoked marijuana once...I got hallucinated, went around the world a few times, crawling out of the ink to write about it. I refused to do it again."

the border brought it with them, and the earlier difficulties we had were with Mexicans who'd gone crazy under the influence. Then the white folks thought that's a pretty good idea too, so let's try it. Then the development of the hippies and yippies out in Haight-Ashbury, that really stimulated the growth; so American use really expanded from being sporadic to being a plague.

High Times: In my research, it seems that the early laws against marijuana had real racist overtones. Do you think that might have been the case?

Munch: No, I don't think so. I don't know. That would be Harry's department. I never advised him on that. But we were concerned chiefly because Mexicans were coming in, bringing it in, and we didn't want an invasion of Mexican marijuana to our underworld. The underworld had enough with heroin, you see. We felt this might be another potential danger based on the behavior of the Mexicans under the influence of a large dose of marijuana.

The same way, there's a mushroom down there in Mexico that causes a good deal of trouble. A lot of those things are potentially dangerous. I read that somebody here made a tea out of burdock root and almost died. So, answering your question, we were working then with such knowledge that we had, with a fear that since the Mexicans had been doing all these horrible things under the influence of substantial amounts, that it would spread to our underworld. And in Texas, Florida, Arizona, New Mexico and California, there were a lot of Mexicans.

High Times: I guess we should get into the link between marijuana and violence. I'm thinking of the particular case of Victor Licada, the Mexican boy in Tampa that killed his family with an ax allegedly while under the influence of marijuana. Anslinger made this his cause célèbre, used it to get the legislation passed, stir up the populace. But just a cursory examination of the case showed that Licada was a chronic schizophrenic known to the police, who had tried to remove him from his home. But his parents objected; they felt they could handle him. And, in fact, there seemed to be little evidence that Licada had smoked any grass before killing his family.

Munch: He did, according to my narcotic friends. That's my understanding from what the narcotic crowd told me.

High Times: But there was no indication that Harry ever looked at it from the other side. He talked about it like, here was a normal kid who took one puff and went

crazy. He really sensationalized it.

Munch: A little bit. We had to do something to get Congress stirred up to pass the legislation. That was Harry's show, not mine. He handled all the legal phases. I had nothing to do with that.

High Times: But that case was so important in banning marijuana...

Munch: I know. It was one of the early cases, and it was sensational, and the story was that the people were dead. That's the important thing. Never mind why they were dead, but they were dead. So that lent Harry a chance to get on the stump and say, "Look, see what happened? See?" We had many other cases almost as sensational that never made the headlines. All I know is what they reported to Harry from the field, the men who looked into it. It could well be that some of them never used marijuana, I don't know any more than you do.

High Times: Do you still believe that there's a direct causal association between marijuana and crime?

Munch: I'm still standing on the conclusion I reached way back in the early days that excessive overuse over substantial periods of time causes irreversible brain damage. Now, that covers a multitude of, I won't say sins, effects, you see. In other words, I don't want to go into which part of the brain is bothered, what sort of a crime you're going to do, you're going to go into sex crime, you're going to murder somebody, you're going to go out and steal, you're going to drive a car at 150 miles per hour. I don't know what you're going to do. But the point is you're not responsible for your acts.

For a while, opinion swung way over. In Haight-Ashbury everybody was smoking it and having sexual intercourse with everybody else and having a wonderful time with marijuana and LSD and cocaine and some of the amphetamines. Amazing, all the things they were using out there. And not singly; they were mixing them all up and getting various things. However, they were not what I would call good American citizens. Could I put it that way? Many of them were out there on what you call a remittance basis. The family sent them there and sent them \$100 a month to stay away from home. I picked that up when I was out wandering through the place. But after a while they quit sending them money and they scattered out. I don't know whether there's any residual culture there now or not.

High Times: If you look at the statistics, there are 25 million people smoking grass now. You think that's why the crime rate is so high?



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"I'd given marijuana to dogs and produced incoordination over a period of as long as two or three years."

Munch: It's associated with it. It may not be causal. You got to watch your language on things like that. I don't know that marijuana definitely causes something. I don't know if you're going to be a good citizen and marijuana will make you into a criminal just because you use it. It may be that it releases some criminal propensities that were sort of buried deep down.

High Times: What do you think of the whole reform movement to change the laws?

Munch: I'm agin' it. We've got enough poisons now without putting any more on legal. The minute you do that, you're going to extend it to everything else, and people are taking larger and larger quantities on the basis it's legalized. See? "I see no reason why we should worry our souls about the little guy." I'm quoting Harry. We were never too much concerned about the man on the street who was smoking one cigarette a day. We don't give a damn about him. But we want to find out from him who is his source. They got him, where'd he get it? If we could get the man that was the original source and put him in jail, that would cut out all the lower fringe, you see, because he was an experienced buzzard. Now the minute he goes to jail, the demand's there. A lot of amateurs come along, but they're not as well-equipped to handle things. We can pick them off.

High Times: You're still convinced marijuana is dangerous, even with all the empirical evidence, the 25 million users...

Munch: I've always taken the position based on my study, the literature and talking to the people from Turkey and India and Great Britain and other countries as well as what I've seen around here, that continued—careful, watch my word now—continued overuse over a substantial period of time produces irreversible brain damage. So everybody knew I was as crazy as a bedbug. Now in the last couple of years they've begun to find out that's the case, and the American Medical Association just last year came out with several cases of intravenous injections which caused marked brain damage.

High Times: What's overexcessive use?
Munch: Too much.

High Times: Well, what's that?

Munch: Too much, that's all. For you it might be two pounds. For me it might be two ounces. Or vice versa.

High Times: So you really can't tell, in a sense.

Munch: No. The poison is too much, that's all.

High Times: That's a minority position.

Munch: I said overusage, overdosage, see. I don't think you're going to hurt anybody if you smoke one marijuana cigarette, especially if you buy it on the street. One a month I don't think would hurt a soul. But if you increase it, and especially if you get any of this Mexican stuff, even without paraquat, you're still going to get into trouble.

High Times: One thing I really admired, and I think it showed your great spirit of adventure, was that of all the people who talked about marijuana in the '30s, you were the only one who really tried it.

Munch: I tried it once.

High Times: How did that happen?

Munch: Well, that was another one of Harry's misdeeds. Up in the city of Newark there were two girls who got on a bus, went out to the end of the line and held up the bus driver for \$5.86 or whatever it was. Harry says, "Get on up there. We have got evidence to show that people under the influence of alcohol are responsible for their actions even though they may or may not know what they're doing. But we've never established that for marijuana, and this looks like a case where we can do it."

See, the story behind this case was, of course, that they were under the influence of marijuana. Later it was claimed that they weren't, but we believed they were, and the memorable thing there was they asked me a purely hypothetical question which ran one hour long. "Now, doctor, assuming you've heard that, assuming so and so and so and so, do you have an opinion?" Of course, the answer always is yes. That was one hour long.

High Times: Your answer was one hour long?

Munch: No, the question. The judges said, "Do you want the question repeated?" And I says, "No, your honor." He said, "Thank you." That's it. Marijuana is responsible. That was all. That was the case right there, you see. They both got terms in the women's prison out there. But Harry was satisfied because that showed that people under the influence of marijuana were responsible even though they might not know what they're doing, you see. Same as they are with alcohol.

High Times: Yeah, but there was a big stink. The papers all said your testimony saved them from the chair, that the girls got off too light.

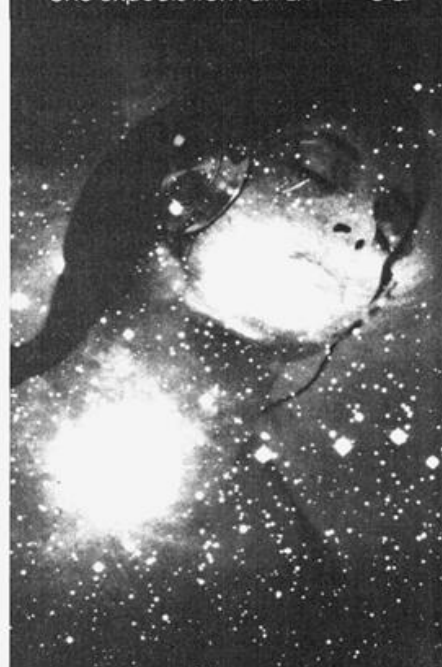
Munch: Well, this was the first case. We weren't going to push too hard. We were just content to get a life sentence, which I think was transmitted to about ten years or something. It doesn't make any difference.

(continued on page 49)

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"Blacks appeared to be more susceptible than white people. Anslinger even tried to have mass arrests of jazz musicians at one point."

High Times: But your testimony was so controversial because you revealed on the stand that you had actually smoked marijuana once yourself. How did that come about?

Munch: Oh! Well, I was on my farm, and I wanted to know whether the stuff I had was any good or not. We had the chemical methods that worked, but I wanted to know whether or not it really had any potency.

High Times: This was when, before the hearings of 1937.

Munch: About then. Good enough. Oh, I got hallucinated, went around the world a few times and I was writing a book, a small volume of 1,000 pages with 25,000 references and bioassays, so I was all full of that, you see. And I hallucinated crawling out of the milk bottle, I mean the ink bottle to write about it. So I was kidded a good deal about that. I smoked it only once. Some of the stuff I'd raised myself, dried myself. I knew how to do it. And that was the only time I ever did it. I refused to do it again.

High Times: You got high?

Munch: Yeah. For a little bit, a half hour, something like that.

High Times: That was really courageous of you at that time. Because if you read the newspapers or listened to what Anslinger said, one puff was enough to make you into a homicidal maniac. I would have been scared to try it then.

Munch: Well, I'd given it to dogs and produced incoordination over a period of, well, some dogs would last as long as two or three years, you see. So I had no reason to believe that it was particularly harmful in one dose. And I had been abroad, so I knew what happened over there in one dose. I had no intention of repeating it ever. I did not try PCP or LSD or any of the rest of these. I don't need to because I can read what's going on. I'm kind of a lone wolf on this marijuana thing, to be honest with you.

High Times: Which probably makes your experience more valid. I mean, your description of the ink bottle and flying around the world. Here, look at this clipping from that trial, this headline: "Prof. flies high and crashes all on the wings of marijuana. Two-hundred years at the bottom of an ink bottle." Your description really struck me as in the same tradition as the celebrated French poets, the hashish club. I mean your imagery. "I thought I had wings, great big blue wings, and I was flying all around the world." That's worthy of Ludlow.

Munch: Of course, I had read that before. That may have influenced some of my

own reactions, you know.

High Times: Did you get hungry?

Munch: Afterward, yeah, that's right. Afterward. And it produces redness of the whites of your eyes, whether it's the smoke or the circulation. I don't know. Now in those days it was redness, but later on they found that that may have some value in the treatment of glaucoma, which is an excessive pressure within the eyeball.

High Times: What do you think about the Bob Randall situation—he's the guy who received marijuana from the government to treat his glaucoma.

Munch: I see no objection to releasing marijuana to people. I'm opposed to releasing Laetrile, I don't think it's worth a damn. But as far as marijuana is concerned for this particular purpose, it's about the best drug we appear to have. Appear to have, I say. How long this is going to last, whether there are going to be any harmful effects to Randall with continued use, I have no idea. I would fear that it might, but I'm not going to say so because I don't know. In his case. Because he uses only enough to relieve the condition for which it's required.

High Times: There seems to be a swinging back of the pendulum now, with respect to the medicinal uses of marijuana. Early on, it was used medicinally, but then Anslinger managed to get it dropped from the pharmacopoeia during the '30s...

Munch: Previously there had been a recognized use for the fluid extract of cannabis abroad and in the U.S. From about 1920 on, it was used to treat corns. Then we found that instead of being a sedative to your toenails when they hurt because of corns, it made them a little more sensitive. And so that was dropped completely. We then used it in the bioassays with dogs.

High Times: I was going to ask you about the research with dogs...

Munch: My job was to standardize the material on the market, to see that it lived up to the requirements set up in the pharmacopoeia.

High Times: Was it hard to standardize it?

Munch: Well, no. I had to get a few dogs, get some that were sensitive, then I developed a reference standard and gave that to a dog, to find out what it would do.

High Times: I remember reading some of your testimony where you said half the dogs out of 500 weren't sensitive to the preparation.

Munch: That's about right. About two out of ten were very good, and two were very poor and the others were intermediate.

High Times: Yeah, I think you said the

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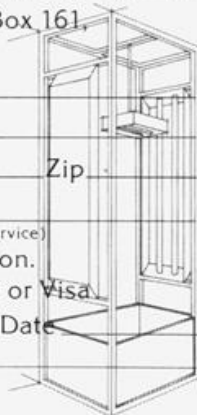
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"I have not yet found any authentic case of death from any human in the U.S. who smoked paraquat."

short-haired nervous dogs were the best.

Munch: That's right. But, as I say, it passed out. So then, if you remember, in my testimony before Congress at the Marijuana Tax Act Hearings in '37, Woodward came up and said some day this is going to have a medicinal use. Well, my position was, at that time, I didn't mean to discourage future use, but at that time there was no evidence whatever of any medicinal value.

High Times: Let me ask you about Frank Woodward. He was with the AMA, a respected doctor and lawyer, yet he was the only person to testify opposing the federal law against marijuana because he warned it would shut off any research into marijuana's possible medicinal use.

Munch: Well, you see, the AMA is very touchy, and while it was true that we were not using marijuana for any purpose, his point was that some day there may be a use for it. So let's not discourage it, let it grow and do some research on it. Well, nobody was interested. We had much better drugs to produce sleep, much better drugs to cut down pain, and this was variable all over the market. This glaucoma thing is real recent, half dozen years or whatever, but back in the '30s nobody had any use for the stuff, except for corns. We were just blossoming aspirin for one thing. You've heard of aspirin?

High Times: Now at those hearings on the federal law, the tax act, you were the only person to testify based on any clinical research, right? And your research was only with dogs.

Munch: Yeah. Harry handled all the legal phases. And the only person against us was Woodward.

High Times: But those hearings really disturbed me because Anslinger didn't present any evidence at all, as Woodward pointed out, that marijuana was a dangerous problem at that time. There was no research on humans, no real empirical data.

Munch: I think he probably talked to Senator Joe Doughton, who called the hearings, but it wasn't in the record. Doughton said we don't need to clutter up the record. What's the story here? That's probably it.

High Times: But it seemed like they were just groping in the dark. At the hearings Anslinger first said that marijuana didn't lead to heroin, that it was a new phenomenon affecting a new class of people. Then 20 years later he reversed himself and said there was a connection, that grass led to heroin.

Munch: Well, that was all right in the '50s, but I don't think that has any standing

later. A lot of those earlier theories were just good theories, and we had to try and explain them somehow. The same way now we have about a million high-school girls who are pregnant every year. Now if... why do they get pregnant?

High Times: I don't know. What's your theory?

Munch: I don't know. There's no relation to marijuana, don't get me on that.

High Times: What kind of guy was Anslinger? He was the country's premier prohibitionist with a really strict Pennsylvania Dutch background...

Munch: He was Pennsylvania Dutch. They believed in law enforcement, and if this was the law they wanted it enforced. If it was not the law they paid little or no attention to it.

High Times: I got the impression that he really liked to maintain control over his domain

Munch: Absolutely. He was the Boss. We called him the Boss. He was very congenial as long as you did what he told you to. You got out, he'd grab you by the ears and pull you back in rather roughly. He could. He should, I mean, that's the credit, you see. But an excellent gentleman to work with.

High Times: A real leader?

Munch: Absolutely. And he'd listen to you, no matter whether he understood what you were talking about or not. You'd run through a thing and Anslinger would say, now put this in common language. Now what does this mean, you see?

High Times: What was Anslinger's theory about marijuana? Did he see it as a real danger from the Mexicans?

Munch: Only a potential danger in the future based on the behavior of these Mexicans, and so forth, coming across the border.

High Times: How about the blacks who were using it in the early period? I think he was concerned about that.

Munch: They appeared to be more susceptible than white folks.

High Times: Susceptible in what ways? To using it, or...

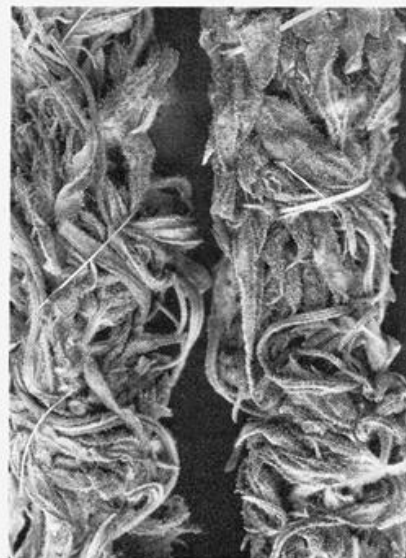
Munch: To using it. I mean they showed stronger reactions to the same dose than white folks did.

High Times: Was that genetic?

Munch: Oh, possibly racial. I don't know. Could have been. We never took any thousand people and gave 500 of them this and 500 of them that to find out.

High Times: I remember that Anslinger's files had all these cases of musicians and marijuana. A lot of them were black, and he even tried to have mass arrests and round ups of jazz musicians at one point.

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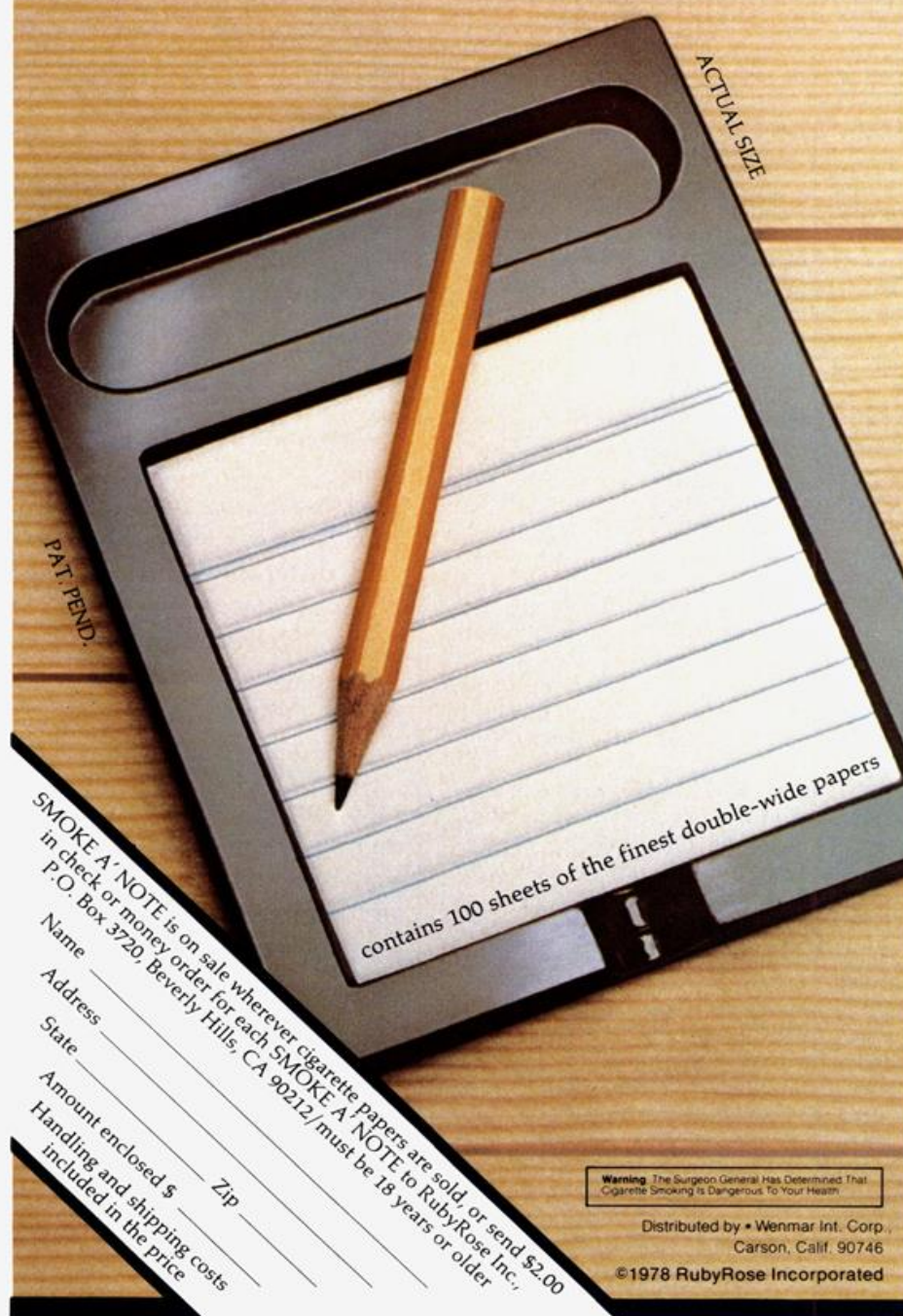
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Munch: Well, under the influence of marijuana you have two things that happen. There's a shift in the lights. Instead of this being yellow, that would be a kaleidoscope of color of violets, pinks, purples, and blues and everything else, you know.

High Times: Did it have that effect when you smoked it?

Munch: No, I wasn't under quite that far. But the other thing is a question of time. Now, under ordinary conditions time is so much per second, per second, per second, you see. The chief effect as far as the jazz musicians were concerned was that it lengthens the sense of time, therefore they could get more grace beats into their music than they could if they simply followed a written copy. In other words, if you're a musician, you're going to play the thing the way it's printed on the sheet. But if you're using marijuana, you're going to work in about twice as much music in between the first note and the second note. That's what made jazz musicians. The idea that they could jazz things up, liven them up, you see.

High Times: What does that mean, "grace beats"?

Munch: All the extra things they put in that's not in the original script. Instead of playing the music as it's written, they can get in three times as much. Because their timing has been lengthened, so that while they're still beating one per second in theory, as a matter of fact, they may get four or five per second, you see. And that's why the jazz musicians, particularly, were marijuana users. The worst group we had then were the jazz musicians, and I wouldn't tell you what proportion of them were marijuana users, but it was more than half. In those days, I don't think we arrested too many. I think we arrested a few, but I don't...

High Times: You tried to. I have all these memos that show Anslinger made a concerted effort.

Munch: That's right.

High Times: Why? What's wrong with livening things up? Adding grace beats? Why did Anslinger go after these people?

Munch: They were spreading it around as sources. Because they were looked up to by a good many of the teenagers as idols. In other words, their example must be right or the jazz musicians wouldn't do it. Teenagers, who were no different then than they are today, thought that if they do it, this is all right for us to do.

High Times: Were the musicians actively promoting the use of marijuana?

Munch: Not directly, at least most of them didn't. But the fact was that youngsters found out they were using it. Look at the way you look at jazz music nowadays, rock 'n' roll, or whatever you want. That's why this rock 'n' roll, they're hotbeds of marijuana at the moment because the musicians can get a lot more notes in a given period of time.

High Times: Did you ever do any work on cocaine?

Munch: I went down to Peru and Bolivia, and I picked up some samples at Harry's request of these leaves and brought them back to the U.S. We extracted cocaine from them. My friend is a pharmacologist down there, and he told me that the people using cocaine had I.Q.'s in the neighborhood of 35 to 50. Well, that isn't very much. But that's the people using cocaine, you see. All of these people up in the mountains, up around 10,000 meters, will bring down 50 kilos or 100 kilo bags of compressed, dried coca leaves.

There was one official company that had the right to make extract from the leaves to produce cocaine, which is sold around the world. Well, I went down to try to help persuade the individuals down there that instead of raising trees for cocaine, they should raise apple trees and cherry trees and things of that sort. And they agreed that within 15 years they would do it. Now you've heard of the word *mañana*? *Mañana*, señor. Well, that was 10 years ago, no, more than 15, and they're still raising it. But when I was down there I found out for Harry that of all the leaves coming down from the mountains to make cocaine, 1 percent was formally released and came into legal use. About 95 to 99 percent went out to Lucky Luciano and others of his ilk.

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High Times: Didn't you do research recently into PCP and publish an article on it in the United Nations Bulletin of Narcotics?

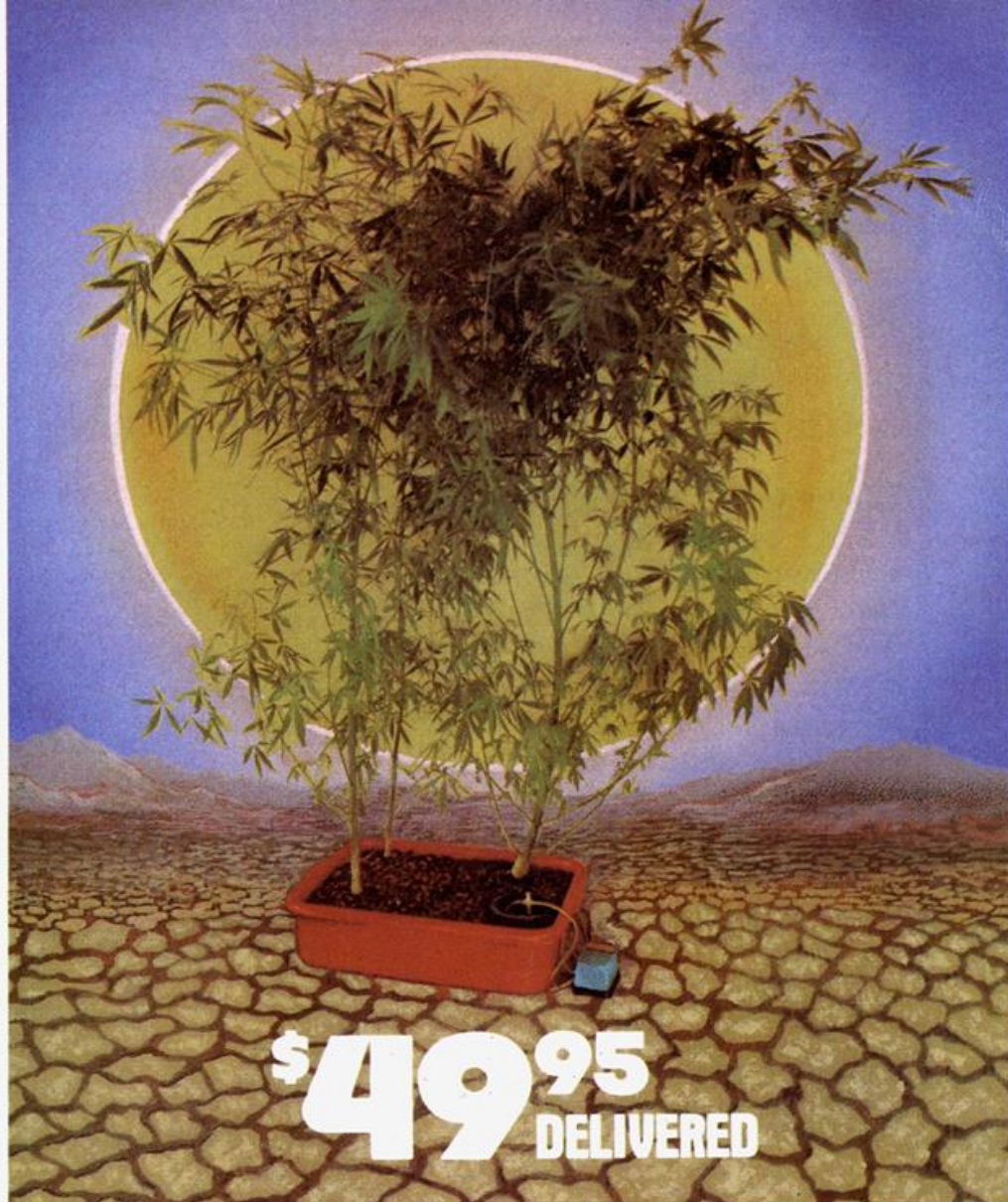
Munch: I started on that before the thing became notorious. People abroad of an unknown origin began smuggling it into San Francisco, and there's a close contact between the underworld of Frisco and the underworld of New York. So it was peace pill and angel dust on the West Coast, and hog on the East Coast. Well, the East Coast wouldn't analyze it, so the chemists there sent some of it over to some chemists in Sweden, who examined it and found it was in fact and truth phencyclidine.

High Times: What is phencyclidine?

Munch: An alkaloid derivative. It's a narcotic. Some of it had been used as an anesthetic, especially over in India and the back countries over there. But they found that you get a terrible reaction from it. Some of these youngsters go into trances, and they're mad and uncontrollable for periods up to ten days. It's all in my reprint. It's taken the place of heroin. It's very simple to make, and we just arrested a chap in this area who was making \$2½-million worth of stuff a week. He is no longer making it. He is...

High Times: Now he's making license plates.

Munch: Exactly! It is very easy to make.



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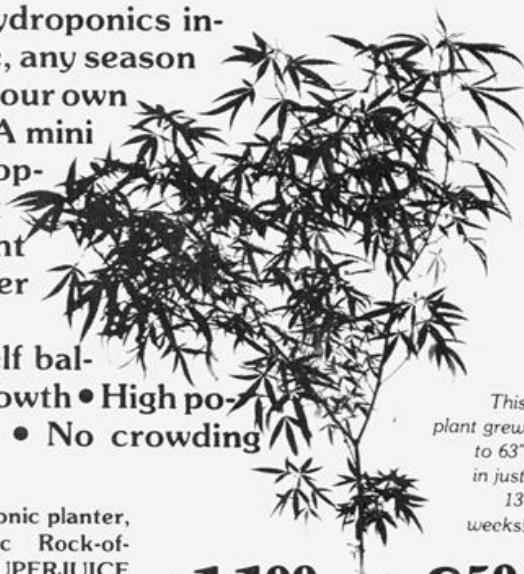
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High Times: Are they still using it for animal tranquilizers?

Munch: This is the only product that has ever been found that is suitable for anesthetizing camels. They also use it on apes and monkeys and that sort of thing, and it's used on dogs. And it's quite safe when properly used. Whether they get delirium or not, I don't know. I have never found any dogs who reported it.

High Times: Do you think that we've caused suffering by holding the view that Anslinger held, that narcotics are a criminal rather than a medical problem?

Munch: I'll have to straddle that one both ways, I think. As far as we're concerned in the medical field, we keep studying new drugs all the time, and as we get one that's better than those we've had before, we try to drop the previous one.

High Times: But what about these illegal drugs? Going back to the Harrison Act and the slim 5-to-4 court decisions that said doctors don't have the right to treat and maintain addiction: these decisions created a whole new criminal class of what were basically sick people.

Munch: Well, I think the theory behind that was as long as you keep them as patients they can break away from you. You come there as a volunteer, you're there two weeks. "I don't like the food, I'm going home." If you make a criminal act out of it, at least you've got control. You can put them in these treatment houses or these places to help them. You save, oh, 1 in 20.

High Times: But to get back to marijuana, before there was a concerted drive to change the laws, which I think came when middle-class whites began using it, these incredible Draconian sentences were meted out, 20 years for one joint.

Munch: Well, that's going too far, of course. I'll admit that in a hurry. But that was the judges' idea. Let's stop crime before it gets started, and this chap, he's been using it, and he might break out and use much more, and we don't know he's only used one. He might have had a dozen on him if we caught him with one. That's the legal phase. I stay out of that.

High Times: Do you think that Anslinger ever had any remorse?

Munch: No, Harry's idea was to start on the fellow at the bottom and where does he get his material. Now drop the man at the bottom, ignore him, we won't pay attention to him.

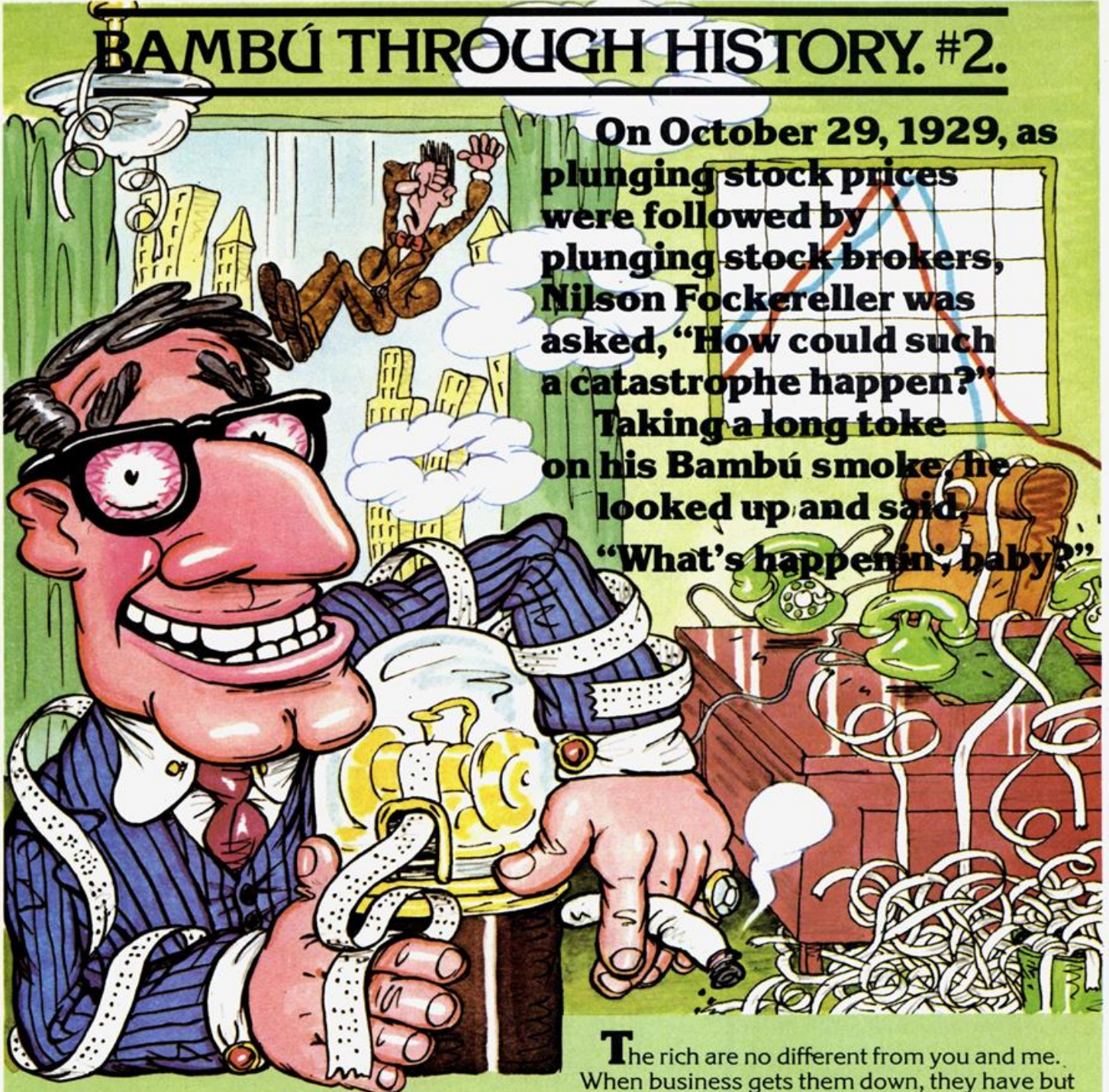
High Times: But that's not what happened. Look at the FBI Uniform Crime Statistics. Even last year, 400,000 arrests for possession of small amounts of marijuana.

Munch: To that extent, while we don't want to legalize it, what we want to do is to ignore it. Of course you can't do that legally, but you do practically.

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they're growing marijuana. And the farmers, being not entirely stupid, went out and grabbed the material, rushed it in the barns and dried it. So the sunlight hadn't hit it, and, therefore, it did not deactivate the material; it's still there.

Now this grass comes through, smuggled across, and up to half and more of the marijuana of Mexico has paraquat in it. But I have not yet found any authentic case of death in any human in the U.S. who smoked that material. There is a potential possibility, and it may be with long-term use, over six months or so, that something would happen.

High Times: But in Haight-Ashbury, Dr David Smith, the head of the Free Clinic, reports some cases of terrible lung lesions.

Munch: True. I'm talking about death, the toxicological state of it. Now it's true that it causes definite injury to the lungs and all that sort of thing. That's undesirable.

High Times: I interviewed another old guy from the bureau, by phone, down in Florida. And he was bemoaning the fact there is no law and order these days, that we coddle criminals, give 'em TV, put them in country clubs. And I asked him what it's like to see 25 million people smoking pot, and NORML guys in suits trying to get it legalized, and he said it scares the hell out of him. He said he was glad he's not going to be around much longer. I mean, I got such a terrible sense of doom. But you don't seem that down...

Munch: Well, you acquire a certain amount of tolerance as you get older.

High Times: You don't seem as inflexible as the other guys. I think your eyes are always open to the empirical world.

Munch: Of course, that's what scientists are notorious for.

High Times: It seems like a lot of those guys got stuck in an attitude like they had blinders on. No matter what the facts. They couldn't change with the data.

Munch: That's right, that's right. I say your scientists, at least your good scientists, never get too empathic either way. It's awfully hard to pin one down. Every week I get the journal of the AMA, and every week something I've been teaching my students for years is no longer true. For years we were taught and the Red Cross insisted we treat burns with tannic acid. Up until midnight the 30th of June. Starting July 1, its contraindicated. So you've got to be flexible.

High Times: Are you still at all active?

Munch: I'm still a consultant. Various drug companies get in trouble with the Food and Drug Administration and somebody gets hurt. I just finished a case on the barbiturates. Somebody took too much and went and died. Unforgivable.

High Times: How about marijuana cases?

Munch: No, there have been no marijuana cases that have retained me lately. They changed styles on me lately, they wanted to know about dust and the dangers of cotton, brown lung and the silicosis. That's a slightly different situation. ■

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☐ \$5 ORNAMENTED*

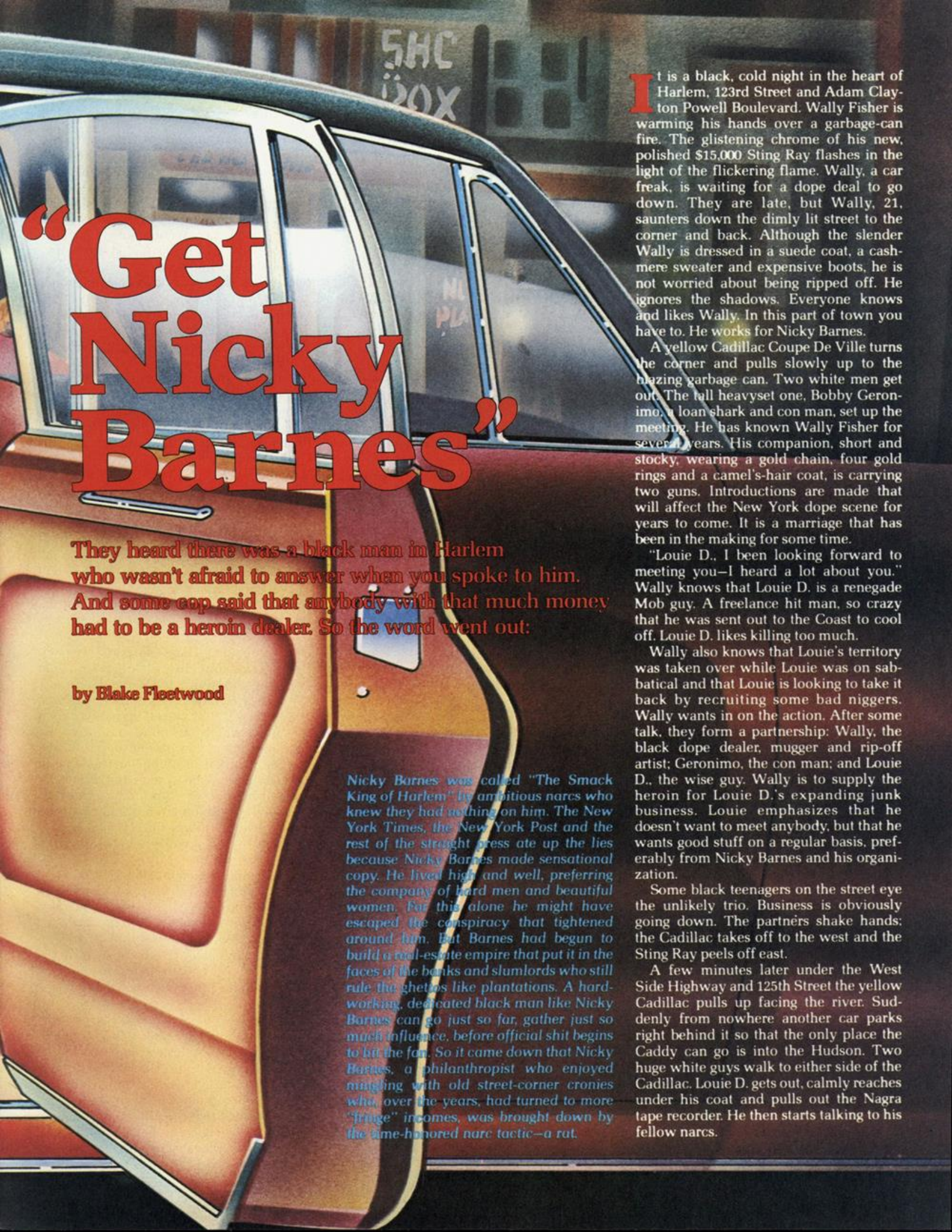
STATE COLOR _____

13" x 38" size 2 1/2 ounce

*Ornament colors available are green & brownish yellow. State color above.



ciroanelli



"Get Nicky Barnes"

They heard there was a black man in Harlem who wasn't afraid to answer when you spoke to him. And some cop said that anybody with that much money had to be a heroin dealer. So the word went out:

by Blake Fleetwood

Nicky Barnes was called "The Smack King of Harlem" by ambitious narcs who knew they had nothing on him. The New York Times, the New York Post and the rest of the straight press ate up the lies because Nicky Barnes made sensational copy. He lived high and well, preferring the company of hard men and beautiful women. For this alone he might have escaped the conspiracy that tightened around him. But Barnes had begun to build a real-estate empire that put it in the faces of the banks and slumlords who still rule the ghettos like plantations. A hard-working, dedicated black man like Nicky Barnes can go just so far, gather just so much influence, before official shit begins to hit the fan. So it came down that Nicky Barnes, a philanthropist who enjoyed mingling with old street-corner cronies who, over the years, had turned to more "fringe" incomes, was brought down by the time-honored narc tactic—a rat.

It is a black, cold night in the heart of Harlem, 123rd Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard. Wally Fisher is warming his hands over a garbage-can fire. The glistening chrome of his new, polished \$15,000 Sting Ray flashes in the light of the flickering flame. Wally, a car freak, is waiting for a dope deal to go down. They are late, but Wally, 21, saunters down the dimly lit street to the corner and back. Although the slender Wally is dressed in a suede coat, a cashmere sweater and expensive boots, he is not worried about being ripped off. He ignores the shadows. Everyone knows and likes Wally. In this part of town you have to. He works for Nicky Barnes.

A yellow Cadillac Coupe De Ville turns the corner and pulls slowly up to the blazing garbage can. Two white men get out. The tall heavysset one, Bobby Geronimo, a loan shark and con man, set up the meeting. He has known Wally Fisher for several years. His companion, short and stocky, wearing a gold chain, four gold rings and a camel's-hair coat, is carrying two guns. Introductions are made that will affect the New York dope scene for years to come. It is a marriage that has been in the making for some time.

"Louie D., I been looking forward to meeting you—I heard a lot about you." Wally knows that Louie D. is a renegade Mob guy. A freelance hit man, so crazy that he was sent out to the Coast to cool off. Louie D. likes killing too much.

Wally also knows that Louie's territory was taken over while Louie was on sabbatical and that Louie is looking to take it back by recruiting some bad niggers. Wally wants in on the action. After some talk, they form a partnership: Wally, the black dope dealer, mugger and rip-off artist; Geronimo, the con man; and Louie D., the wise guy. Wally is to supply the heroin for Louie D.'s expanding junk business. Louie emphasizes that he doesn't want to meet anybody, but that he wants good stuff on a regular basis, preferably from Nicky Barnes and his organization.

Some black teenagers on the street eye the unlikely trio. Business is obviously going down. The partners shake hands; the Cadillac takes off to the west and the Sting Ray peels off east.

A few minutes later under the West Side Highway and 125th Street the yellow Cadillac pulls up facing the river. Suddenly from nowhere another car parks right behind it so that the only place the Caddy can go is into the Hudson. Two huge white guys walk to either side of the Cadillac. Louie D. gets out, calmly reaches under his coat and pulls out the Nagra tape recorder. He then starts talking to his fellow narcs.

It is the beginning of the end for Nicky Barnes, Mr. Untouchable, Harlem's hero—whose life had been an incredible rags-to-riches saga of the poor black boy who grew up on 116th Street, got hooked on heroin by Italian peddlers, was arrested selling small amounts of junk in the streets in the '50s, voluntarily committed himself to a detoxification program and came out a cured man.

Then he went after the Italians. The Vietnam War exposed black soldiers to the Southeast Asian heroin wholesalers and forever broke Whitey's stranglehold on the importation of junk. The Third World races got it all together. By 1971 Barnes and other black dealers had chased out or killed all the Italians in Harlem and Baaad Baaad Leroy Barnes had become the uncrowned dope king in the dope capital of the world—famed in song and legend.

Even law-enforcement officials called him an organizational genius. Drug dealing had always been fragmented into different compartments, but Barnes allegedly totally integrated all the importing, wholesaling and retailing into one operation involving fewer risks, while reaping enormous profits at each level.

Barnes was like the president of General Motors, and made a lot more—more than a million dollars a month according to some estimates. Like the president of General Motors, he filed taxes listing a miscellaneous income of more than a quarter of a million dollars a year, most of which he wrote off, as other rich men do, against paper real-estate losses from a seven-million-dollar housing project in Detroit.

He had four high-rise, high-rent apartments in Fort Lee, Hackensack, Riverdale and the Bronx and rode around in a fleet of cars that included several Mercedes Benzes, a Thunderbird, a Lincoln Continental, a Volvo station wagon and a Citroen Maserati. Through Harlem River Motors, which he owned, Barnes leased out more than 140 Mercedes Benzes and single-handedly made Cadillacs a no-class car in Harlem. His dress was pure flash, but classy flash, not the 42nd Street pimp variety. His wardrobe included over 50 leather coats, 300 designer suits, 25 color-coordinated hats and over 100 pairs of shoes and boots.

When the glorious Nicky Barnes strutted into Small's Paradise, it was like a movie star arriving. The crowd would part for him and a front-row table would materialize. More often than not Barnes wouldn't even get a bill. Having Barnes in your place was good for business.

In the junk-filled, burned-out jungle of central Harlem Barnes was the only hero they had—the only one who hadn't left them as soon as he'd made it—a larger-than-life descendant of Kunta Kinta risen again as a powerful devil warrior, sometimes even a real Godfather to many of the ghetto tribe. When a black mother

came up to him because her kid was locked up and couldn't make bail, Barnes would give her the cash. When someone needed money for an expensive operation, Nicky was ready to help. When the streetfront day-care center lost its city funding, Barnes would pay the rent for the rest of the year.

But help comes only to those who help themselves. Barnes—the junkie redeemed, who had the strength of character to kick junk by selling junk—hated junkies. He

Barnes was like the president of General Motors, only he earned more money.

couldn't stand being around them. Though his working hours took him on a nightly tour of the smoke-filled bars and after-hours clubs and dope dens, he kept his body fit and his mind clear.

A medium-sized man with broad shoulders and strong arms, Barnes worked out with weights almost every day. He forbade his employees from using drugs...heroin, speed, angel dust and even marijuana. "Marijuana bring you down, and if you are going to stay in business, you have to be sharp," he once told Wally and Geronimo. Cocaine was the only drug he tolerated, "because it makes you sharp."

Barnes prided himself on educating people. While in prison in the '60s he subscribed to 37 legal journals. He often stressed the importance of having contacts with the police and in the judiciary. He said it was crucial to keep in the public eye: "Know the people in your neighborhood and take care of them, and they will take care of you."

He grew up on 113th Street where as a teenager he played basketball in sneakers handed down by the white family that his mother cleaned for. He even used to drive his flashy cars up to the bazaarlike atmosphere at 116th Street and Lenox where teenagers would hawk heroin to every passing car. He was proud of his black heritage and had done research into his roots.

Barnes was the one the cops all wanted. For over ten years he was on the major-narcotics-violator lists of the city, the state and the federal governments. He was the notch that could make or break a career. But Nicky was too smart. Not that they hadn't tried: In the last five years Barnes had been busted for bribery, narcotics, gun possession and murder, but the police work was sloppy and Barnes's corporate counsel, David Breitbart, was too good.

They bugged and followed him for seven years. They had tapes of him exercising, making love, even taking a shit, but

they could never get tapes of him doing drugs. He never touched the stuff, he never touched the money from the stuff. He knew the law, and New York State law isn't written in such a way that Nicky Barnes could ever get caught. Barnes got transcripts of the latest drug trials and would distribute copies of testimony dealing with police surveillance methods as primers to his chief lieutenants. He made sure that everyone who worked for him filed tax returns and even supplied the Detroit accounting firm of Bolden & Blake, black tax accountants who specialized in providing tax shelters for young doctors and lawyers.

He had too many lawyers, too much money, and too many people would disappear at crucial times, especially if they had anything on Barnes. (A few years ago the wife of Clifford Heyne, a friend of Barnes, called the police to say that Barnes had stabbed her husband to death with a penknife—an accident, said Drug Prosecutor Sterling Johnson, since Barnes doesn't usually do his own killing—but when she got up on the witness stand she "didn't remember a thing." And that was not unusual.)

But for all his precautions, Barnes was too Fly. He was too visible. Every Christmas he stood on 126th Street and gave away 1,000 turkeys like some turn-of-the-century Tammany Hall politician. He knew it was dangerous, too close to the edge. But it was the edge that gave him power and would eventually prove to be his tragic flaw.

Louis "D." Diaz—the narc—grew up as the only Spanish kid in a Sicilian neighborhood in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. He quickly became "street wise" and picked up many Italian gestures, which he found similar to the mannerisms of his Basque father. When he got out of the army, he had tried to join the city police department, but though he scored high on the written and physical tests, he was about an inch and a half too short. It didn't seem fair. He had been a Golden Gloves welterweight finalist, champion of his army division and a pre-Olympic boxer, but he was still only 5 feet 6½ inches. So he applied to be a federal narcotics agent because they didn't have a height requirement. At 31, still quick with his fists and perhaps a little rougher than the average Drug Enforcement Administration agent, he was just what the government needed.

The DEA had been after Barnes for a long time, but they could never get anyone in close to him. Their big break came when 25-year-old Bobby Geronimo started singing. In the summer of 1976, Geronimo had been busted for selling some \$25,000 worth of nonexistent television sets and was being investigated for selling a hot car when he told the FBI that he knew Nicky Barnes.

The agent tried to appear nonchalant, but he took down what Geronimo had to say. (After all, half the junkies in the city tried to get out of busts by saying that they could turn in Nicky Barnes.)

Geronimo had grown up with a lot of the Barnes gang in the South Bronx just off the Harlem River. "I was basically the only white guy who ever knew them or could ever talk to them the way I did. I always had big cars, and my uncle owned an Italian club, and they knew I'd been into loan-sharking and numbers."

Wally Fisher, Geronimo claimed, had recently tried to recruit him for a hit. Someone had beaten up Wally's sister, and he and his brother Radio, who was even higher up in the Barnes organization than Wally, were offering ten grand to anyone who would kill the guy. Radio at 25 was Nicky Barnes's chief lieutenant and was already known as one of the richest and *baddest* young men in all Harlem.

But Geronimo wasn't crazy enough to whack out a guy.

Since the cops salivated at the prospect of even giving Barnes a speeding ticket, they rushed to where Geronimo said Barnes would be one October night, and lo and behold they found Barnes, two of his chief lieutenants, \$10,000 in cash and two loaded guns. According to Geronimo, Barnes had recruited one Eddie Jones to do the hit. They were in the process of carrying it out when the cops came by and arrested them.

All of a sudden Geronimo, who had been considered a two-bit punk to everyone, was much in demand. The Bronx District Attorney's office wanted him to testify in the gun charge against Barnes, but the feds got to him first and literally stole him away from the city police. As a result the gun charge was dropped; the Drug Enforcement Administration had bigger things in store for Mr. Geronimo.

At DEA headquarters at 11th Avenue and 57th Street, where the doors open only to computer-coded plastic cards, Geronimo met agent Louis Diaz for the first time and agreed to help the DEA infiltrate the Barnes organization. The DEA had already tried to get close to Barnes with black informants, several of whom had disappeared or been shot in the head. Barnes seemed to have a sixth sense about stoolies. Diaz and his superiors decided that maybe, with Geronimo's help, they could get a white guy in. Barnes would never think that the narcs could be that dumb.

Diaz would pretend to be a renegade mafioso from the Coast. Geronimo thought the idea was extraordinarily dangerous, but it might work. Diaz and Geronimo got along well together, and Diaz could come on with a Marlon Brando *On the Waterfront* accent better than anyone Geronimo had ever known. They decided to work on Wally Fisher, whom Geronimo and the DEA thought was a

weak link in the organization. Geronimo knew that Wally was mad at being left out of some of the major action within the Barnes organization. His brother Radio, who was Barnes's chief lieutenant, had forbidden Wally from getting involved directly with junk. So Wally was kind of a highly paid errand boy who would do a lot of menial things for the Barnes crew because they knew that Wally, even if he was Radio's brother, was flaky. Diaz figured that as Radio was temporarily in jail

Barnes filed tax returns listing miscellaneous income of more than \$250,000 a year.

for driving without a license Wally might jump at the dope deals as a way of establishing himself as something more than Radio's brother.

And he is right. After that first night meeting in Harlem it takes Wally only a week to set up a deal for four ounces of brown heroin from Petey Rollack, a Barnes associate, for \$8,300. Wally brings the junk out to Diaz's Caddy. From a used cigarette pack Louie removes his testing apparatus, curses in Italian and checks out the dope. They are being followed by other narcs, a procedure that will continue to cause them no end of trouble. While testing the four ounces, Geronimo accidentally hits the flashers, which is the emergency signal to their backup team that they have been discovered or are being held up. DEA agent Bobby Nieves jumps out of the surveillance car, cocks his .38, puts it in a brown paper bag and runs toward the Cadillac. But as he comes up to it, he doesn't see anything wrong and just keeps running. Fortunately Wally is so impressed with Louie's sophisticated testing kit that he doesn't notice the agent.

Wally begins taking Louie D. and Geronimo to the various nightspots and after-hours joints that Harlem society frequents—the Hubba Hubba, the Scales Social Club, Club 83, Ja Gazze, Two Cousins lounge—places where white people just don't go. But Wally is proud to be seen around with two guys who are obviously so well connected. He tells everyone that Geronimo is his Italian bodyguard. In Harlem that is class. Just like in *Superfly*. Wally feels that the Italians really have it all down—how guineas never seem to go to jail for big time. Behind every dumb nigger there's got to be a guinea; that is his idea, and he plays it up big.

Diaz hopes to establish his credibility by making a number of heroin buys from lower-level people in the Barnes organization, expecting that some day he will be

able to make a buy or incriminate in some way Barnes's chief lieutenant, Joseph "Jazz" Heyden. Naturally Diaz would prefer to get something directly on Barnes, but as Wally explains to them, "Nicky don't sell like that, you know. Nobody big-time like that selling."

But Wally assures Louie that the stuff they are getting is good, that Nicky is behind it. "It's from the same spaghetti. Blessed by God."

Another tack that Diaz uses to establish his credibility is "washing" money—trading dirty drug bills for untraceable ones. In the middle of November 1976, Diaz washes \$10,000 for Barnes's worker Wayne Sasso at the Irving Trust Company at 233 Broadway, where Louie's boss Joe Bradock pretends to be a crooked bank employee.

Diaz is beginning to make a name for himself in the black and Hispanic underworld of Harlem. At one point Diaz enters into serious negotiations to buy the Scales Social Club, at 138th Street and Third Avenue in the Bronx, an after-hours club and general meeting ground for pimps, drug pushers, numbers guys and hustlers. But the DEA brass doesn't want to spend the ten grand.

Diaz is being offered drugs and participation in underworld activities on all sides now, but he tries to concentrate on tying Barnes to his drug deals. But Nicky is careful as usual.

Nevertheless the narcs are closing in on Barnes. The Faustian bargain that all large drug dealers must make for the glory, the power and the wealth is coming due. The usually cautious Nicky Barnes makes a crucial mistake one night at Bubba Jean's Emporium, 53 West 125th Street, when he comes up to Wally and offers to help him out with his drug deals. Barnes says that he'd heard that Wally was dealing junk and asks why he hasn't come to him for the stuff. If Wally wants more, Barnes implies, he will make an exception and sell it to him even though he, Barnes, usually doesn't deal in amounts of less than \$100,000. Go see Fat Stevie, Barnes tells Wally.

With Barnes's encouragement Wally arranges for a half-kilo buy with Fat Stevie, one of Barnes's henchmen, for \$21,000 right after Christmas, though Wally and Louie continue to be plagued by surveillance during the buys. And Wally—the car buff—is phenomenal about spotting it. He makes every car every time. He knows the DEA cars better than Diaz does and even recognizes most of the agents in group 13, which is handling the investigation. It doesn't help that most of the agents are white guys who look like they come from Montana. None of the agents are ever able to keep up with Wally. He takes the 'Vette up to 100 or 105 on the Major Deagan and then hits an exit ramp at 80 even with snow on the ground.

Louie D.'s Caddy is equipped with a Kel transmitter under the dashboard that

broadcasts conversations to their tail. The Kel is hooked up only for transmission, but for some reason one day with Wally it backfires and the voices of DEA agents come crackling from the machine. Louie and Geronimo turn white. They don't know what to do. "What the fuck is that?" demands Louie, and he starts banging the radio. Geronimo suggests that it is probably a CB transmission, but they are both like two idiots grasping at straws. Louie later reflects, "If Wally had been a little smarter we would have been blown away that night."

At times, though, Wally becomes suspicious of the questions that Louie and Geronimo are always asking. Every time they see Barnes's car parked someplace they ask: What's he doing there?... Is there a mill?

One time Wally turns to Geronimo and says, "You're a nosey motherfucker; why the fuck are you asking so many questions?"

Geronimo answers, "'Cause I'm working for the government. I gotta find out everything, what do you want me to do, a half-assed job."

Wally laughs.

During the week before Christmas, Geronimo, Louie D. and Wally go to Leon Johnson's candy store. Johnson, a cocaine dealer, is being worked on by another DEA informant, Promise Bruce, and at one point it looks like a parade, there are so many narcs around. Johnson has his tail, Geronimo has a tail, and Louie D. has a tail. Wally mentions it to Johnson, and Johnson replies, "People following me. You're crazy, those guys aren't following me." According to Geronimo, "The guy must have been blind. There must have been nine cars behind us at one point."

Their anxiety over the close surveillance culminates one night when a tail is so close that "we could have been towing them." Louie D., the guy who would just as soon look at you as whack you out, blows up. "I've had it! I can't stand any more of this." With that Louie pulls out his 9-mm pistol, drops in the clip and cocks the hammer. "Pull into a dark street," he orders Geronimo. "I'm going to waste these guys right away."

Wally immediately started wailing, "What are you doing! Oh, my God, let me out of here! Oh, my God!"

Later Geronimo described the scene, "Wally is shitting in his pants. He don't know what to do. He really thought that Louie was going to whack out the cops." After a few minutes Louie lets himself be talked out of his plan by a more rational Geronimo and Wally.

But other times they can't contact their DEA shadows. On December 29, as they go to do the deal with Fat Stevie, Geronimo and Wally stumble onto a multimillion-dollar heroin-distribution operation at the Harlem River Motors garage on

145th Street. When they walk into the garage to buy a half kilo, they see drugs and money all over the place—100 grand in 50s and 100s spread out over the desk. Cadillac Seattles, BMWs, Mercedes SLCs, a Lincoln Mark V, are pulling up and huge bags of dope are being loaded in the back seats. "It was like they were in the garment district loading up cars with bolts of cloth." There must be 50 kilos around the place. Worth more than a million dollars

Barnes was Harlem's only hero—a larger-than-life descendant of Kunta Kinte risen again as a powerful devil warrior.

at the wholesale level, maybe a hundred million at street value, as the narcs like to call it. Fat Stevie tells Geronimo to come back later when he isn't so busy.

Louie and Geronimo rush around trying to find a phone. They find five phones, all broken. They have to go up to Yankee Stadium in the Bronx to locate a working phone. The DEA bosses decide not to hit the place—it would surely blow Louie D.'s cover—but to try to pick up the cars as they come out. But by then it is too late. The few cars they do manage to stop are empty.

Barnes's confidence in the trio seems to be growing. In January, Wally sets up a money "wash" for \$50,000 with Joseph "Jazz" Heyden, second in command to Nicky himself now that Wally's brother Guy—Radio—was in the can. Louie D. drives up to Jazz's four-story Headquarters Club, Ja Gazze, on 117th Street and Lenox Avenue in a Lincoln town car with a DEA agent as a chauffeur. This time the DEA is taking no chances. They have a helicopter hovering overhead just in case. Even Speed King Wally can't outrun the whirlybird. Louie is wearing his camel's-hair coat, a black shirt and lots of gold jewelry. He has \$60,000, two pistols in his pockets and a Kel transmitter taped to his crotch. Ordinary patrons would be searched as they walk into the club, but because of Louie's growing stature he is not stopped.

Louie and Geronimo are the only white guys in the place, maybe even the only white guys for miles around, and Louie is more than a little scared. He knows that if they find the Kel, he will most probably not be seen again. At DEA headquarters they have pictures of all the people who had been, or were currently, associated with Barnes. At least 40 of them have either turned up dead or missing. Jazz has about 15 guys downstairs, and Louie knows that \$60,000 makes an appealing

target. Guys in this neighborhood are being wasted for less than ten bucks every night.

But Jazz, dressed in a suede Carnaby hat, leather jacket, and wearing a gold chain with a medallion engraved JAZZ, is friendly. He insists on showing Louie around the restaurant, the after-hours club on the next floor and the gaming section with crap tables and a roulette wheel, before starting to do the money exchange.

Louie asks to see Heyden's money, "because I don't like what money does to people." When one of Heyden's henchmen walks in with a long flower box, the kind they keep machine guns in, the same thought passes through both Diaz's and Geronimo's mind. But there are only stacks of cash in the box.

After the exchange Louie and Jazz have a long talk. Louie tells Jazz that he "used to be somebody" in the Mob but was pushed out because he wanted to give numbers jobs to blacks. They discuss the "young ones"—Wally and Geronimo. Louie says he is helping them out 'cause they got heart. They would do things that he wouldn't do. Jazz worries about "all the ones left behind. Now they got nothing, man. You know, they were assured of a place years ago, but now guys wash dishes, drive a cab, join the police force."

They discuss their mutual problems, and Heyden turns philosophical. "We just two more ants running around here trying to put it together, man. The people at the top are the ones causing the slips between black and whites. Color shouldn't have anything to do with business. We the enemy, we the outlaws, we should have been capitalists. We are capitalists! What we are doing is the same thing as the Rockefellers and the Vanderbilts."

Louie agrees. "Exactly, but we don't have the same shot they had from here."

"But we don't have the same hang-ups and prejudices."

"That's wise, very wise."

They talk about friendship and trust, and Heyden ends up saying, "To be a friend is to take a chance. I hope our relationship lasts."

Diaz answers, "I think so. Right. Peace. Beautiful. Okay, brother."

This conversation, which includes a promise by Jazz to see what he can do to get Louie a package, eventually cost Joseph Heyden 15 years in prison.

Looking back on this scene, Louie reflected on how he had been able to pull it off. "A lot of guys on this job, aside from being frustrated actors, are frustrated romanticists. When I was talking to Jazz I put my heart into the role. I believed in what I was doing and saying. Maybe I am a frustrated gangster. Who's to say, but maybe I never had the guts, or that kind of bravado, to be against the law. I'm good at what I do because I know that the law is behind me. If I ever had to do this for real, I'd shit in my pants. As it is you're shitting,

but you know that you are in the right, and the right gives you the power."

But Diaz is still terrified of being followed and leading Barnes to his wife and two young children. Every night he takes a different route home, pulling over several times, as the big dealers do, to see if anyone is tailing him. He doesn't sleep well. In the middle of the night he jumps out of bed, gun in hand, screaming at the shadows. I have no way of controlling my nightmares, he says to himself.

A few weeks later Louie and Geronimo return to Jazz's restaurant, La Gazze, and are just finishing dinner when Jazz joins them. Louie asks him why the delay in getting the package. Jazz replies that he has been very busy remodeling his place but that he will take care of Louie.

But the real reason that Jazz is stalling is that Barnes and his men are beginning to get suspicious about the two Mediterraneans. There are reports in the papers that Carmine Galente, the boss of bosses, wants to take back the heroin trade from the blacks and Hispanics who have taken it over. The papers report that 12 hit men have been hired to kill off black heroin dealers. Barnes speculates that Louis D. and Geronimo might be part of that hit crew, following the Italian way, which is to give the murder contract to a guy's best friend. Barnes carries around a complete newspaper file about Carmine Galente in the trunk of his Mercedes Benz.

Nevertheless, Jazz invites Louie and Geronimo upstairs to his private bar. Jazz shows off the improvements that he has made since the large money wash three weeks ago and explains that if the decision (to supply Louie with junk) were up to him, there would be no problem, but that it is not up to him alone. Heyden says narcotics is a life-or-death proposition. He then asks Diaz what he has heard about Nicky getting hit. A few days earlier Louie has passed on DEA information, through Wally, that some renegade blacks from South Carolina—The Country Boys—were looking to murder Nicky and muscle into his organization. Louie said he's heard the rumors. Then Jazz advises that there is no need for that kind of shit since there is enough business for everyone.

Things are beginning to get dangerous. There is a lot of pressure to bring the investigation to a quick conclusion both from the higher-ups at the DEA and from the U.S. Attorney's office. Robert Fisk, Jr., U.S. Attorney for the Southern District, a Republican appointee, is personally handling the case, in the view of some observers, so that he will have a better chance of being kept on in the coming Democratic administration.

But Wally keeps talking about a 300-pound deal that is about to come through any day now, and the prospect of such a seizure is enough to make the DEA ignore the dangers.

By now the people at the Harlem River Garage and Barnes get word that they are being watched. An old man who lives across the way spotted DEA agents taking pictures of the garage with a telescope. Wally is told that everyone is getting leery of dealing out of the garage because there is so much heat around. The drug dealers feel that the police are looking to make a conspiracy case and are getting suspicious of everyone.

Louie D. has \$60 thousand, two pistols and a Kel transmitter taped to his crotch.

But despite all the rumors, Wally manages to set up another half-kilo deal for \$35,000 for March 11. When Louie and Wally meet in front of the garage, Wally says that he will have to take the money in alone. Fronting any money, not to mention 35 grand, is strictly against DEA policy, and Louie balks at first. But Wally insists that this is the only way that the deal can go down and that, anyway, there is a lot of muscle in the garage...so not to worry.

Diaz doesn't know what to do. He doesn't want to screw up the deal, but this is the largest amount they have dealt with. Their tail flashes their lights, which is supposed to be the signal to front the money. Louie gives the 35 grand to Wally, who zippers it in his jumpsuit, jumps on his Kawasaki 950 and zooms off toward the garage. Diaz then confers with the trailing agents and finds out that the signal had been a mistake. The word comes back: don't front the money under any circumstances; but it is too late. Wally is at that very moment putting the junk in the backseat of his 'Vette. Wally signals for Louie to come into the garage. The plan is that Louie will take the 'Vette and Wally will drive his motorcycle and they will meet about a mile away. Is this a trap? Louie thinks about his family, his house on Long Island and his government job. Why is he doing this?

Louie Diaz, the small Spanish kid from an Italian neighborhood, braces himself as he struts by the eight big black guys who are mingling by the garage doors. "It was as if I was going to hit something, then all of a sudden I am in the garage, and Wally is taking me over to his 'Vette."

Wally jumps on the Kawasaki and does a wheelie out the garage doors. *Vroom. Vroom.* Louie fires up the 'Vette and screeches out behind him. *Vroom. Vroom.* Out of the corner of his eye he notices two muscular black men staring at him. (Wally later tells him that the broad-

shouldered one was Barnes.)

Geronimo follows the Kawasaki and the 'Vette in his Buick, a regular Keystone Cops routine, as they roar across the 145th Street bridge into the Bronx. Even though Louie has the 'Vette floored he can't keep up with Wally on the cycle. Louie and Geronimo arrive at the meeting place, but Wally is nowhere to be found. Louie figures that he's taken a back way to shake any tail. Louie knows that no cop in the world can keep up with Speed-King Wally roaring on that bike.

Louie reaches behind the seat of the 'Vette and doesn't feel anything. "There's no junk!" he screams.

"What da ya mean there's no junk!"

"There's no junk!"

Louie sees Wally screaming throughout the night on that Kawasaki on his way to Kennedy Airport. He sees his house going, his car going, everything. He figures that he is going to have to work for the rest of his life for nothing.

Finally Wally drives up.

"There's no junk!" Louie screams. Wally calmly reaches into the cleaning kit in the back seat and pulls out the heroin.

Four days later Nicky Barnes and 14 of his henchmen—Jazz, Radio, Bat, Wally, Fat Stevie, Wayne Sasso, Chico Bob, among others—are arrested for their part in a conspiracy to distribute more than a million dollars worth of heroin a month.

During the course of the arrests DEA agents found over \$220,000 (including \$35,000 in marked bills that Diaz had used for his last heroin buy), five pistols and ledgers detailing the entire scope of the "Barnes organization" in 21-year-old Wayne Sasso's apartment. Stevie Baker, another Barnes lieutenant, was arrested with over \$180,000, some pistols, four kilos of heroin, two kilos of cocaine and 15,000 glassine envelopes.

Nicky Barnes as usual was clean.

The most damning evidence against the defendants came from Louis Diaz and Geronimo. They did buy \$64,000 worth of heroin and had witnesses, tapes and videotapes. The government also used the testimony of another informant, Promise Bruce, and two other witnesses (Inez Smart and Dolores Isaacs) who testified in general that Barnes was in the heroin business.

(Admittedly Dolores Isaacs was somewhat biased against Barnes because, according to the police, her husband Reginald was rubbed out on the 18th hole of the Mosholu golf course after he allegedly held out on Barnes in a heroin deal.)

Although much of the evidence relating to the specific buys by Diaz and Geronimo was ironclad against the individuals who did the deals, everyone pleaded not guilty, and Barnes bankrolled a million-dollar defense fund. Before the start of the two-and-one-half month trial the defense lawyers had already successfully argued

that the money, drugs, ledgers and pistols found during the arrest of Sasso and Baker were inadmissible evidence because of an improper search warrant.

As soon as the trial started, David Breitbart, Barnes's lawyer, went immediately to work on Bobby Geronimo. He brought up every scummy thing that Geronimo had ever done—loan sharking, numbers running, swindling and hustling. Moreover he got Geronimo to admit that he was being paid a lump sum of \$25,000 plus \$350 per week. But the most electric point in the trial came when Breitbart caught Geronimo in a lie. Geronimo had testified that one weekend before Christmas he'd gone to Baltimore with Wally to buy \$2,000 worth of angel dust. But Wally remembered that they had actually taken two women to the Sheraton Pocano that weekend. Breitbart produced hotel records that contradicted Geronimo's sworn testimony. The defense asserted that this was a perfect example of how the prosecution was trying to frame their clients with perjured testimony.

Promise Bruce, the other informant, a street-level heroin dealer with a groggy sloe-eyed look, also had difficulty establishing his credibility. He made a heroin buy but was not able to implicate Barnes in any way. Bruce testified that he had tried to sell mannite (heroin cut) to Barnes and had had about as much luck as if he'd tried to sell crankshafts to General Motors. Barnes told him he was all full up, didn't need any.

The defense pointed out that Bruce was a convicted murderer and mugger who was being paid \$10,000 for his role in the investigation. But some of the most telling blows for the defense came when Assistant U.S. Attorney Tom Sear inadvertently exposed Bruce's vulnerability.

Sear was questioning Bruce about a specific conversation that Bruce had allegedly had with Barnes.

Bruce: "That was around the fall of 1974, maybe March, the middle, I don't remember. The latter part of March."

Sear: "Is March in the fall?"

Bruce: "I don't really know."

Sear: "What season of the year is March in?"

The 15 defense lawyers are immediately on their feet objecting all at once. "That's a trick question." "Let him answer the question." "He's testified to conversations in the fall and in the spring, and now he says that he doesn't know when the seasons are."

Tom Sear tries to get back on the track. "I would like to ask the witness what his understanding of the seasons are."

Breitbart: "He says he doesn't know the seasons!"

Sear: "Move to strike. He didn't say he doesn't know the seasons."

There is pandemonium in the courtroom. The judge says, "So everyone can settle down we will call a recess at this time."

During the recess, Bruce is prepped on the seasons by Sear until Sear is satisfied that Bruce is ready to testify.

Sear: "Mr. Bruce, what season of the year is March in?"

Bruce: "The fall."

Sear (hoping to jog Bruce's memory): "What are the other months in the fall?"

Bruce: "Fall, the months of fall is about

"There was no evidence linking Barnes to heroin. If they can convict him, they can convict anyone."

October, November, like that. March is in the beginning of the spring."

In his summation Breitbart argued strenuously that none of the heroin buys was even remotely connected to Barnes; that although they had taped Barnes for hundreds of hours, they never heard him talking drugs; that Geronimo and Promise Bruce had relayed second- and third-hand information connecting Barnes with the other obviously involved defendants to collect their \$35,000 bonuses.

As proof, he said, each of nine times that Geronimo and Promise Bruce went to see Barnes personally their expensive tape recorders and transmitters "mysteriously" broke down, that it was incon-

Barnes Fights Back

Barnes is appealing on two main issues: The first is that a member of the jury gave one of the defense lawyers the finger during the trial, an act that would tend to indicate that the juror had a predisposition against the defense. The second and more important defense point deals with a ruling by Judge Henry Werker that empaneled an "anonymous jury," presumably on the ground that Barnes would be able to get to them if their names and addresses were known. Moreover the judge deprived the defense of information concerning the ethnic and religious backgrounds of the jurors. Such rulings are a radical departure from a long history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, which has long upheld defendants' rights to be tried before a jury of their peers, those peers being known and public. An anonymous jury particularly handicaps defendants in their ability to challenge and exclude jurors who they feel would not be favorable to them, a right long enjoyed under our legal system.

ceivable that a man in Barnes's position would pass the time of day with such "trash" as Bruce or Geronimo.

"Several years ago it became apparent to police officers that there was an uppity black man in Harlem... and he had the nerve not to be afraid to answer back when someone spoke to him. So some cop said anybody with that much money must be a drug dealer. 'Let's get him.' The prosecutors have engaged in an obscene conspiracy to persecute Barnes."

But all of Breitbart's eloquence could not get around the awesome power of the federal conspiracy law under which Barnes was being tried. As one lawyer explained, "It gives the government virtually unlicensed power to indict and convict anyone. It's what they charge you with when they don't have anything but they really want to get you. It doesn't work with juries all the time, but with high level heroin dealers juries almost always convict."

One assistant U.S. attorney familiar with the case said, "Of course conspiracy laws stink, but if we didn't have them, we could never lock up any of the big dealers. You have to rely on the good faith of the federal prosecutors. We're not going to lock anyone up without good reason."

With his fleet of luxury cars, plush suburban apartments and million-dollar income-tax returns, Barnes didn't have a chance to convince the middle-class jury that he wasn't Mr. Big. Even during the trial, wearing rather subdued custom-made corduroy suits, he was too much in command, too imperial, too 'Fly.

Woe is Leroy "Nicky" Barnes. He was sentenced to triple life with no possibility of parole. He is appealing, but the Federal Appeals Court in Manhattan is not too partial to big-time heroin dealers no matter what the legal issues are.

Bobby Geronimo for all practical purposes no longer exists. He collected his reward and was given a new life with a new name and a new job in another city. Wally Fisher was sentenced to seven years in jail.

For Louis Diaz, the man who busted Mr. Untouchable, things haven't changed much. He still works at his old job at the DEA and even plans to go undercover again. "They'll forget. They won't know me."

And up on 123rd Street the heroin trade in labeled \$75 glassine bags—"Space Walk," "Good Pussy," "Cancer," "Killer 1," "Death Wish," "OD"—is still brisk. The vacancies in the "Barnes organization" were quickly filled with eager young blacks who dream of the big time. Radio, Guy Fisher, who was in jail for a traffic violation during the whole investigation, was not convicted and is now out free riding around in his \$20,000 Mercedes.

According to police sources there are some 5,000 other drug dealers in New York who gross more than a million dollars a year—each. ☐

The \$350-Billion Weapons Trade

When you get down to the facts and figures, some will die, but others will prosper
by Douglas Kelley



If you want to become rich, why not get into the rapidly growing field of conventional weapons? A gun that you might get army surplus in one country is sure to be worth top dollar in a country with a few "internal problems." Pound for pound, weapons are worth their weight in gold; they are the one form of "wampum" everyone understands. Put a gun in a man's hand and you have a soldier. Put 500 guns in a village and you have an army. Add some F-15s and you have a nation. Supply the atomic device of your choice and you have a "superpower."

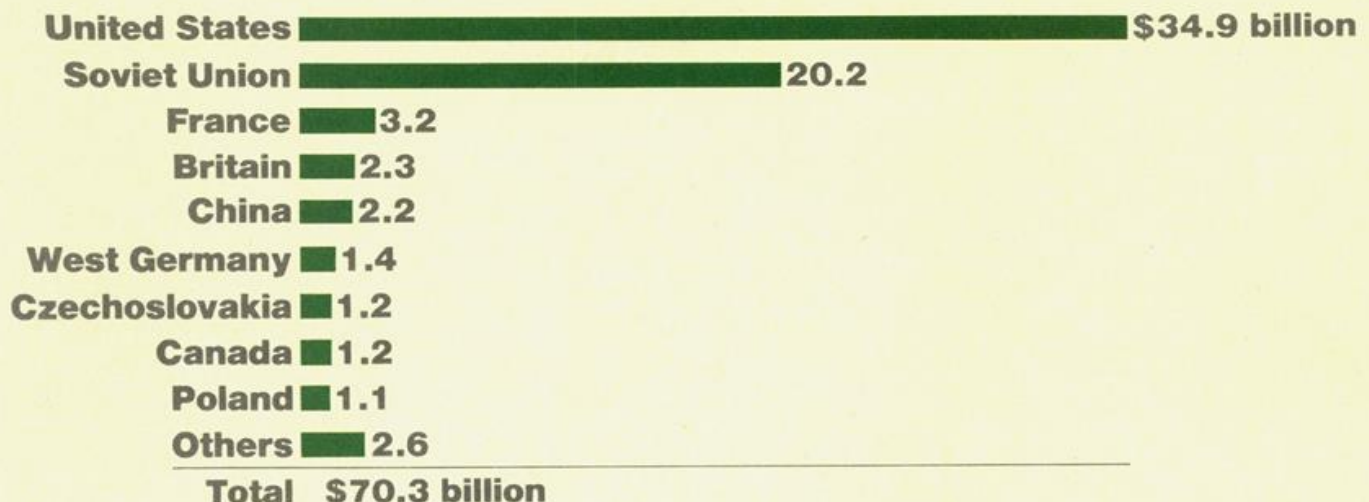
Depending on your politics, the \$350-billion-a-year trade in conventional weapons is either a fair distribution of the "tools of freedom" or a rank wholesaling of the "clubs of repression." Incontestably, it is a massive commerce that grows rapidly year after year. As nations come of age, salespeople from weapons industries seek out the leaders and try to interest them in something "just their size." What follows is a shopping tour of the world arms market.

United States Weapons Exports

The U.S. supplies more than 50 percent of all exported weapons. Each year we trade \$25 billion worth of weapons and \$11 billion of ammo. Weapons are perhaps the single most crucial wedge against our rising export-trade deficit. The U.S. would ideally like to reduce arms exports but is in the awkward position of increasing arms production every year. Now that our weapons salespeople have to compete with other countries developing a market in "cut-rate" weapons systems, the U.S. is reviewing its position economically as well as rhetorically.

But the ultimate criterion in weapons sales has always been security. Conventional weapons connote security to most small countries, so it is easy to see why the U.S. continues to stoke this market, using fear as its sales gimmick and reaping huge profits as a result.

The Value of Weapons Exports (1966-1978)





The Big Boom in Conventional Weapons

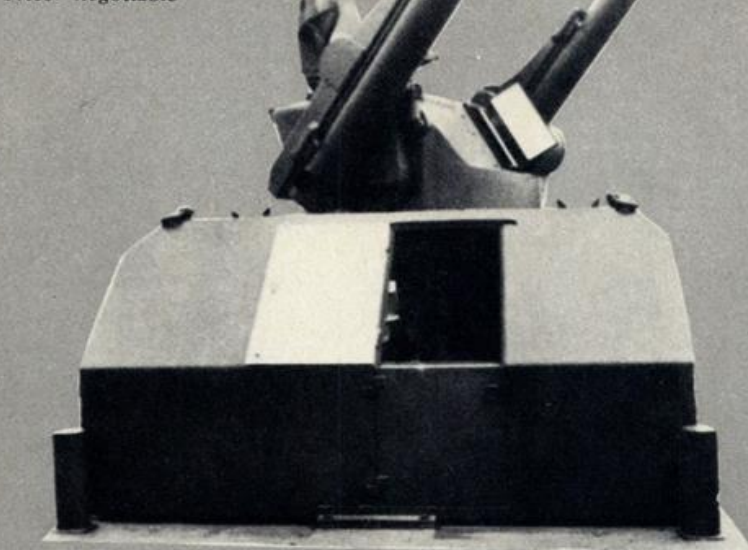
The capacity for destructiveness now achieved by the nuclear superpowers has all but ruled out the concept of total war, leaving the global military establishment with what are euphemistically called "conventional" weapons. Such things as "laser-guided missiles" hardly seem conventional, but they are part of the estimated 80 percent of the world's military budget that is earmarked for conventional weapons. Indeed, anything less than an atomic bomb is considered a conventional weapon.

The chief manufacturers of such weapons—the U.S., Soviet Union, France and Britain—are arming the rest of the world. Together they account for more than four-fifths of the exports of equipment and supplies for military use. Of the more than 100 countries that import arms, 95 are said to be importing "major weapons systems"—meaning state-of-the-art technology, not army surplus tanks.

But that doesn't mean we can control the situation. The technology for most conventional weaponry is available to any country willing to go out and get it. That is, if it hasn't been given to them already. Like the USSR, the U.S. has been using its advancing technology over the years as leverage throughout the world. In 1958, we gave our first surface-to-air missiles to a single developing nation; now that figure is around 29 (in 1975, the figure was 27). In 1957, we gave our first supersonic aircraft to one country, now it's up to 43 countries who have received that technology. Combat aircraft are currently being manufactured in more than 19 developing countries.

Between 1965 and 1975, the four major superpowers exported 17,000 tanks, 6,000 combat planes and 28,000 missiles. The huge growth in modern conventional-weapons systems is, in short, creating a new global issue of arms control—control of "conventional weapons"—and this is where the Third World enters the picture. Sales of such arms to developing countries have multiplied eight times in the last eight years. Some African nations are spending on arms twice what they spend on agriculture. The way they see it, if the big nations feel more secure with sophisticated weapons, they will too.

*Mig-21
Soviet fighter plane
Speed: 1,385 mph
Price: negotiable*



*Roland
French-German anti-aircraft missile system
Range: 11 miles
Price: \$875,000*



*Gepard
German-made anti-aircraft tank (Krauss-Maffei)
Armament: two 35-mm guns
Price: \$1.6 million*

The Top 20 Purchasers of U.S. Arms (1976) IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

MIDEAST		AFRICA		ASIA		EUROPE	
Saudi Arabia	2,502.5	Morocco	120.8	South Korea	625.9	Switzerland	454.7
Iran	1,301.3	Ethiopia	118.8	Taiwan	193.0	Australia	411.5
Israel	919.5	Total	239.6	Yemen	138.5	West Germany	194.2
Jordan	436.1			Thailand	89.6	Greece	83.1
Kuwait	130.6			Pakistan	38.6	Spain	79.3
Egypt	67.3			Total	1,085.6	Canada	65.4
Total	5,357.3					Great Britain	46.5
						Total	1,334.7

Grand total: \$8,017.2 billion

for a Small Country



*UH-1 Huey
U.S. helicopter (Bell Helicopter Co.)
Capacity: seven combat troops
Price: \$4 million*

**A few
international
best-sellers**



*Hawk
U.S. surface-to-air missile (Raytheon Co.)
Range: 22 miles
Price: \$1.7 million*



*SA-2
Russian surface-to-air missile
Range: 25-30 miles
Price: negotiable*



*C-130 Hercules
U.S. combat transport (Lockheed Aircraft Corp.)
Cargo capacity: 21 tons
Price: \$5.1 million*

Carter's Position

While on the campaign trail Jimmy Carter loudly denounced the Nixon administration policy of uncurbed weapons sales. "I am particularly concerned by our nation's role as the world's leading arms salesman. If I become president, I will work... to increase the emphasis on peace and reduce the commerce in weapons." This campaign promise was designed to appeal to Americans troubled by their government's lack of discrimination in selling technologically sophisticated weapons to sometimes opposing nations all over the world. Nixon had sold a nuclear reactor to Egypt and planes to Iran, incurring some congressional flack. "Can we be both the world's leading champion of peace and the world's leading supplier in weapons?" Carter asked in June '76. "We cannot have it both ways."

But apparently we can and do. "Initially, the guidance was all predicated on finding ways to scale back on arms sales overseas," a State Department official explained in December '77. "The thesis was that arms sales are all wrong. But now that has changed, and the guidance for preparing the options is fairly balanced. The people in the White House now realize that there are valid reasons for selling arms."

These reasons boil down to a hard combination of political, military and economic concerns. Politically, arms exports are considered by governments, in the words of Henry Kissinger, "a fundamental element in the overall design of... foreign policy."

Militarily, the United States is in the position of continuing to oblige a legacy of old commitments and policies from previous administrations. With a \$32-billion backlog in orders, it will be years before any meaningful reductions of weaponry exports can be achieved. Until then, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia and Brazil will continue to get what they want

because they presumably defend our interests in the unsteady Third World. Our allies—Japan, Australia, New Zealand—will get what they want because they presumably defend our interests in the free world. Black Africa will get stepped-up shipments of arms in order to combat a build-up in Soviet war materials. And the Mideast will continue to be a gold mine for arms merchants, for obvious reasons. Defense planners all agree that the best way to champion peace is to sell arms. They say weapons insure regional balances of power and deter aggression by our enemies.

But the big reason that arms sales have shot so high is economic. In the '50s and '60s, the U.S. generally gave away its surplus war materials, with the taxpayer footing the bill. After 1970, things changed. Today more than 90 percent of this nation's "defense equipment transfers," as they are called in Washington, are sales paid for by foreign customers. With oil prices going higher, military sales have become of paramount importance to our balance of payments.

The \$34.9 billion that the U.S. has received over the last ten years for its military products has also provided much needed business for our defense contractors, without additional Pentagon spending. Defense Department cost analysts reported to Congress late last year that it would cost \$8 billion a year more for what they purchase if it were not for foreign exports. So while Congress may disagree on some of Carter's arms deals, they are not prepared to limit business.

Like many of Carter's other idealistic goals, the issue of reduced U.S. arms sales thus seems doomed by its colossal unmanageability and complex integration with our economic system. In the meantime, Carter's chief option remains to decide who gets what and when, rather than should any nation get anything at all.

Big Business and Arms Reduction

World political considerations aside, there are two major stumbling blocks to the success of any policy to limit arms. The first is the impact of any such reform on domestic economy.

Potentially, up to 700,000 jobs could be at stake. That includes the employees of the major arms manufacturers and their subcontractors and suppliers. According to a report commissioned by Carter: "An immediate 40-percent cut in the volume of orders for military exports would result in 132,000 displaced workers, while a gradual reduction would displace about 75,000 in fiscal 1983." When Carter cancelled the B-1 bomber, Rockwell International announced that the decision had cost the economy 25,000 jobs. When McDonnell Douglas-Northrop's F-18 was being presented (unsuccessfully) to the navy, the lobbyists involved argued that as many as 10,000 jobs were on the line.

The second stumbling block is that other nations are waiting to take over whatever business we want to turn down. Any gap created by a reduced arms policy would be quickly filled by eager European firms. The businesses that stand to lose the most would be the ten major firms producing jet fighters, helicopters, aircraft engines, cargo aircraft and tactical missiles.

It was World War II, of course, that started this whole ball rolling. Small companies in California, led by Lockheed and promoted by the Pentagon, turned into big, powerful companies. With Korea and Vietnam the big companies turned into gigantic far-flung corporations. Today seven of the ten largest weapons exporters are involved with aerospace products. Whenever peace has "threatened" these companies, new markets have developed. The Mideast rescued, for the most part, the California aerospace industry.

Of the 1,033 companies licensed to make or export arms, the giant corporations are well represented; 152 are listed among the Fortune 500, and 32 are among the largest 50. These companies don't want to lose business to the French and British, not to mention our number-two competitor, the Soviet Union. Because the Soviets maintain large stockpiles of surplus weapons and manufacture more tactical material than we do, they can offer up to a 40 percent undercut on comparable merchandise.

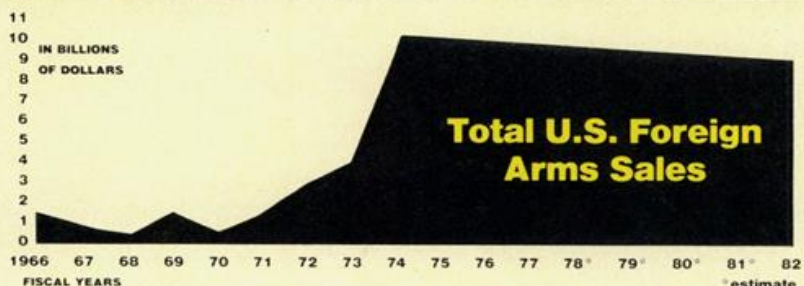
The French (number three) employ some of their governmental officials as salespeople. In the mid '60s, when the U.S. refused to sell F-5s to Brazil, the French quickly got on the case and sold them 16 of its Mirage fighter bombers. Big business is going to keep a close eye on any arms-reduction policy.



F-5E Tiger II jet fighter.



C-130 Hercules transport.



Wrinkles in the System

With conventional weapons constantly on the move throughout the world it is only reasonable to expect some developments that go contrary to U.S. interests: 1. *Bilateral escalation*: Back in 1965, the U.S. was caught in the embarrassing situation of having supplied armaments to both sides in the India-Pakistan war. What otherwise might have been a minor skirmish became a violent conflict that is still a major issue in those countries. Since small weapons can be shipped clandestinely, during the Lebanon crisis Soviet, American and European weapons flowed into that region for use by all sides.

Currently, the U.S. and Soviets are testing each other in Somalia and Ethiopia. The Russians have sent about a thousand advisers to Ethiopia along with a billion dollars worth of modern equipment, including 50 MiGs, 380 tanks and tons of munitions. Their Cuban allies there number about 7,000, with that number expected to rise to possibly 10,000.

Strategically, the Horn of Africa is an important area, and the only clear thing about the situation is that the U.S. would like to keep friendly relations with both Somalia and Ethiopia; supplying weapons to them will remain our chief option. 2. *The nuclear danger*: While the U.S. is not giving the bomb away, it has, according to Admiral Larocque, sold about 18,000 missiles, ships and aircraft capable of carrying such weapons. The danger is that in the '80s, when more than 40 more nations are likely to go nuclear, these delivery systems will be back to threaten our own security.

3. *Equipment loss and technology leaks*: As Americans scrambled to get out of Vietnam they left behind a dazzling array of equipment, such as 600 M-48 tanks, 73 Northrop fighters, weather-satellite computers and other sensitive technology. Wherever the U.S. dispenses its military know-how there is the outside chance of an unfriendly takeover. Although Iran and

Saudi Arabia are considered friendly, each government could conceivably fail.

Former Defense Intelligence Agency analyst Dale Tahtinen commented recently, "I would hate to have an unfriendly regime take over a country such as Iran, where an F-14 could be thoroughly examined." This country's military cat might not be out of the bag yet, but it seems safe to say that its head is beginning to show. 4. *The problem of advisers*: Today's arsenal is so complex that when a country invests in U.S. arms they must import huge training and support staffs from this country as well. By 1980, there will be as many as 60,000 U.S. advisers and their families in Iran alone. The U.S. has always been concerned with the safety of its citizens abroad, and if during a time of war these people's security is threatened, the U.S. could be expected to become directly involved. In fact, it is American businesspeople abroad who are the most threatened by war or terrorism.

The Top 10 in Overseas Sales

If arm sales are limited, these companies would be the biggest losers.

Rank	Total Contracts	Best-Selling Product Abroad
1 Northrop	\$1.3 Bil.	F-5 fighter plane
2 McDonnell Douglass	\$480 Mil.	F-4 fighter plane
3 Grumman	\$304 Mil.	F-14 fighter plane
4 Litton Industries	\$258 Mil.	Ships—mainly destroyers
5 General Electric	\$248 Mil.	Jet aircraft engines
6 Raytheon	\$219 Mil.	Hawk surface-to-air missile
7 FMC Corporation	\$201 Mil.	Armored personnel carriers
8 Hughes Aircraft	\$174 Mil.	Antitank missiles
9 Lockheed	\$139 Mil.	C-130 cargo plane
10 Textron	\$115 Mil.	Bell UH-1 helicopter



Bettmann Archive

Disarmament vs. Development

As the rate of arms spending has declined in Europe and North America it has grown considerably in the undeveloped world. In the past 20 years defense expenditures for the industrialized West have been growing at a rate of about 3 percent annually. Currently, developing nations are spending about 10 percent of their annual GNP's on arms. The Middle East's arms-expenditure rate has blossomed about 17 percent annually. Africa is spending 20 percent for military hardware. Only Latin America feels safe, largely because of the Latin America Nu-

clear Free Zone Treaty.

The Third World is spending 25 times more on means of war than on means of peace. In African countries, tensions engendered by local arms races have sharply curtailed the resources available for the satisfaction of basic human needs.

Since World War II, the United States has sold approximately \$115 billion worth of arms throughout the world. Much of that weaponry is still operational. The \$11-billion-a-year export trade of American munitions gives experts some idea of what is still in use.

One proposal that the United States might make at the upcoming United Nations special session on disarmament is that all member nations undertake to reduce their military spending to a mere 2 percent of their gross national products. However, since this concept heavily favors the superpowers, it seems unlikely that the dominant Third World majority will go along with any such sweeping reform. The sad history of weapons proliferation is that it cannot be stopped by assaults based on logic, moral passion and or even economics. ☐

HASHISH AROUND

Text and photos by Laurence Cherniak

Hashish originated in the Himalayas, reportedly Lemuria. From there it spread north through Tibet into China, south into India and Sri Lanka (Ceylon). At the same time it spread east through Bhutan into Malaysia, as well as through Pakistan, Baluchistan, Afghanistan and Persia to Turkey. There its progress was divided—going north into Europe via Greece and south around the bottom of the Mediterranean through North Africa to Morocco.

Hashish comes in virtually every color of the rainbow and then some. Some brands are so deep a dark red that the hashish appears to have definite purple tinges. There are mahogany-red colors, rusty orange shades, golds, blondes, light greens, dark greens, browns, greys and blacks that look blue. Within each of these colors are a vast number of hues and tints. Often two or three of the above colors will be blended but still reveal bright flecks of



Lebanese bag and slab



Morocco double-O powder



Moroccan slabs



Lebanese resin and dust

ND THE WORLD

each other. The main reason for such a great variety in color is due generally to when the plants were harvested.

The hashish culture is a captivating world filled with many fascinating characters, tales of excitement, intrigue and adventure. The many legends, whether real or mythical, are filled with fantasies of love and lovemaking. The mystical aspects are at the very least both amusing and frightening. Hashish has been in use so long that no one is

exactly sure how it first came to be regarded as a spiritual or religious substance. It is a revival medicine, a mystical drug and an aphrodisiac.

Hashish is made in many different geographical parts of the world. This, and the wide contrast in cultural differences, has resulted in thousands of distinctive as well as some fabulously elaborate systems for its partaking.

Hashish is principally marketed on a commercial basis in



Nepalese finger clusters
pressed into slabs



Cross-section, Himalayan finger cluster



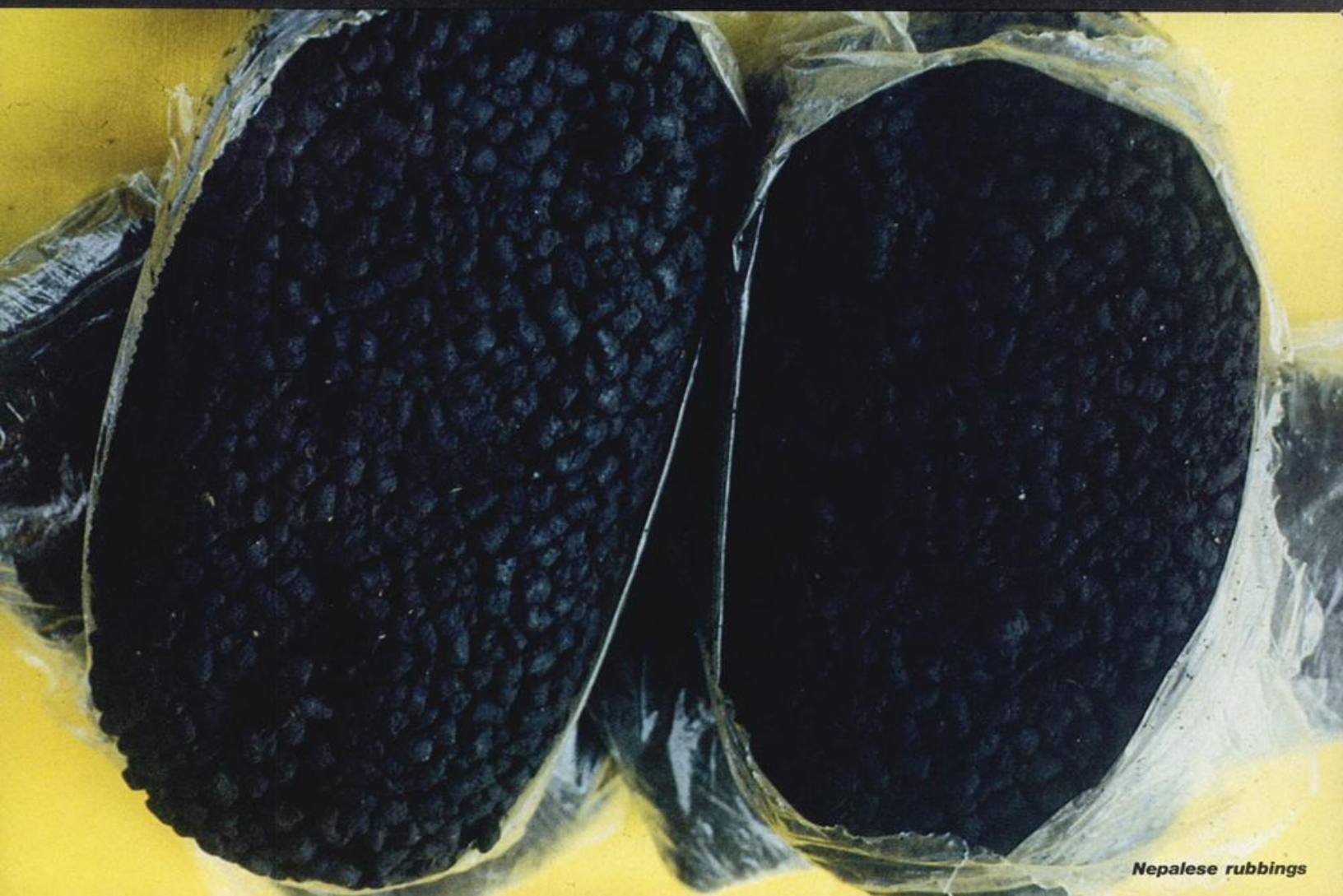
Afghani sticks



Bombay black



left to right : Afghani surfboards, Mazar i-sharif powder, Kanhari moon disc, spaghetti sticks, Jalalabad resin



Nepalese rubbings



Royal Nepalese (temple balls and leaves)



Afghani resin

Morocco, Lebanon, Afghanistan, India and the Himalayan states of Kashmir, Nepal and Bhutan.

Morocco:

In Morocco hashish comes in a light-green powder, known as *kif*, or in darker olive-green slabs. The slabs are pressed in strong cellophane bags, because Moroccan hashish tends to crumble back to powder.

When the plants are cut down just after maturity, due to a short growing season, they are still mostly greenish and only just beginning to turn yellow and/or go brown. The hashish powder shaken off such plants will in turn remain a light yellow-green. The longer the plants are left unharvested, the deeper the browns and more varied the colors of the hashish will be.

It is generally agreed that Moroccan hashish is closer to the bottom of the scale in potency. To realize its effects, which are light and easy to function under, requires smoking several bowlfuls, often during the day.

It burns quickly and is smoked in the traditional Moroccan *kif* pipe (*sehse*), which is made of a long wooden stem and outfitted with a clay or stone bowl. The smell of Moroccan hashish, though aromatic, is usually raw and unseasoned.

However, the stronger hashish, which is produced in small quantities, never leaves each farmer's personal stash. The better quality has an alpine smell, is more resinous and needs no cellophane to hold the hashish together because it doesn't crumble easily. Double-0 quality is considered to be the best commercial hashish.

Lebanon

Lebanon produces its hashish from blond, brown and reddish powder made into slabs, which are only crumbly when fresh or heated. It is pressed into white linen or cotton sacks imprinted with a rubber-stamp seal.

The plants are allowed to go through their whole natural cycle until they are almost dead and withered, becoming a yellowy golden brown. When sifted, this hashish dust results in a blondish, rusty or brown color. Its rust tones may be so extremely dark that it borders on burgundy, almost a deep-red purple or an oxblood tone.

Lebanese hashish is in the middle range on the scale of potency. The effects are heady but not overpowering. It takes about seven or eight good puffs to feel that it is effective in changing perspectives both mentally and physically. It burns medium-quickly and is mostly smoked in a Middle Eastern (often ornate) hookah, small pipe, or rolled in a cigarette with tobacco. The smell is fragrant and spicy.

A stronger, hand-rubbed hashish is seldom produced, and even more rarely does it leave the person's hands who made it.

The hand-pressed hashish is a darker brown, very pliable, and has strong psychedelic characteristics.

Afghanistan

In Afghanistan, the hashishins add a little water to the dull-green hashish powder during pressing. Another part of the hand-pressing method is, from time to time, as the piece develops, to heat the hashish by laying it directly on hot coals. This is done only for a few moments, rotating sides. The hashish subsequently darkens to an olive-brown. It is pressed in moons, sticks, surfboards and thin, irregularly shaped slabs. Once pressed it rarely crumbles and can be transported unwrapped.

The bouquet of really good hashish is sweet and pungent, but its bite will roast the inside of your lungs like a flash fire.

The reason many specimens of Afghan hashish come in varying tones is only because of the addition of water during the manufacturing process. When too much water is added, and if the powder is not well-enough pressed, mold begins to form. It grows evenly and throughout the hashish, which becomes grey. When the mold develops on Afghan hashish it usually grows from the outside in, causing a whitish grey crust on the exterior. The inside may remain brownish for many months, depending on the thickness of the piece. Once a piece of this hashish begins to deteriorate, it is only a matter of time until it becomes hard and useless. As it deteriorates, its colors range through several whitish, greyish, brownish grey and speckled greyish rose tones. Some pieces look like those flat stones, great for skipping across the water, that we find on rocky beaches.

Afghani that is well pressed burns slowly and tastes strong but smooth. It is smoked in hookahs and assorted pipes and rolled with tobacco in cigarettes. The fragrance is fresh yet earthy. The price has always been among the highest.

Its effects take hold within minutes. Often it causes coughing and wheezing. It seldom takes more than two or three puffs of high-quality Afghani to feel awakened to a different level of perception.

India

Indian hashish is usually dark brown or black. It is produced in lumps or balls and sometimes is pressed into slabs. The

hashish is solid and seldom needs packaging to be transported.

Hashish from India burns medium-slowly. It is mainly smoked in articles made of clay, wood, metal and silicate (a very ornate Indian soapstone). Hookahs of all sorts are used; they and the pipes are often most beautifully carved and decorated with gems and/or all sorts of abalone and mother-of-pearl inlays. Indian hashish is also rolled into cigarettes, but more often a Shir Bidi is emptied of its tobacco and small pinhead-to match-head-sized bits are dripped in and smoked.

A few puffs are all that is necessary, and within five to ten minutes it is evident that the effects are dominating your consciousness.

Indian hashish that is well made is high on the scale of potency. It has a scent that is musky or leathery. Its taste is agreeable, but its rich, weighty essence is heavy and often overwhelming, leaving its casualties with bloodshot eyes and a dry palate.

Himalayas

Himalayan (Kashmiri, Nepalese and Bhutanese) hashish is very dark brown. It is very resinous and comes in sticks, fingers, clusters, pressed slabs and temple balls. The temple balls are from the Nepal area. They have become famous from the appealing stories of monks who play up its religious significance as the ancient cement used in building the euphoric pillars of wisdom. Only the slabs, made of many single pieces crushed together, need some packaging.

The hashish resin is hand collected from the plant right onto the palms. The resin must be moistened or sprinkled with water before it can be scraped off easily with a knife. After sprinkling with water it may also be scrubbed off by abrasively rubbing the open palms against each other.

Himalayan hashish burns very slowly. It is smoked in pipes, chillums, hookahs and cigarettes (hand rolled or poured with tobacco back into a tailor-made). Even the low qualities of Himalayan hashish are better than most other brands. The effects of the really good hashish embody the quickest spiritual blast-off. Its bouquet is sweet and pungent, but its bite will roast the inside of your lungs like a flash fire. As it scorches your mind you realize, as you pass through your transmigrations, that it is too easy to take too much when only a half a puff will do. One deep puff of first-quality Royal Nepalese hashish makes you feel not only bodiless but also supersensual.

As more of the great hashish secrets are revealed and production methods are modernized through technological research, South and North American hashish will become available in as many different qualities and brand names as champagne and wine. Hail hashish around the world! ☐

The Mystic Masters of Money

A High Times Guide to New Age Capitalism

by Rick Fields



Werner Erhard, the founder of est, knows how to live. He has a chauffeur-driven Rolls, dresses in cashmere and lives in an elegant Victorian home with a museum-level collection of Oriental art. Since the est training now costs \$300, it presupposes a bit of prosperity consciousness just for starters. People who say they don't have the bucks to take the training are often told to go out and "create" the money as the first step of the training, and often, to their own surprise, they do.

Since est is into facing facts, its money seminar, which meets once a week for five weeks, takes the same hard line. "Money is something people have a lot of charge on," says seminar leader Ron Zeller. "You talk about money and people wake up. It's the same category as sex—kind of the opposite side of the coin." In the est seminar, says Zeller, "people take a hard look at their money situation right now"—something even est graduates cringe from. "Most people don't want to get aware," says Zeller. "They want to keep it foggy, unclear. It's too dangerous to get into."

Est has its ways, though. One of them is to require all participants in the money seminar to fill out a two-page Financial Situation sheet, which bottoms at your plus or minus



**"Forget about hard work
and struggling to
get ahead—the way
to increase your income is
by increasing the
quality of your ideas."**

net worth. Then there is the military-precise Budget and Record of Expenditures—every phone call, subway token, cab fare, newspaper, parking meter and cup of coffee must be noted. Try it for a day. As they say in est, it pushes a lot of buttons. "If money runs you," says a seminar leader ominously, "everything runs you, and when you write down every little thing, you learn how you bullshit yourself."

In another favorite est tactic, people square off eyeball to eyeball in those straight-backed chairs est prefers to meditation cushions or analysts' couches and take turns asking, "Regarding money, what would you be willing to talk about?" The result is an awesome babble—a hundred people spilling their money guts out all at once.

Leonard Orr, probably the most laid-back of the money gurus, is so ordinary-looking that most people who walk into one of his

evening long Theta money seminars mistake him for just another poverty case. "I failed so many times," Orr once told a rolfer's convention, "that I just got tired of it."

Orr is not your usual Horatio Alger go-out-and-get-em, up-at-five money guru. "Forget about hard work and struggling to get ahead," Orr counsels, "the way to increase your income is by increasing the quality of your ideas." Find out what you like doing, says Orr, and hook that up to a "money machine." Orr himself gave up a

job selling building maintenance supplies in Los Angeles to do what he most enjoyed—reading metaphysical and self-improvement books. Before long he was briefing businesspersons on the fruits of his research—first for \$50 an hour, then for a straight 10 percent (on the condition that he doubled his client's income).

Orr is very big on affirmations—positive mind-conditioning slogans that program

the subconscious for success. His top money affirmation (which he calls the most valuable idea in the universe) goes like this: "My personal connection to infinite being and infinite intelligence is adequate enough to yield a huge personal fortune."





From left to right: Dale Carnegie, Rev. Ike, Leonard Orr, Leo Sunshine, Werner Erhard

The best way to increase money, says Reverend Ike, is to enjoy money. Ike drives a brown and gold Rolls Royce.

If you're not convinced, it's because you've fallen into poverty consciousness, which, according to Orr (who worked as a consultant to Erhard in the early days), is caused by the five biggies: the birth trauma, the parental-disapproval syndrome, specific negatives, the unconscious death urge and things that happened in other lifetimes. Orr works on removing negatives by having

people write affirmations, with a psychologistic twist. All your negative reactions to the affirmations are written down in an opposite column and then are turned into new affirmations. Without this safeguard, says an Orr seminar leader, "affirmations are like ripe tomatoes spread over rotten ones."

The birth trauma, origin of the dread the-universe-is-against-me syndrome, comes in for more direct attack—"rebirthing," a hyperventilated breathing therapy that Orr discovered a few years ago in his bathtub and that he claims gets you high ("all you need is oxygen"), unravels

your birth trauma and replaces aging with "youthing." As for the unconscious death urge: "As long as you believe that death is inevitable, that the universe is out to get you, to destroy your physical body, then succeeding in it is rather difficult." Instead, Orr believes in the possibility of physical immortality through rebirthing and affirmations. That must make him the champion positive thinker. If you can't take it with you, says Orr, there's no reason to leave.

Katherine Ponder, a Pat Nixon lookalike, is minister of the mind-over-matter Unity Church in Austin, Texas, and the author of the inspirational classic *Pray and Grow Rich*. Most people start praying only as the ship is sinking, but, says Reverend Ponder, it makes more sense to "Pray first instead of last." Ponder is 100-percent Christian. She quotes the Bible ("All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive") in order to free people from the "erroneous idea that it is

wrong to pray for things." In fact, says Ponder, "It is right and just that you should pray for things if you need them." After all, the Bible is filled with people who prayed for stuff and got it, and she lists them all, from Abraham to Solomon.

Ponder's main contribution to prosperity literature is the modern prayer wheel. The trick is to picture what you want as already yours—by pasting together words and pictures from the glossiest, most prosperous magazines. "Whenever you image a certain thing being done in the mind," says Ponder, "you release a majority of the energies of the mind to go do that very thing."

There are a couple of Christian catches, though. You have to purify yourself first, keep your prayer wheel secret, be willing to take whatever God—who knows best—sends your way and give up something you already have. A good thing, too. Otherwise, where would you put all that stuff?

Reverend Ike has soul, no doubt about it. The man is a poet with all the tricks, slides, shouts and

hoarse whispers of a good black street preacher. Every Sunday Ike whips his parishioners into a passionate money frenzy with mind-conditioning treatments that make fellow prosperity preacher Norman Vincent Peale sound like an accountant at a boy-scout meeting. "Life should be a great romance," shouts Ike. "Success in life depends on how romantic a person is."

The best way to increase money, says Ike, who drives a gold and brown Rolls, is to enjoy money. To help people learn how to love gold, Ike intones a special visualization prayer treatment. "I enter the closet of my mind," he chants as his flock repeats it, "and I shut the door. I shut out doubt and fear. I see money pouring in, I feel it in my hands, I see my pockets bulging with money, I see myself going on shopping sprees, buying what I want..." Ike makes it a rule to add a big "Thank you God within for money" after each treatment. "When you give thanks," he says, "you seal the deal between God and you."

Guilt plays no part in Reverend Ike's world. "It tickled me so much when some black revolutionaries wanted to take me to a poor section of Chicago to see the ghetto," he says. "Where the hell do you think I came through," he told them. "You don't have to take me any-damn-where. I can tell you what it's all about, 'cause I been there and I'm glad I'm out."

Ike's favorite Bible quote is "My cup runneth over." He counsels falling asleep at night by repeating: "Money making money, money making money, money, money, money making money," which sounds, when he says it, like a Donna Summer song. Ike is big on fascination power—which, he warns, works both ways. Poor people, for example, are poor because they're fascinated by their poverty. So be careful. "You gotta watch your words," Ike warns his flock. "That's why someone said, 'Make your words sweet in case you got to eat them.'"

Michael Phillips is the socially responsible good guy of money gurus. His book *The Seven Laws of Money*, popular with the *Whole Earth Catalog* crowd, focuses more on how to get free of money than on how to get more of it. Phillips's seven laws remind us

Brian Murphy and came up fast through the ranks of the California growth movement—uses films, games, songs and skits by the "Barrierettes," a team of ladies who act out barriers to self-esteem and prosperity. Seminar participants get a prosperity coloring book and

Nobody leaves a Leo Sunshine seminar without putting a dollar bill in their mouth and chewing for five minutes. "I'll never feel the same about money again," reported one grad.

that money will come to you when you do the right thing (but the world doesn't owe you a living), that you can't escape budgeting and records, that money is a dream and a nightmare (over 90 percent of crimes are committed for it), that you can't give it away or get it for nothing and that, believe it or not, there are worlds without money.

Once a bank vice-president, Phillips is now a consultant for foundations and a key member of the Briarpatch network. Briarpatchers live between society's cracks by playing with the small-business game and are more interested in right livelihood and ecology than huge profits. Recently Phillips wrote an article in the *Briarpatch Review* saying that the most effective thing we could do for conservation "is to reduce our own income... As income goes up," he argues, "more trees are used, more rivers dammed, more asbestos released into the air; as income goes down, more resources are saved." Not a bad idea. If—after Erhard, Orr, Ponder and Ike—you haven't tripled your income, you might want to give it a try.

Leo Sunshine raises prosperity consciousness to the level of a television game show with his *Fundamentals of Prosperity Training*. Leo—who used to be

write love letters to themselves. The effect on opening it at home a week later is often mind-blowing for low-esteem cases. "The training is real hokey," says a Sunshine graduate. "It's real American. It's like apple pie and motherhood. That makes it stick."

"There is no conflict between spiritual and material prosperity," says Leo Sunshine. "Abundance is the natural state of the universe. It is available to everyone, and you don't have to prosper at the expense of others." His favorite affirmation goes, "I'm a blazing sun of infinite abundance flooding forth the limitless treasures of light." Leo is more up than anybody.

Sunshine's training is fun, but he also knows how to push buttons. His main contribution to the science of prosperity training is his existential use of *real* money. Most people, explains a Sun grad, have been conditioned to think money is dirty, and Leo confronts that one directly. Nobody leaves a Sun seminar without exchanging a dollar bill with their neighbor, putting it into their mouth and chewing. For five minutes. "I'll never feel the same about money again," reported one grad. Perhaps the practice is best thought of as a brave attempt by Sunshine to reverse the old psychoanalytic equation of money and feces—a total assault on the last taboo.

Gregory Simons, Sunshine's one-time assistant, teaches a one-day version of Sunshine's fundamentals. Sunshine disappeared just as his training was getting ready to go national (some say he was last seen in India, others say he spends his days meditating in the Great Pyramid). Simons is just a little cautious about the money thing now. Money is just a means, he says, and it can easily become a trap. "Never go for the money," he advises, "go to the desired result." Simons has just come back from a trip to the Great Pyramid himself, and he's now emphasizing to his clients that "prosperity is a state of well-being."

"I'm so simple," says Simons in his Sausalito living room. "I'm not into why you were spanked with a dollar bill by your mother. Once you have self-esteem level, you don't get sucked into dollar bills. This prosperity stuff is simple. What's difficult is to get people committed to their own well-being."

So there's no problem, except one. Sometimes prosperity consciousness—the whole apparatus of creative thought, positive thinking, affirmations, prayer wheels, etc.—works a little too well. "People get too much too quick," says Simons, "and they get sucked right back." Not even so professional a prosperity man as Leo Sunshine is exempt from the dangers of success.

"Leo wanted a Lotus," Simons says. "He wanted it bad. He didn't know it at the time, but there was also a blond who he'd seen riding in a Lotus, and he wanted her too. Well, he got the Lotus, and in the first 500 miles the engine blew out. It was in the shop more than it was on the road. He got the blond, too—and that *definitely* didn't work out. Then, when he finally tried to sell the Lotus, he couldn't find anybody to buy it."

Money is funny stuff. Like the Rolling Stones sing, "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might find you get what you need." ■

Shivaratri

The festival of the Holy Hashish God in Nepal



Jt is a classic scene out of the distant past, the ageless uncounted years of Hindu prehistory....

Thousands of *sadhus*, holy men, wild men, swarm over the stone steps and courtyards of the Pashupatinath temple, outside of Katmandu. They bathe in the shallow brown river where it curves through the temple complex between the cliffs and ancient trees. Some are chanting, blowing conch-shell horns; some beat on their iron tridents like stand-up bass players; some sit motionless, frozen in the full lotus of meditation, their eyes blank, unseeing, or focused on some world beyond. The smell of ganja is everywhere; the air twists with blue smoke.

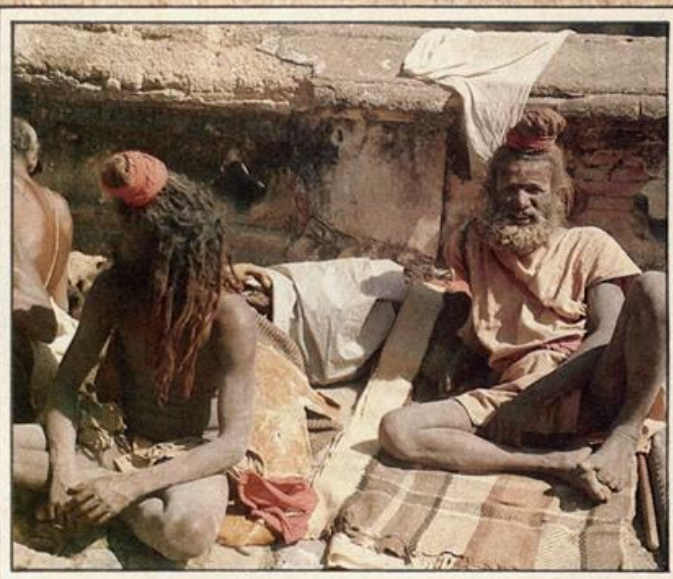
A white-bearded sadhu down from the eternal snows of the Annapurna range, burnt almost black by the thin-air infrared of high altitude, grins, jingling his brass begging bowl, making the coins dance. "For God," he says, holding out the bowl. I drop in a few coins. "Thank you very much, Sahib," he says in immaculate pukka English. "Your money goes to the pursuit of Truth."

"You speak very good English."

"Thank you. I took my master's degree in English literature in Poona and worked as a governmental clerk in Delhi for 11 years before I forsook the path of Western knowledge for the ancient ways of the Vedas." He puffs on his chillum and offers me a hit. "The poetry of Mister Thomas Hardy: fascinating!"

Here in Katmandu, your taxi driver turns out to be a Newari Buddhist ritual scroll painter who drops acid on weekends. An American monk with cropped skull and

by Rob Schultheis



saffron robes on a Chinese bicycle is passed by a Tibetan motorcycle bandit in leather jacket, Levis, cowboy boots and a crash helmet that says "Paix et Amour—Pourquoi Pas?" The monk has taken on the name Thunderbolt Protector of Buddhism; the Tibetan, who deals in cassette tapes and hot Tibetan art, calls himself Motorcycle Jimmy.

A crowd of young, mod, longhaired Nepalis, duded up in polyester shirts, scarves, bellbottoms and elevator shoes, goes bopping by with a portable cassette player blasting the Rolling Stones. A few feet away, a wild-eyed, mud-daubed sadhu, straight out of a neolithic hallucination, squats over a mat covered with great pollen-laden flower tops of Gurkha grass and gummy resinous balls of Tatopani hashish. He raises his chillum to his lips and invites Shiva, the god of the pipe and smoke, to enter into him with the sacred ganja smoke: to make him dance, dance away his ignorance, illusion; to make him a holy, god's fool. He sings:

*Kailash Patil Kashi Kaivashi,
Ganja charas Banga Kikushi,
Shambu lagu, prem ka tambul*

"There are no knowers of Shiva as He really is," the ancient text says. But these sadhus—these perpetually stoned wild men living in caves high in the Himalayas, wandering on the trains and dusty roads of India—they are god's fools, holy, somehow magical. They seem to

know... something—something beyond this world of pride and possessions, of crazy greed and Tibetan bikers, of neo-Beatles Nepali city kids hooked on the Rolling Stones and screaming Hindi film music...

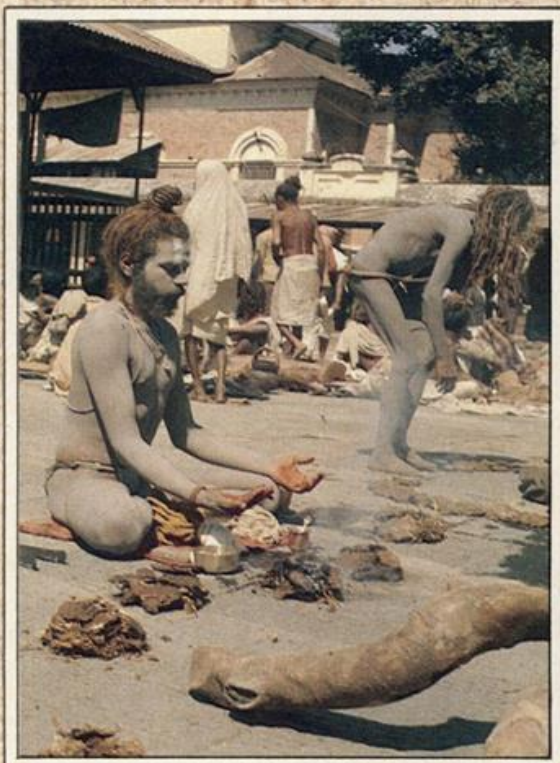
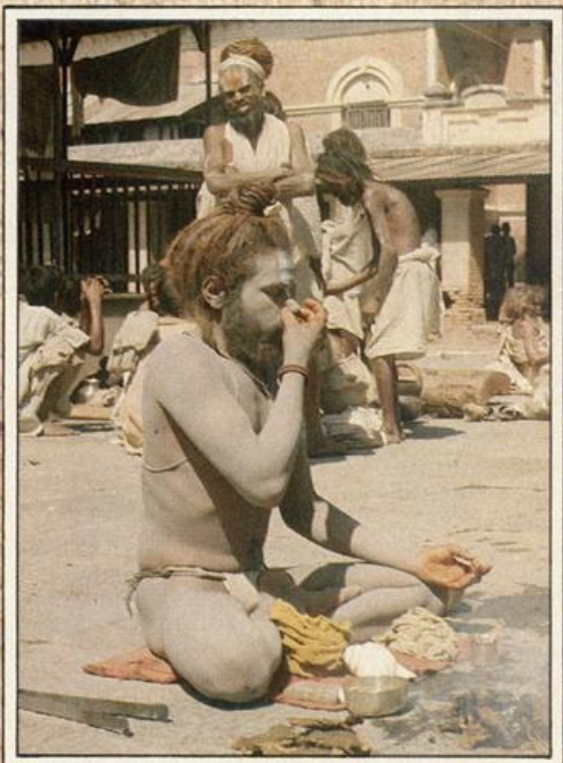
The sadhu exhales a great sweet cloud of smoke, coughs violently and chants again in a high keening voice: *Bom Shiva, Bom Shanti Kailash, Bom!* Down the stone steps by the river, a corpse smolders on a litter of straw and sticks. Auspicious corpse: to burn on this holiest of days, to mingle its smoke with the sacred smoke of the god's birthday party.

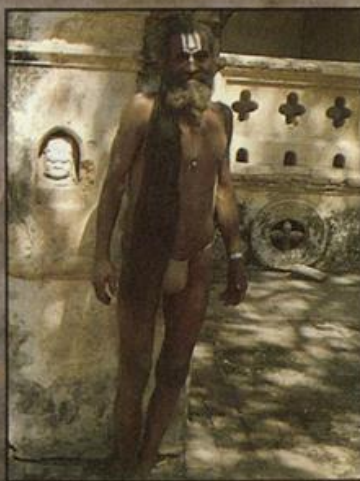
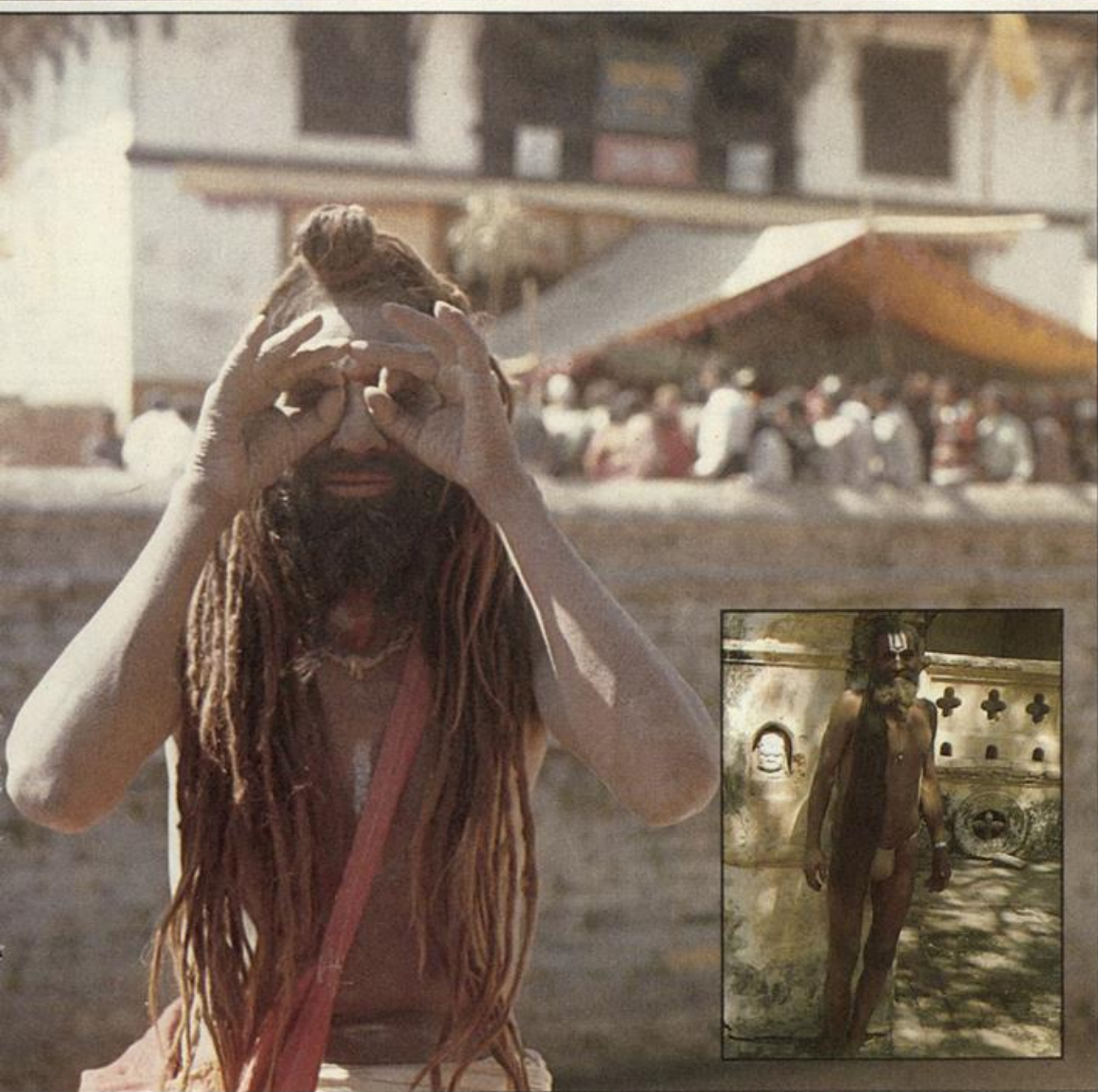
It is Lord Shiva's birthday this day. Shiva, the outlaw god: god of high mountains, hashish, the pipe, the dream; inventor, legend has it, of the chillum, the trumpet-shaped clay pipe used by sadhus and by young Westerners in the East.

How far back in time does that go? Nobody knows. These temple buildings at Pashupati are comparatively new, for Asia: a mere three or four hundred years old. But for how long has this been a shrine, a holy place? For how many hundreds or thousands of years have pilgrims come here from Nepal and all across India on this new-

moon week in February to celebrate the birthday of Shiva? Again, no one pretends to know... time beyond measure, beyond counting.

When Shiva's first wife Sita died, the grief-stricken god (Indian gods, like Greek gods, are a strange blend of the divine and the human) carried her decaying corpse across India and Nepal. Pieces of the decaying corpse of the goddess fell here and there, and each funereal spot became sanctified, holy ground. Sita's vagina fell quite close to Pashupati, at Bijeswori, and there is another Shivaite temple there... another lurid piece of Hindu





mythology signifying, historically, who knows what? An ancient earth-mother cult, submerged in the dense fabric of macho Hinduism? Some long-forgotten, conquered queendom?

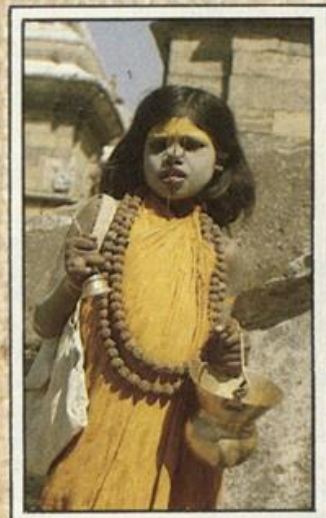
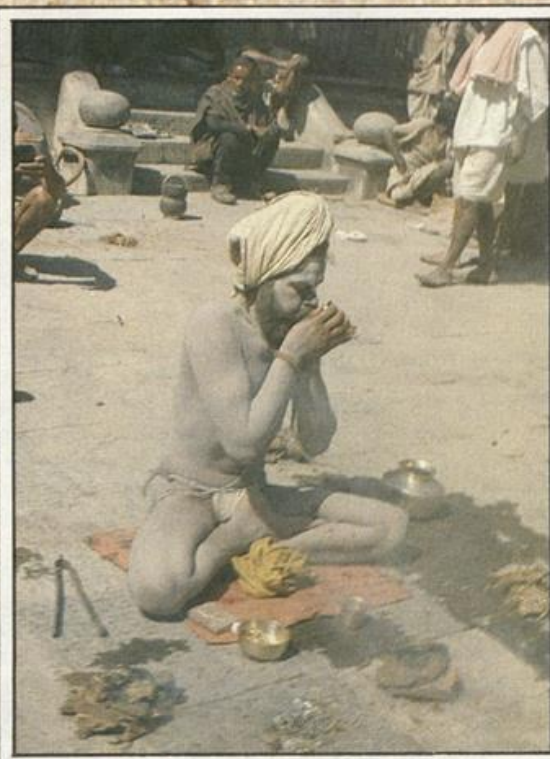
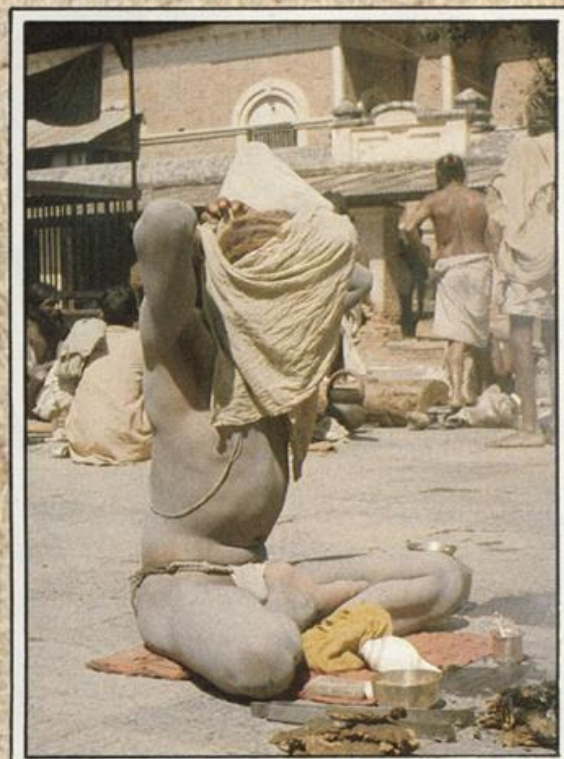
Time has long since transmuted fact into legend, events into dreamlike phantoms of myth: the dream world, eternal, in which these smoking, dreaming followers of Lord Shiva dwell....

The body by the river is really burning now, flames flapping in the dry air: the insubstantiality of existence, of earthly life. A cheerfully mad sadhu, totally stoned, whirls a dizzy dervish dance before a Loony Tunes orchestra of saints booming away on harmonium, conches, drums and tridents: a fitting birthday salute to the holy god of ganja and divine madness.

Up the hill, by the temple entrance, a sadhu has had himself buried completely, except for one bony arm and hand. The hand holds a *mala*, a rosary, and the disembodied fingers click off prayers. He has been buried, an on-looker tells me, since early morning; it is now midafternoon. The earth over the sadhu's body is packed hard, hard as a rock.

"How does he breathe down there?"

The sadhu's *chela*, or acolyte, collecting coins from the crowd, laughs: a happy, smoky laugh. "With Lord Shiva, all things are possible," he says. And adds, puffing at his chillum: "It is magic! The magic that comes through the pipe!" ☐



Photos by D. Young



ANARCHY

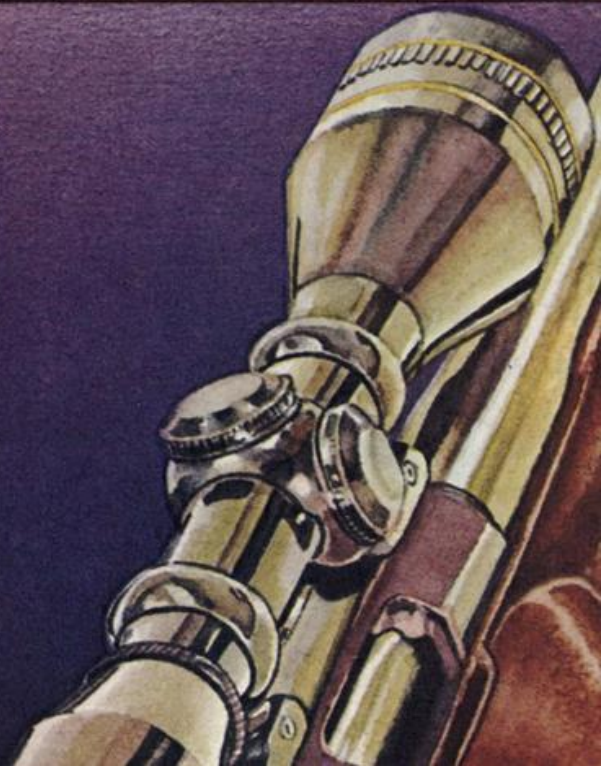
The word "anarchy" summons up in most people's minds terrible images fraught with fire, explosions and fear. But like marijuana in the 1920s and '30s, the philosophy of anarchism has been given a bum rap. So bad has been the smear campaign against this philosophy and its adherents that even today it is a taboo subject in classrooms, like sex and drugs.

Not coincidentally, anarchism in the United States was suppressed during the early part of this century by the same people who warred against pot. In 1920, Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer ordered a wholesale roundup of "all anarchists and reds." He gave a young law-enforcement official named J. Edgar Hoover carte blanche to carry out a nationwide series of raids. Hoover was able to make a name for himself as a tough cookie, riding the national sentiment of

xenophobia into the immigrant ghettos in a score of American cities, smashing down doors of slum tenements, searching room to room for dangerous, foreign-accented "subversives."

Hoover used statewide "red alerts" and midnight attacks to eventually round up over 6,000 people, mostly poor Eastern European immigrants. Palmer, "The Fighting Quaker" (as the yellow press dubbed its hero), ordered them all deported. When a bomb exploded in front of Palmer's house in protest, his nickname changed to "The Quaking Fighter." Nonetheless, all 6,000 deportees were loaded onto an old leaky freighter and shipped off to Russia.

From that time, the fear and hoopla whipped up by zealous bureaucrats and a sensation-mongering press was embedded in the public consciousness, not unlike the big pot scares. The true picture of





The forbidden philosophy

by Rex Weiner

Arthur Thompson

anarchism was hopelessly obscured in the inflamed prejudices of headlines and hysterical legislation. In some states today it remains a crime to display the anarchists' black flag. The misunderstanding of anarchist philosophy did not begin in the '20s, however.

There was a time when anarchy seemed to hold the world by the throat, when the word "anarchist" struck greater terror in the establishment heart than SLA, PLO or Weatherman. Mothers warned their naughty children to behave, or else: "The anarchists will get you!"

It was the turn of the century, the years from about 1880 to the beginning of World War I in 1914. Automobiles were putt-putting; flying machines, telephones, phonographs and modern art were appearing; skyscrapers were changing the face of the earth. People in high-button shoes struggled to keep up with the sud-

den torrent of information and ideas unleashed by the final eruptions of the Industrial Revolution. They were accustomed to a quiet, provincial life, and now every villager's doorstep opened up to the political and cultural ferment of Paris, Berlin, New York, London, Barcelona, Moscow and Rome.

Into "La Belle Epoch" jumped the woolly-headed anarchists. They had a disturbing habit of engaging in random, deadly violence. In 1882, a bomb was tossed into the crowded Bellecourt Theater in Lyons, France, killing many people. A young anarchist named Cyvogt was arrested and imprisoned for life. At his trial, he declared, "Long live the revolution! Long live anarchy! Long live dynamite! Bunch of idiots!"

In 1886, Charles Gallo smashed a jug of searing acid on the floor of the Paris Stock Exchange. At his trial, Gallo preached

anarchist philosophy for over an hour. That same year, on May 4, thousands of striking workers gathered in Chicago's Haymarket Square to protest the shooting of some comrades the day before. The cops charged in with truncheons. Somebody tossed a bomb. Police and workers were killed. Eight known anarchists were jailed (although evidence exists that it was a frame-up).

A man named Ravachol became an anarchist saint. He set off two bombs in Paris in 1892 that didn't kill anybody. His *modus operandi* earned him much acclaim. He was seeking revenge against two magistrates who had sentenced other anarchists to jail. Ravachol took the bombs to the buildings where the intended victims lived, but not knowing what floors they lived on he just placed the explosives anywhere. After blowing out a few stories of the buildings, Ravachol declared at his trial that it didn't matter who he might have killed, since everyone in the buildings was a bourgeois, a member of the guilty middle class. A popular song of the time went:

Let's all dance the Ravachol
Explosions forever! Explosions forever!
Let's all dance the Ravachol
The bourgeoisie's gonna taste that bomb
And then all the bourgeois will be blown to bits!

In 1893, bombs tore apart a theater in Barcelona one evening while the glittering audience was watching a performance of *William Tell*. Twenty were killed. A bomb filled with nails blew up on the floor of the Paris Chamber of Deputies. No one was killed, but anarchist Auguste Vaillant was guillotined anyway. A week later, 18-year-old Emile Henry pitched a bomb into the café of a railroad station at rush hour. "I wanted to kill," the young man told newspapers, "and not just to wound like Vaillant. I hoped for 15 dead and 20 wounded. Unfortunately, only one person was killed." He too was guillotined.

Shortly thereafter, an Italian anarchist named Caserio jumped into the carriage of French president Carnot and stabbed him to death. At Caserio's trial, the prosecutor warned the judge that, if freed, Caserio would probably return to Italy and murder the king and the pope. "Not both at once," disagreed Caserio. "They never go out together."

The anarchists' final campaign aimed at murdering heads of state. King Umberto of Italy, Prime Minister Castillo of Spain, Empress Elizabeth of Austria and, in 1901, President McKinley were all killed by anarchists. The assassins knew full well that these killings would not immediately achieve the anarchist goal: total eradication of government. Instead, they called these acts "propaganda by deed," much like the modern Weather Underground's bombings, which have had more symbolic value than real effect.

The fact that bombs and assassinations

were striking fear into the hearts of Russia, Europe, England and America gave rise to the terrible myth of the "Black International" as a worldwide anarchist conspiracy. Although an anarchist congress did manage to meet, once, in London in 1881, the international aspect of anarchist terrorism was more attributable to the mass emigrations of those times and to the new and faster modes of available transportation.

Nearly 20 years of "propaganda by deed" made anarchism even more hated than communism. The random violence convinced people that anarchists wanted

Anarchism in the U.S. was suppressed during the early part of this century by the very same people who warred against pot.

nothing more than to level the entire civilized world to the ground. "Anarchy," thundered Scottish essayist Thomas Carlyle, "is the choking, sweltering, deadly and killing rule of no rule; the consecration of cupidity and the braying of folly and dim stupidity and baseness in most affairs of men."

And Carlyle was being kind, compared to the cold blasts aimed by some others at the subject. Which was unfortunate, because the basic aspects of anarchist philosophy were being obscured in the smoke and dust of gelignite, black powder and blood.

Anarchism is the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government—harmony in such society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between various groups, territorial and professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, as also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of civilized beings."

—Pierre Joseph Proudhon

In other words, rather than having a government telling me not to steal your car or burn you on a dope deal, it's just you and me agreeing those things won't happen. And in a society based on anarchism, if those things did happen, instead of calling the cops (cops, naturally, wouldn't exist) you could come after me yourself with a baseball bat.

That is why true anarchism is so difficult to achieve, although many have tried. True anarchism demands an almost saintlike trust in human nature, a belief that humanity is, way down deep, good. It

is ironic that every one of those turn-of-the-century bombers professed to carry this heartfelt idealism, even as they were wreaking havoc and death.

This combination of idealism and fanaticism has given anarchism an air of religiosity. The idea that humankind should obey laws more spiritual than secular can be traced back to such early Christian heretic sects as the Albigensians and Gnostics, secret groups that rejected worldly laws and values. Religion fired the Muntzer peasant revolts in 1525 in Germany and the Dutch Anabaptist and Hussite repudiations of state law in the 1530s.

Gerrard Winstanley, an English clergyman, founded the Diggers in 1649 as a communal sect that advocated following only the law of Christ and rejected all other authority as corrupt and private property as evil. The Diggers actually seized land for redistribution to the poor but were crushed by the army. Some of the same libertarian spirit was passed on to the Puritans, who sailed away from the restrictions of the English state to form their own community in the New World.

The basis for anarchist philosophy was first articulated in the eighteenth century, the Age of Enlightenment, by Thomas Hobbes, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and William Godwin. Hobbes and Rousseau examined the nature of government and advanced the revolutionary theory of the social contract: government exists only because people agree to maintain such a structure for their own welfare. Consequently, if the government is harmful to the community, the people have a natural right to reform or abolish that government. Rousseau developed the idea that people, freed from the restraints and interference of government, would revert to their natural state of goodness. He coined the phrase "the noble savage" and wrote that "man was born free and is everywhere in chains."

Godwin, a former minister, argued that "society is nothing more than an aggregate of individuals" and that "there is no such disparity among the human race, as to enable one man to hold several other men in subjection, except so far as they are willing to be subject." Godwin rejected all forms of government and proposed instead a loose confederation of communities bound together by mutual consent. Within these communities the only law would be agreements freely reached among individuals: formal marriage, for example, was considered by Godwin to be an irksome restraint on individual freedom. (Godwin's daughter, Mary, was also quite liberated: she married the poet Percy Shelley and wrote *Frankenstein*.) Godwin was even against concerts and theater, because their structure forced men and women to perform under the restraint of another person's musical composition or speak someone else's words instead of their own.

The term anarchism (derived from the Greek word *anarchos*, which means "rulerless") was first applied to a comprehensive social doctrine by the Frenchman Pierre Joseph Proudhon. Born in 1809, Proudhon was the son of an innkeeper. He was largely self-educated and by trade a printer. He moved to Paris in 1839 and soon afterward published his famous essay "What Is Property?" Proudhon's answer to that question: "Property is theft." Becoming one of the foremost radical thinkers of his time, Proudhon played an active role in the short-lived Paris revolt of 1848. He died in 1865, having written many of the basic doctrines of the anarchist movement.

Central to Proudhon's theories was the idea of "mutualism." This meant the free cooperation of people in the management of all aspects of society. He envisioned an ideal lifestyle where everyone got what they worked for. People would live in small, free communities, running their own affairs not by rule of law but by voluntary effort. Associations of workers and tradespeople would take the place of armies and police, responding as vigilante groups to internal and external threats and to natural emergencies much the way small-town volunteer fire fighters do. Crime would be minimized because the lack of repressive laws and the eradication of unequal property holdings would remove the reasons for which people commit crimes. Proudhon also worked out a system of currency involving a central bank where goods could be exchanged at cost by means of labor checks representing hours of labor required to produce a given commodity.

Although this might sound like communism or socialism, there is a distinct difference. In socialism and communism, people are organized to serve the interests of the state. The socialist state is based on the involvement of large numbers of people in a giant bureaucracy. The communist state is run by the "dictatorship of the proletariat," as Karl Marx wrote. But with anarchism, there is no state. It's every man and woman for themselves.

Communists and socialists have always clashed with anarchists over ideology. Perhaps the biggest antagonists in the history of these movements were Karl Marx and Mikhail Bakunin. The latter was a massively built, full-bearded, passionate Russian who throughout his lifetime (1814-1876) ranged all over Europe creating the archetypal anarchist character. He took part in no less than five attempted revolutions and helped create the myth of the international secret anarchist conspiracy.

Bakunin was best described by his friend, Alexander Herzen, who tells of how the revolutionist was on his way by carriage from Paris to Prague when he happened upon a revolt of German peasants who were "making an

uproar around the castle, not knowing what to do. Bakunin got out of his conveyance and, without wasting any time to find out what the dispute was about, formed the peasants into ranks and instructed them so skillfully that by the time he resumed his seat to continue his journey, the castle was burning on all four sides."

He was continually broke and always mooching off the generosity of the Russian-exile community in Paris. He traveled around Europe with pockets full of rumors of impending revolutions and a heady air of secrecy and clandestine

Proudhon answered the question "What is property?" with the most famous anarchist slogan of all time: "Property is theft."

operations. Most of it existed purely in Bakunin's imagination, but it was enough to fire the enthusiasm of others. For a time his reputation suffered when he accepted an advance to write a Russian translation of Marx's *Capital* and failed to produce the work. He was also taken in by a bold young Russian named Nechaev, who claimed to be an agent of a vast underground revolutionary network in Russia but was actually a somewhat demented and treacherous adventurer. Their collaboration produced a brilliant work on terrorism still studied by revolutionaries around the world called the *Revolutionary Catechism*. In it was coined the phrase "The urge to destroy is a creative urge." Bakunin was forced to renounce Nechaev, however, after it became obvious that the younger man had fatally betrayed several Russian comrades.

Bakunin clashed with Marx over the communist theory that society must necessarily evolve through a period of state socialism before the revolutionary process was completed. Bakunin had no patience for that. He wanted the world and he wanted it now, and to that end he and his followers (calling themselves "antiauthoritarians") plotted and argued until tossed out of the First International by Marx in 1872.

Bakunin died four years later, leaving behind the term "Bakuninism" to describe his anarchist followers. His legend was carried forward into history by the wild anarchists of the last part of the century.

Another giant of anarchism, and also a Russian exile, was Prince Peter Kropotkin. Born into Russian nobility in 1842, Kropotkin was educated in the elite universities of St. Petersburg, joined the army, became a geographer and, while on a trip to Switzerland in 1872, met Bakunin. At the time, Bakunin was helping to



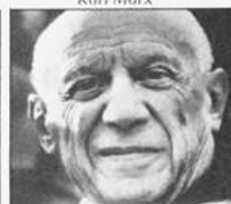
Jean Cocteau



Karl Marx



J. Edgar Hoover



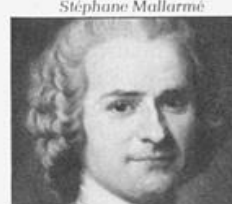
Pablo Picasso



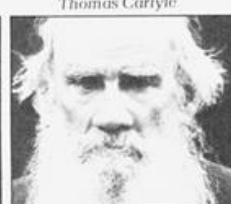
Stéphane Mallarmé



Thomas Carlyle



Jean Jacques Rousseau



Leo Tolstoy



Michael Gordon



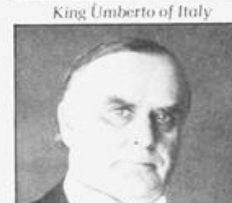
Michelangelo Antonioni



King Umberto of Italy



Prince Peter Kropotkin



William McKinley



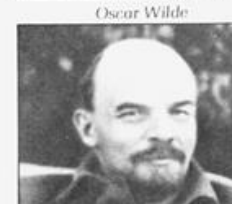
Benito Mussolini



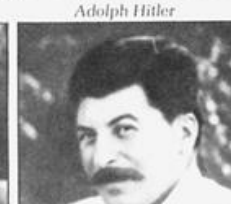
Oscar Wilde



Adolph Hitler



Nikolai Lenin



Joseph Stalin

Photos of Cocteau, Marx, Hoover: Wide World. All other photos, Bettmann Archive

organize the Swiss watchmakers of the Jura Valley into an anarchist cooperative. Kropotkin was impressed and became involved with revolutionary politics. Back in Russia, he was thrown into jail for speaking revolutionary propaganda.

Kropotkin escaped and joined the Russian-exile community in London. Until the outbreak of the Bolshevik Revolution, Kropotkin turned out a steady stream of anarchist literature that became classics. In *The Conquest of Bread*, published in 1888, he turned his scientific mind toward the evolutionary theories of Darwin and used them to promote his idea of the inevitability of the anarchist society. When the Bolsheviks overthrew the czar in 1917, Kropotkin hurried back to Russia with high hopes, only to be disillusioned and disgusted with Lenin and his "gangsters." He lived out his days in a small village near Moscow and died in 1921.

Kropotkin's admirers included many artists and writers. His countryman Tolstoy, author of *War and Peace*, endorsed a form of anarchism based on early Christianity and tried to put it into practice on his estate, taking the radical step of teaching the peasants how to read. Other anarchists were the French painters Camille Pissarro and Paul Signac, who contributed artwork and essays to anarchist magazines. Signac defined an anarchist painter as one who fought "with all his individuality, with a personal effort against bourgeois and official conventions." Pablo Picasso, at this time, was also sympathetic to the anarchist movement. The poet Mallarmé took the freedom espoused by anarchism into the Symbolist movement he created.

In England, Oscar Wilde wrote in his book, *The Soul of Man under Socialism*, that anarchists and artists shared the same need for absolute individual freedom. "A map of the world," wrote Wilde, "that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing." Wilde also endorsed a petition protesting the arrest of the American anarchists in the Chicago Haymarket bombing.

Just prior to World War I, anarchism infused the creative ferment stirring artistic circles all over Europe. Dadaists, Surrealists, Symbolists, all flowed in the same antiestablishment stream. Films by Jean Vigo and Jean Cocteau injected anarchism into the cinema, kicking off a tradition of revolutionary filmmaking that continues today in the work of Godard, Antonioni, Altman and others.

But if Europe, particularly Paris, was a hotbed of prewar anarchism, the movement was also taking hold in the United States. America has always had a strong tradition of individualism, if not outright anarchy. Native American tribes, dwelling in forests, plains, mountains and deserts, practiced communalism. While actually bound by fairly rigid sets of rules

and taboos, governed by chiefs, tribal councils and loose federations, the Native American was an inspiring example of individual integrity and freedom. The first settlers in the new land adopted the Indian example. "Elbow room!" cried Daniel Boone, and other pioneers, pushing westward in a search for an unfettered existence.

In the West especially the anarchic spirit was embodied in the fabled adventures of mountain men, cowboys, gunslingers and outlaws. "To live outside the law you must be honest," wrote latter-day

In 1920, with the Russian Revolution won, Lenin finally turned to the task of wiping out his competition; the anarchists were crushed.

outlaw Bob Dylan. No wonder the International Workers of the World (the "Wobblies") first began organizing in the western coalfields and railroad gangs. The IWW embodied many of the radical crosscurrents of the late nineteenth century, including anarchism and syndicalism (the union-organizing effort). Even today, many old-timers still can recall those IWW days of "Free Tom Mooney," Big Bill Haywood and "One Big Union."

The most visible anarchist in America at that time was Emma Goldman. Labeled "Red Emma," she traversed the country espousing the radical cause. In 1892, Goldman and her lover, Alexander Berkman, plotted the assassination of one of America's richest industrialists, Henry Clay Frick. It was to be a protest against the bloody strikebreaking enforced by Frick at his Pennsylvania mines. At the time, Goldman and Berkman and a young Russian painter lived together in a ménage à trois. They were very poor; Goldman supported the household through her part-time work as a seamstress. Still, they hadn't enough money to buy the pistol to carry out the deed. Goldman even tried a short but unsuccessful stint as a streetwalker on 14th Street in New York. Eventually, they got the money together, and Berkman invaded the office of Frick, shooting him once in the neck. The wound was not fatal, however, and Berkman was locked up for 14 years.

Goldman was a student of Johann Most, a German anarchist who was very fond of bomb making. But after the assassination attempt Goldman turned away from direct violence and became a highly effective writer, theorizer, organizer and orator. Especially the latter. Those who heard her speak at rallies in the early 1900s said that her style and force were

powerful stuff. The police thought so too and arrested her many times. Her politics covered the range of things that today are still part of the radical's platform: living in communes, abolition of marriage, tearing down the prisons, and women's rights to birth control, abortion and choosing lovers.

Emma Goldman's definition of anarchism was this: "The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary."

When Berkman was released from jail, he and Goldman set up offices on East 13th Street in New York and began the anarchist magazine called *Mother Earth*. In 1916, Goldman was thrown into jail for 12 days for advocating contraception. In 1917, she spoke out against America's entry into World War I, leading huge anticonscription rallies and stating that "if America enters the war to make the world safe for democracy, she must first make democracy safe in America." For her antiwar efforts she was sentenced to two years in jail and a \$100,000 fine.

When the "Soviet Ark," a ship carrying 6,000 people swept up in the Palmer Raids, departed for Russia in 1920, Goldman and Berkman were among the passengers. In Russia, Goldman was happy to observe the results of a real revolution. But what she saw soon sickened her as much as it had Kropotkin. It wasn't long before she and Berkman were in trouble with Lenin for their criticism of his authoritarian rule. They both left for London after only a short time in the "worker's paradise."

Goldman wrote in London what is perhaps the best memoir of a radical, *Living My Life*. Into late age she continued to act on her beliefs, denouncing Hitler and the fascists, aiding the anarchists in Spain during the civil war. While raising funds in Canada for Spain, in 1940, Goldman suffered a fatal stroke. She was buried in Chicago beside the Haymarket martyrs.

Emma Goldman was a major figure in a part of history that many Americans would rather forget about. While men like Palmer and Hoover whipped up the public hysteria about the "red menace," a number of laws were passed that directly contradicted the Constitution and caused untold misery for thousands of people during the '20s and '30s. The Sedition Act of 1918 made it illegal to say or publish anything that criticized the government in any way. Parts of this law were still in existence until only recently. But their effect was epitomized by the trial and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, two Italian anarchists living in Boston who were accused in 1920 of having robbed and killed a shoe company's paymaster. Their trial lasted seven years, gaining worldwide support for the defendants.

(continued on page 101)

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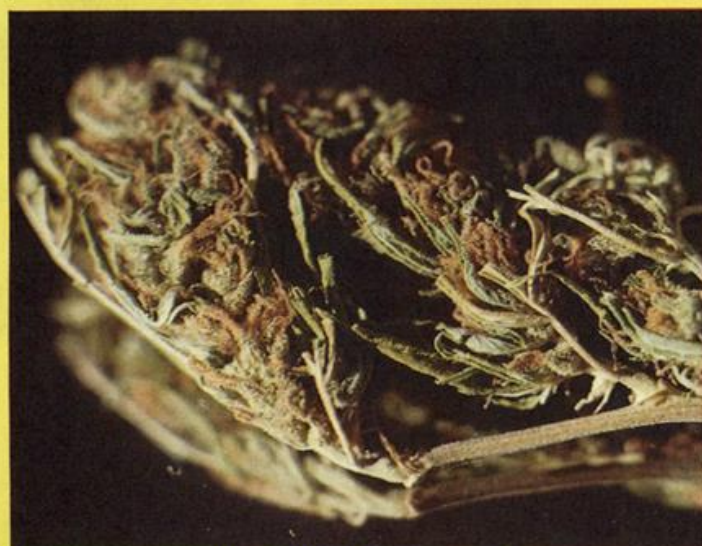
Oh, autumn, season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, when dope plants droop heavy in the harvest sun, their branches laden with clusters of buds sweet and wondrous. Like these fat, tangy buds, hand-picked at the



California homegrown (Hawaiian seeds)



Gorgeous gold Colombian import



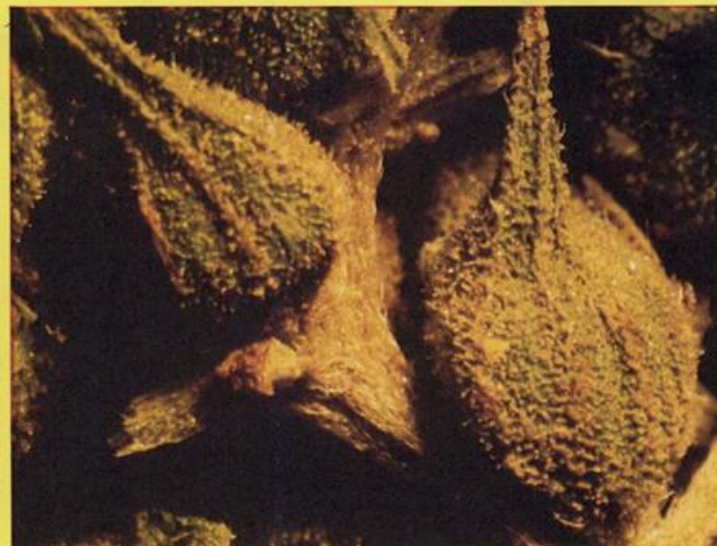
Rare Colombian sinsemilla



Gold Colombian close-up

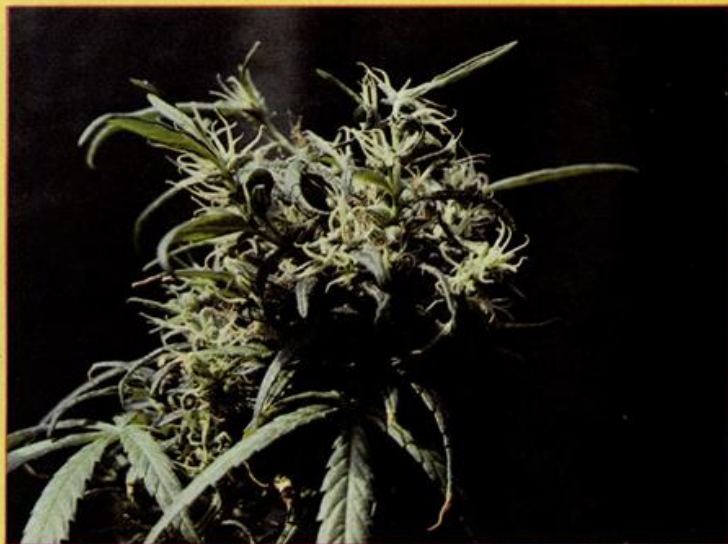


Thai sans seeds



Heart of domestic Hawaiian

choicest moment and presented here glowing with stoned powers. The superpotent November beauties below are both succulent and select: this month's "Stash" collection is truly *budstin'* out. When you say buds, you've really said it all!



Finest Florida-grown sinsemilla



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Tenth-generation Hawaiian



Gold Colombian frappé ■

Culture
Hero

George Clinton

Cosmic funk father, soul leader of the black acid movement
and most high supremest player in the Parliament Funkadelic universe.
He has seen the future, and it is funky

by Charlie Frick

George Clinton, the Cosmic Funk Father and head of the post-Jimi Hendrix black acid movement (BAM), fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the power of positive funk. Along with the other members of the Parliament-Funkadelic mob, George wields the sword of truth in an attempt to subdue, subvert and submerge the forces of intergalactic jivation and corporate riffraff. BAM is the black, '70s answer to the white acid-rock movement of the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane in the '60s.

Onstage at Madison Square Garden, past the flame throwers, smoke makers, ice machines and other assorted space-age effects of Clinton's touring tower of babel, the seats are packed with the residents of chocolate city and its vanilla suburbs. In P-parlance (the language of P-Funk) they are Maggot Brains and Geebies, dedicated followers of the funk, members of the United Maggots of Funkadelia, devoted to the preservation of the Funkadelic Invasion Force. Street blacks mingle with \$1,000-a-day players and their ladies. For them and many other space blacks and psychedelised bumpers, George is the only cosmic newscaster able to communicate with them in their own language, a mixture of street black and rock talk, with a heavy helping of cosmic slop.

As the members of the mob gear up for the show, the air backstage becomes thick with the smell of herbs burning and greasepaint. George is reminiscing back ten years to the Summer of Love. At that time he was the head of the Parliaments (remember "I Just Wanna Testify"?), a fairly successful R&B group from New Jersey, originally known as the Positive Nuisance from Plainfield. 1967 brings them to Boston, a center of the counter-culture. Clinton tunes in, turns on, drops acid and drops out of the stereotyped mold of the band on the road.

"Acid is something the master program just dropped into the game to liberate ourselves. Man, sheeit! I used to fly across the country to cop good acid. It got to the point where I was able to take seven or eight tabs, and nothing would work anymore but the speed. We were taking it every day. The group was composing and performing on acid. That's what liberated the whole funkadelic concept. We could imitate all aspects of reality—some of them might frighten people or make them laugh, some of them might go against their taboos, but all of it is valid.

"We would get onstage, all trippin' and shit, and we'd see that it really didn't make no difference, 'cause the kids in the audience were so tripped out themselves that they didn't care. They couldn't tell if we stopped, started or what song we were into.

"Sometimes some misguided dude in the audience spikes the whole party with PCP or some really bad shit like that. I can



"Acid is something the master program just dropped into the game to liberate ourselves!"

feel that vibe in the audience; it's a deathly vibe and you have to *really* waltz with them people. The downs and the smack? Yeah, down on the smack and all of the downer drugs. The government is giving us behavior-modifying drugs. They don't want us to experience it like we are doing now—you know, wide open and loose. You know *they* made it impure and started selling it. They fucked it up real good.

"That's why I say there's got to be a new drug, a drug of the mind, and that's what we consider P-Funk.

"People is really suffering from the Placebo Syndrome. The system says that you have a set time to live and die, and in between they want you to buy, get fat and die. They is just *pimping on your pleasure principle*. They got their scientists and computers all zeroed in on making money, and that's all. They describe happiness as all the pleasurable shit they'll show to you, then tell you that you got to work for the system to get them.

"When people get into the funk, like it frees their mind, and their ass just naturally follows. When everybody connects on the one, the one rhythm of the universe, that's the power that nothing can't stop."

But acid isn't the only influence on the P-Funk philosophy. A series of strange UFO sightings and contacts by members of the band over the years was to change the future of the funk. At the turn of the decade George and former James Brown wonder-kid bassist Bootsy Collins were driving down a deserted country highway late one night after a concert when their car was struck by a beam of light from an unknown source. George's head was zapped with the vision of the Mothership Connection.

"At that time, black music was com-

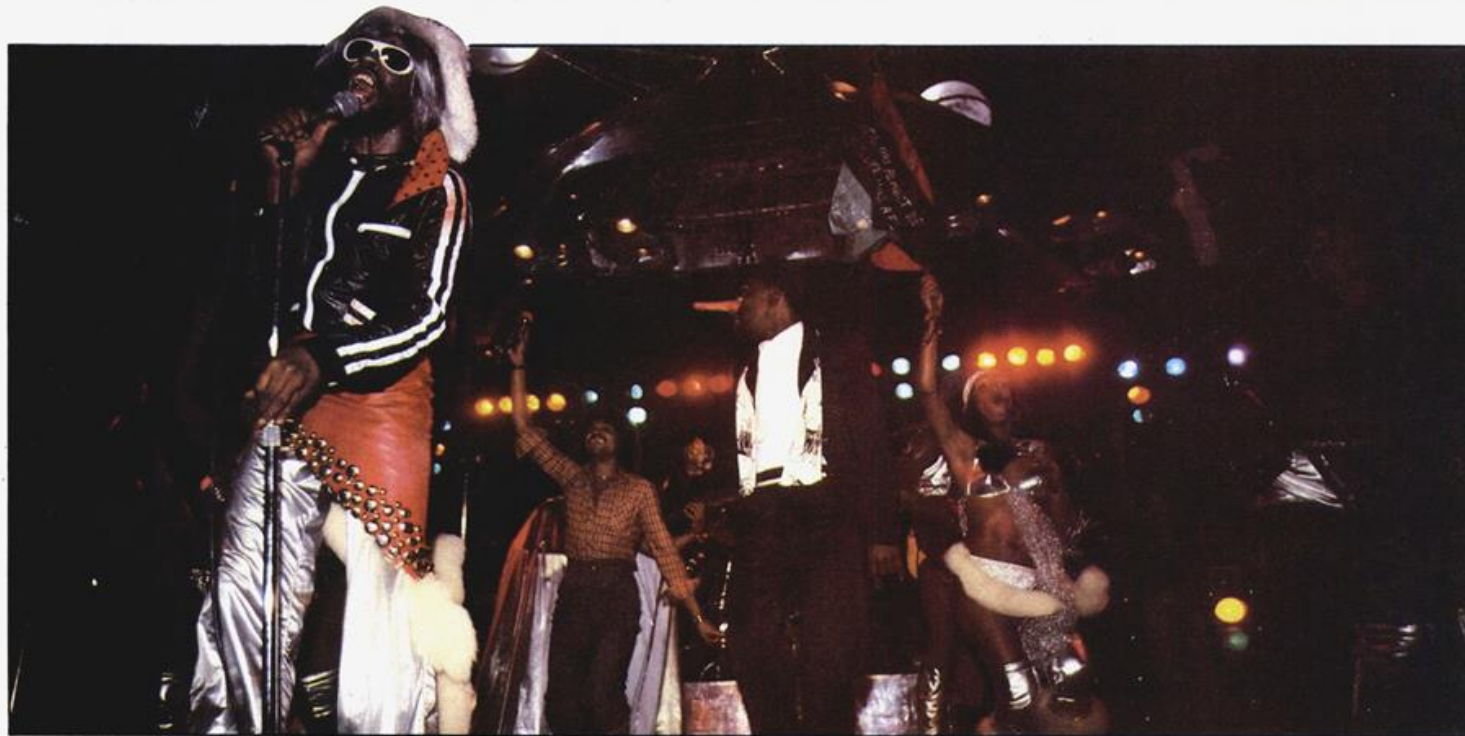
mercial—period," George explains while suiting up for his appearance onstage. "Any situation we could put a black in other than just straight-out pimpin' and dopin' would be very new and sell. Especially with the power of the funk behind it. I was always into science fiction anyway, so I figured to put a nigger on a spaceship was commercially just as smart.

"A lot of that consciousness came from acid, too. A lot of the white kids were eager to trip off into hippism, which was being black, being funky, partying, hanging loose all of the time, havin' fun, being poor. Then all of a sudden Jimi Hendrix comes on the scene, the supernigger fronting a white acid-rock band and taking trips to other planets and solar systems. It was the electric age when we experienced the drug before they got to it."

Another close encounter did not have such fortunate results. Lead guitar player Eddie Hazel was getting stoned in the bathroom of an airplane while returning from a concert. When he returned to his seat and looked out the window he saw a UFO off the wing of the plane. The ship beamed him out of his seat and into the starship. He was later returned to his seat on the plane but was understandably upset. A stewardess and an air marshal tried to calm him down, but he thought they were sauceroids. He bit the stewardess on the neck and drew a one-year jail term.

The combined forces of the Parliaments and the Funkadelics—former James Brown horn men Fred Welseley and Maceo Parker and the hot horny horns—lay down a heavy instrumental groove as the plastic, silver-plated, inflatable pimp-mobile is wheeled onstage. Out steps Clinton dressed in a floor-length white ermine coat. Following him out of the car comes Parlet and the Brides of Funkenstein, a bevy of slippery, shining, bumping beauties. They enact the legend of Funkentelechy vs. the Placebo syndrome, a space-age high-noon cosmic Western that pits the forces of evil (Sir Nose D'Void of Funk, Darth Vader with a heavy dose of R&B, master of the zero funkativity vibe and spreader of the Placebo Syndrome) against the Star Child, pilot of the Mothership Connection, Dr. Funkenstein's head earthly clone.

The Good Ship P-Funk revs up its twin engines and backs slowly out of its berth in the harbor near Clinton's new dream studio in a remote section of the industrial warehouse section of Miami, Florida. Aboard are several high-ranking officials in the intergalactic funk organization—Bootsy, Big Daddy Electric, Bumptusi and the Atomic Butt, Danooga the God of Reefer, Great Greasy the soul-food loa and a handful of suntanned bikini-clad Hyperbolic Strumpets. Under George's arm are the final-mix



tapes of his latest project, *One Nation under a Groove*, slated for release this fall on Warner Records. With the album in the can, it's time for some rest, relaxation and partying. Besides, George loves deep-sea fishing in the Bermuda Triangle.

The water is deep blue with the blazing Miami sun reflecting off the whitecaps. The boat cruises out of the harbor then kicks in the jet thrusters and raises up out of the water on its hydrofoils. Picking up speed and heading into the unknown. Clinton puts the tapes on the boat's sound system and turns up the volume.

Champagne bottles are uncorked, there's a lot of backslapping and congratulations. George has just cranked out another album that's destined to go gold or platinum in a very short time. That's all he makes, gold records, and the record companies love him for it.

"When Bootsy gets a hit or we get a hit," Clinton reflects, "believe you me, as soon as them suckers behind the desks see us comin' up with another monster hit, their dicks get hard."

Heading northeast past the coast of Bimini, within an hour we are well within the Bermuda Triangle, over an area where the undersea floor is scattered with the forgotten remains of a lost civilization. It's a place of mystery and fear. For many years the triangle has been suspected to be the secret underwater base for UFOs. It was also one of the favorite fishing spots of the late senator from Harlem, Adam Clayton Powell III. George is standing in the front of the ship, eyes cast into the shimmering reflection on the horizon.

George takes a long pull on a spliff and then laughs a hearty belly laugh. "It gets really subtle out here sometimes. I think that it's some kind of magnetic trip that we get turned into. It just seems to light up the light bulb of ideas real good. I can just

"No need to riot in the street, just riot in your head. Burn down the designs in your mind; you can refresh that."

smoke this joint and it'll have the same effect like good coke do.

"We come out here to party with the dolphins and the UFOs. Lots of UFOs out here, so many that it's like taking acid and not taking acid. They dance right across the sky in front of the boat like they don't care that we are watching them. They look like they is going to the store for a six-pack, then they'll be comin' back again the other way, flyin' right across the sky over there. Sheeit! You can be out here and see so many of them that you'll say, well they is just meteorites or falling stars or some trip like that. Shit, stars don't fall up! They don't fall fuckin' sideways, do they?"

"A lot of time we'd be out here and a whole school of dolphins will hang around and party with us. They'll follow us all the way into the harbor. We is really in tune with them dudes, whoever they is. That's what I'm working on next—gonna call it Dol-Funk. We is going to take the Mothership Connection underwater here for the next album and the next road show. We are going to vibrate Atlantis to the surface and connect the continents. That's the ultimate power of the funk. It'll be the greatest bumpathon ever. Gonna call it the Motor Booty Affair. Gonna be all kinds of trips comin' down real soon, a whole army of dudes called Rump of Steel Skin—they got bombs in their ass that explode when they bump with you."

His gaze focused on a twinkling set of lights hovering near the horizon. The boat was slowing down, dropping the anchor 30 miles inside the triangle. The party had just started to get rolling; the music cranked up to full volume; heavy guitar jams and chanting could be heard on the stereo.

"Ain't no need to panic," says George. "No need to riot in the street, just riot in your head. Burn down the architects and the designs in your mind, 'cause you can always refresh that."

"Reality isn't constricted as much as they want you to believe it is. Thinking ain't illegal yet. You got to relax, question and experience. Don't panic, there is a definite need to be aware. When you become aware, your brain begins to grow itself and can defend itself."

"UFO is only the next step in the liberation of the mind. The electricity that stayed is what the acid ignited. All that is focused into leaving the planet now."

"We got to do it on our own, because that corporate money-making consciousness is in a hurry to have us actin' like mummies and actin' robotically. Eventually you'll have a few corporations and they will figure out a way to eliminate all of the stockholders. They are going to narrow them motherfuckers right out. They don't need no partners..."

The lights on the horizon had moved closer to the boat and were now hovering about a mile and a half off the port side. The partygoers on the boat stopped dancing and rushed to the rail to gaze at the airborne light show. George was smiling, taking a long drag on his spliff, as the speakers blasted his voice a hundred times into the supercharged night air: "Think—it ain't illegal yet/A mind is a terrible thing to waste/So free your mind and your ass will follow." ■

EXPOSE MYSELF?
Why not,
if I know what
I'm doing.

Sure, it's easy to close yourself off to experience, cover up, withdraw from life. Safe.

But I choose life. I want to open up to sights, sounds, tastes, smells, feelings... That's why I expose myself to drugs... sometimes. Let's face it, who doesn't.

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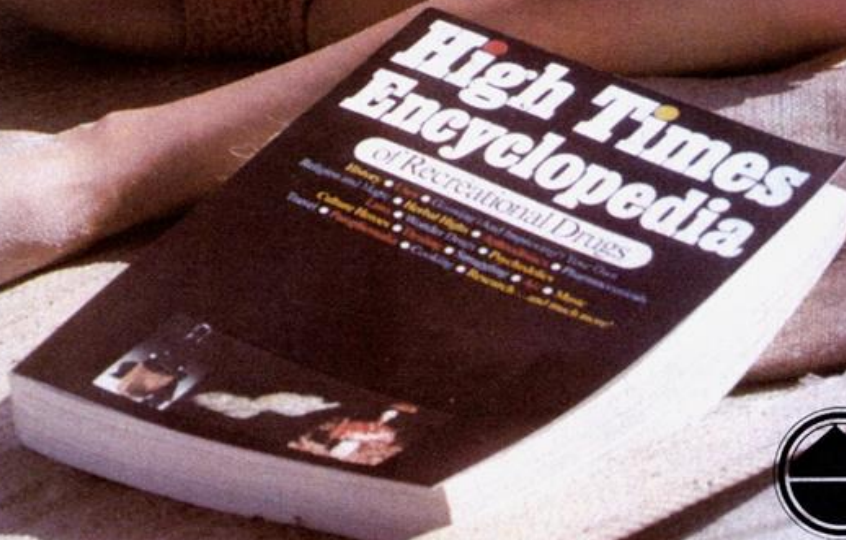
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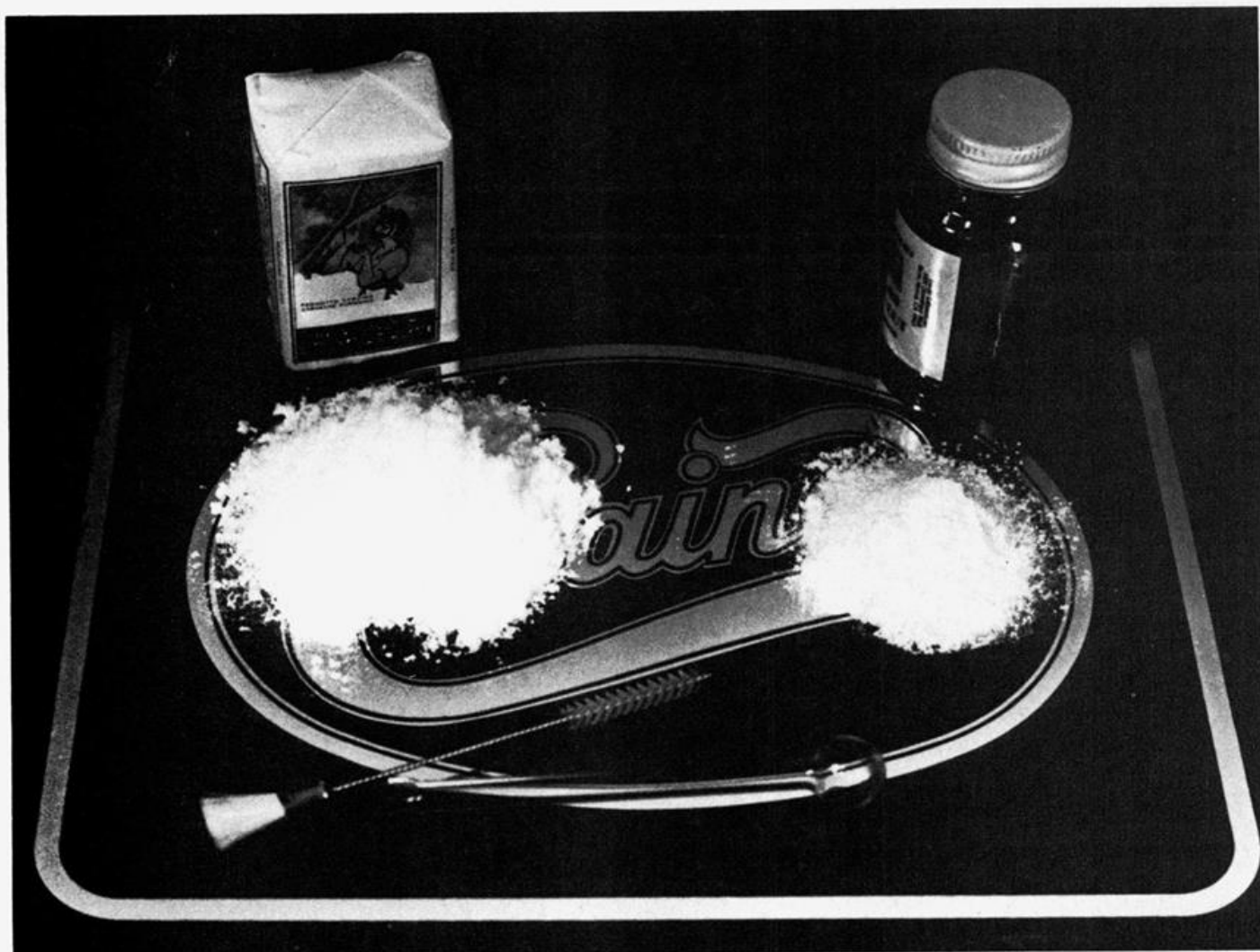
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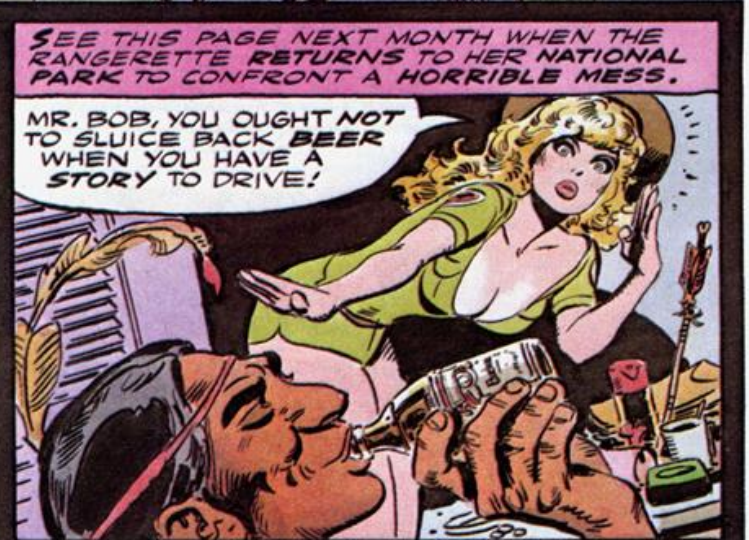
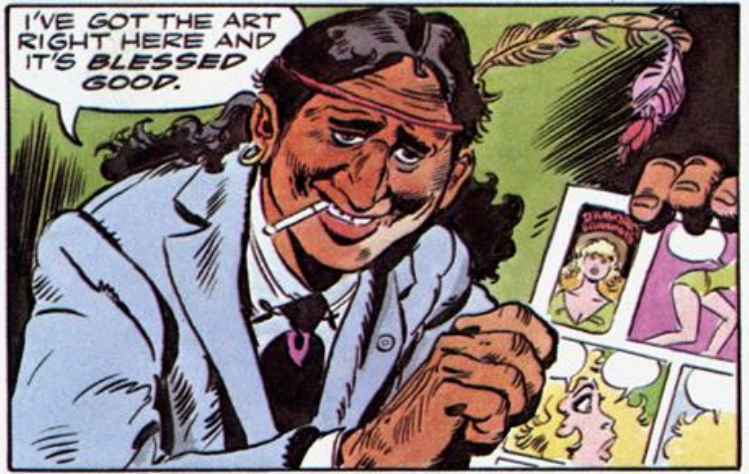
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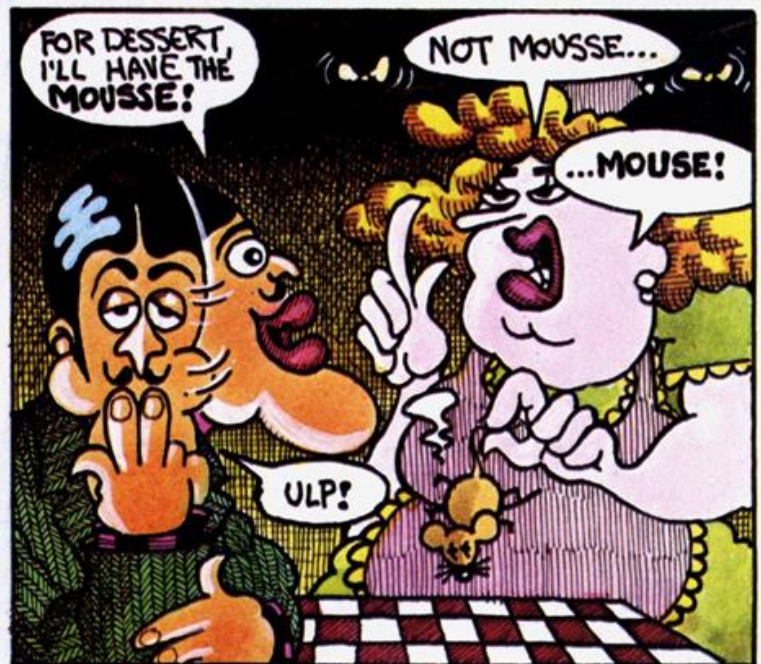
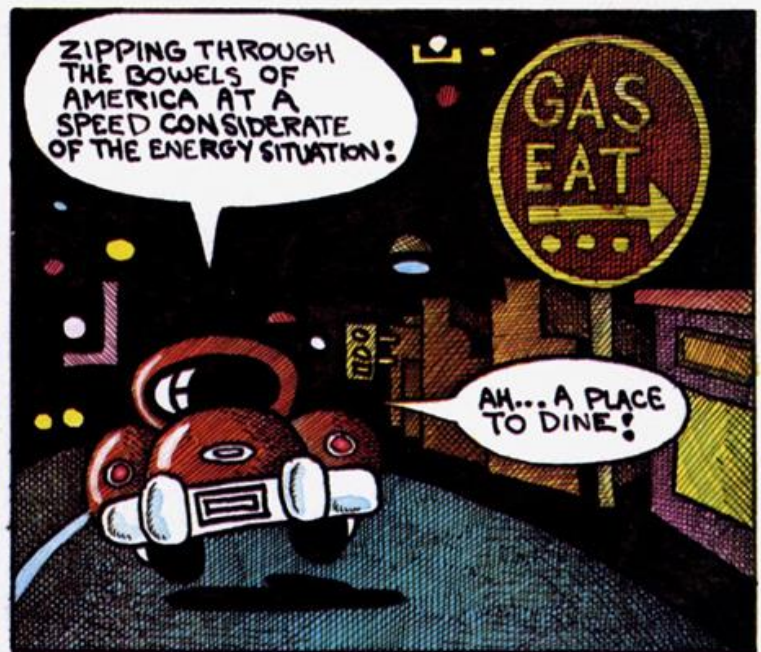
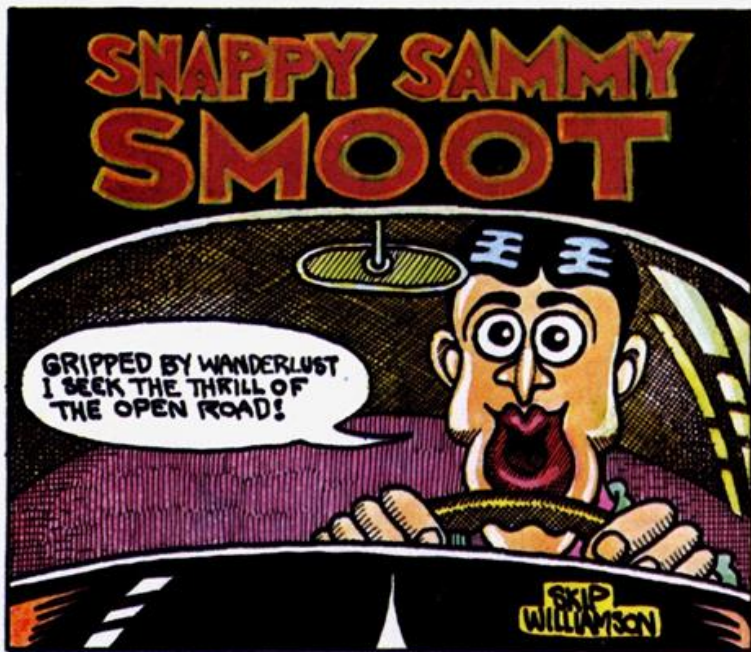
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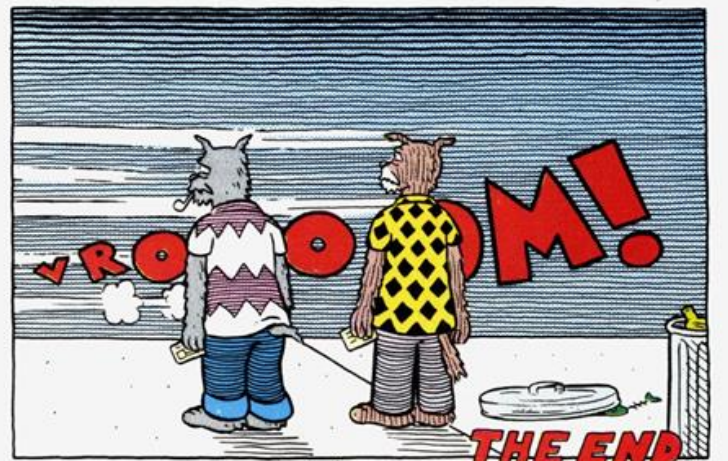
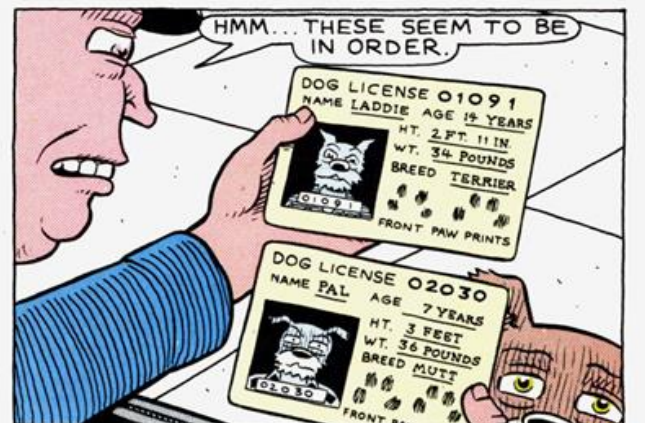
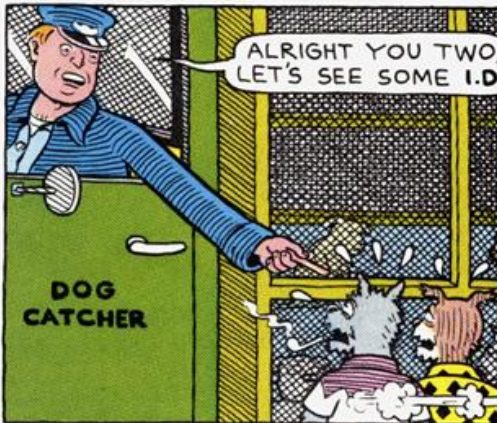
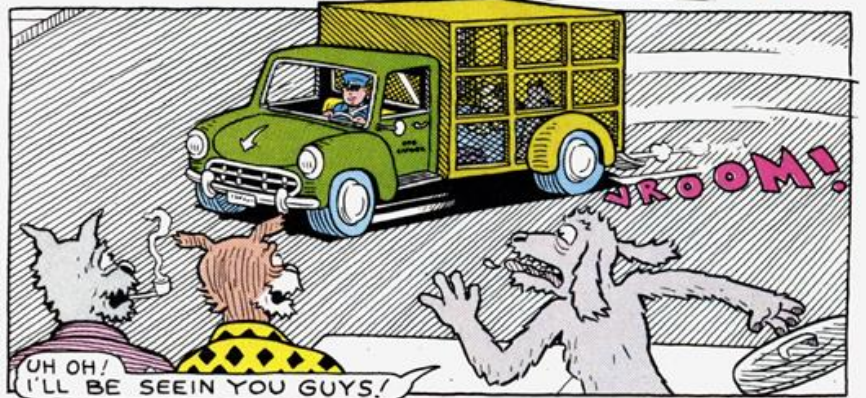
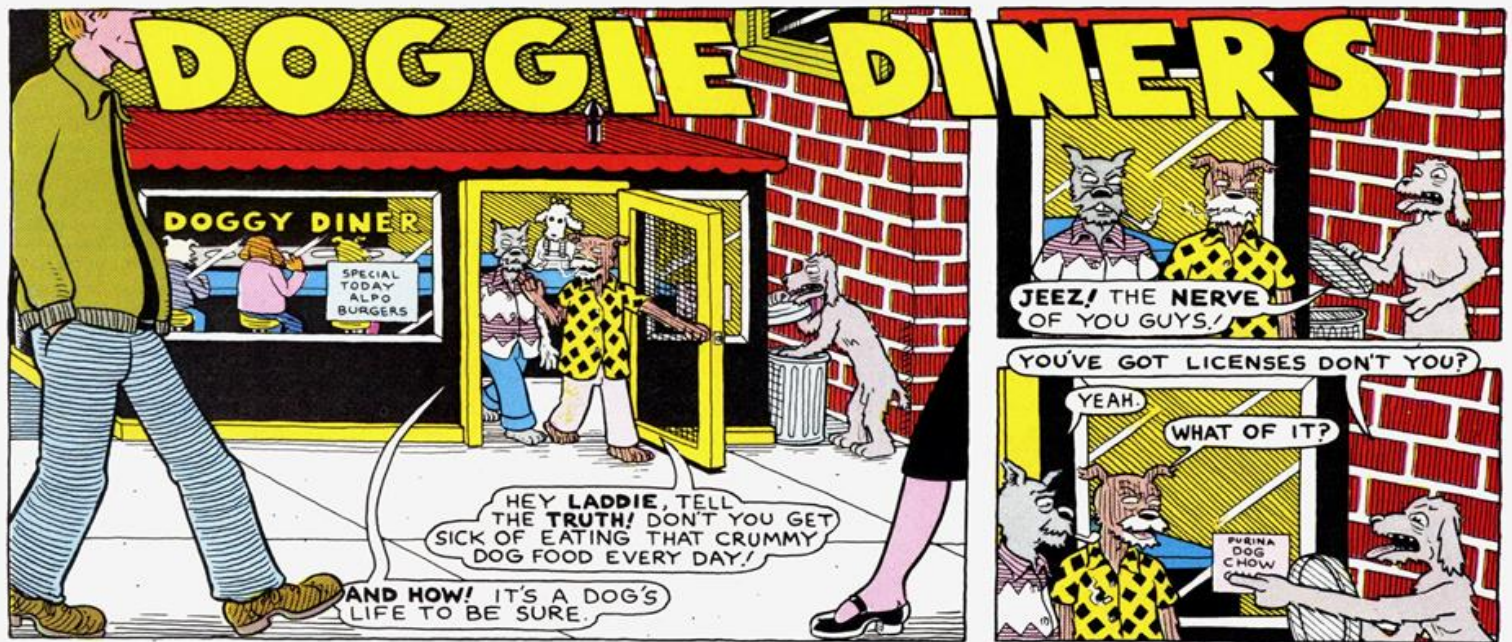
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Anarchy

(continued from page 86)

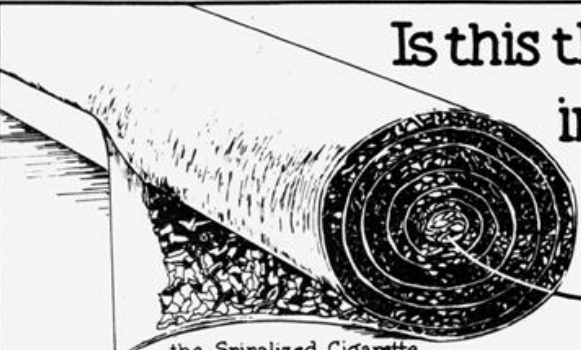
who maintained their innocence to the very end. Two hundred thousand people watched their funeral procession.

Anarchists also suffered defeat in the midst of the Russian Revolution. A young peasant soldier named Nestor Makhno began his anarchist career during the occupation of his native Ukraine by the Austro-German forces in 1917. When the enemy shot his mother and brother, Makhno led the peasants in a guerrilla revolt under the black flag of anarchy. He was so successful in repelling the enemy that Lenin called Makhno to Moscow to discuss an alliance. Makhno agreed to cooperate with the Bolsheviks only if guaranteed autonomy for the anarchist army and provinces. Lenin allowed Makhno to understand that this would be done, but Trotsky, who was impatient with the anarchist faction, ordered several rounds of artillery fired into Makhno's Moscow headquarters. Now called a "bloodthirsty bandit" by the Bolsheviks, Makhno and his forces battled the invading Germans, the White Russian armies of the czar and the Red armies as well.

Whenever Makhno's forces liberated a town, they immediately raised the black flag and set up communes and industrial cooperatives. For a short time, anarchism flourished in several places in western Russia. But in 1920, with the Revolution won, Lenin finally turned to the task of wiping out his competition; the anarchists were crushed, and Makhno fled to Paris, dying in exile, poor and sick, many years later.

The communists also helped defeat the anarchists during the civil war in Spain. There, the anarchists were organized under the banner of the CNT, a workers organization led by Buenaventura Durruti and Jose Garcia Oliver. In 1936, the CNT controlled the city of Barcelona, all of Catalonia, and much of the Basque country. The police were disarmed, the prisons opened, and the brothels shut. (The saying was "He who buys a kiss puts himself on the level of the woman who sells it. Hence an anarchist must not purchase kisses. He must merit them.") Public services were run by the workers, and the small-shop owners, bakers, barbers and grocers were organized into syndicates. Committees of workers took over state and national functions.

George Orwell, in *Homage to Catalonia*, the best book about the Spanish Civil War, describes Barcelona in the midst of the bloody strife: "It was the first time I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flags of the



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Anarchists... almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt... every shop and café had an inscription saying that it had been collectivised: even the bootblacks had been collectivised and their boxes painted red and black... everyone called everyone else 'Comrade'.... Above all, there was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having emerged into an era of equality and freedom."

Together, the anarchists and the communists were fighting the Royalist forces of Francisco Franco, who was backed by Hitler and Mussolini. But the factional disputes between the CNT and the POUM, the PSUC and the UGT (initials representing groups of more or less communist-socialist persuasion) got to the point where the communists would raid the ammunition supply depots of the anarchists and leave their allies at the mercy of the enemy. Often, on orders from Moscow, the communist forces would deliberately betray the anarchists in the midst of battle in the hopes that Franco would wipe them out. In the end, Franco wiped everybody out.

Today in Spain the CNT has risen once again. With Franco dead, the Spanish fervor for politics in all its intense diversity has returned. All over the world, in fact, anarchism is making a big comeback. On May Day 1978 marching communists in Paris were pelted with eggs and bricks by anarchist student groups. In Italy, the Red Brigades replay an old drama, causing social turmoil in order to force the government to overplay its hand and bring itself down. The Italian kidnappings and assassinations are revivals of "propaganda by deed." And in England, the Sex Pistols touched the raw nerve of the down-and-out working classes when they sang "Anarchy in the U.K." The punk movement, with its adamant disrespect for any and all forms of authority, contains the emotional essence of anarchism.

In the U.S., anarchism and communalism received a big boost during the '60s. The philosophy of the slogans "Flower Power," "Turn On, Tune In, Drop Out" and "Make Love Not War" was anarchist inspired. Defiance of the government became a national pastime. Today, popular acceptance of anarchist theory is actually on the rise. Witness the popularity of CB radios and mopeds, two things that seem to have great appeal precisely because they are relatively free of government regulation. There seems to be a greater push towards less government interference in private lives and more expression of individual freedom. *The Joy of Sex* is a best-selling book, but few people are aware that its author, Alex Comfort, has also written *Authority and Delinquency in the Modern State* and has long been a proponent of anarchist philosophy.

When you think about it, it makes sense. ☐

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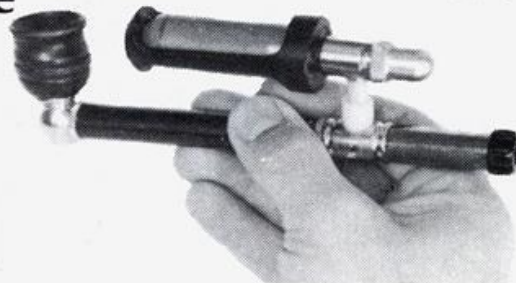
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THE PLANET

Indians March 3,000 Miles to Call for End of "Genocide"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—One thousand American Indians and supporters walked from California to Capitol Hill this summer to protest what they termed the "clear-cut policy of genocide" of the U.S. government toward Native Americans. At the end of the 3,000-mile "Longest March," coordinated by three Native American nations, Indian leaders charged that while President Carter and Ambassador Andrew Young denounce human-rights violations in the USSR and the Third World, dozens of Indian activists languish in U.S. jails and thousands of Indian people are routinely discriminated against in terms of employment and housing.

"You hear about 6 million Jews killed by the Nazis," charged Sioux leader Larry Red Shirt. "What about the more than 14 million Indians killed in the last 500 years? This country has an all-out policy of genocide." Government-supported welfare programs particularly are widely regarded with suspicion by Indians, most of whom necessarily depend on their services. Between 1971 and 1975, no less than 25 percent of all Indian women were sterilized in state clinics; currently nearly a third of all Indian children are placed in foster homes by county, state and federal agencies. Tribal governments are continually infiltrated with FBI undercover agents who purposely create dissension among Indian leaders, and many suspect that some of the most violent demonstrations on western reservations were actually arranged by federal agents provocateurs.

"This walk is for our survival," declared Chief



Indians gather at the Capitol to end their five-month cross-country "Longest March."

Oren Lyons of the Six Nation Iroquois Confederation, "the survival of all the colors of mankind." After walking up to the Capitol steps for speeches and a mass demonstration, the Indians paraded to the White House amid war whoops and traditional rallying chants—only to discover that Carter was out of town.

"We travel thousands of miles only to learn the president is in Germany talking about human rights," sneered Red Shirt. "It shows he doesn't care. It shows the people don't care." When California Senator Alan Cranston speculated, "He just didn't know you could walk across the country this rapidly," the crowd responded with lusty booing.

However, the president returned in time to meet with some young people from the Red

Lake Chippewa reservation who presented him with an ornamental war club and addressed him as "Great White Father." The president termed the youths "colorful."

The Longest March was also made to protest pending congressional legislation designed to further encroach on Indian land sovereignty and water and fishing rights. Indian leaders like Vernon Bellancourt, of the radical American Indian Movement, have compared recent congressional actions in this respect to the systematic disenfranchisement of Indians by South American governments, aided by the CIA. "The whole world should know that the Indian populations of North and South America have an unquestionable right to armed struggle in the interest of their survival," says Bellancourt.

Mayor Shames W. Virginia with Soviet Aid Bid

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA—By applying to the USSR and East Germany for "foreign aid" for his "underdeveloped" village of Vulcan, Mayor John Robinette has shamed the administration of Governor Jay Rockefeller into providing a \$400,000 bridge that Vulcan has badly needed since 1974.

Vulcan, a tiny town with a population of 200 in the poverty-stricken hills of West Virginia, had been virtually cut off from the nearest big city, Williamson, ever since the old town bridge collapsed four years ago. Robinette petitioned the state for aid to construct a new bridge, without results. He then applied to Russia and East Germany for "foreign aid."

This brought him a visit from Iona Andropov, a New York-based Soviet reporter. Andropov

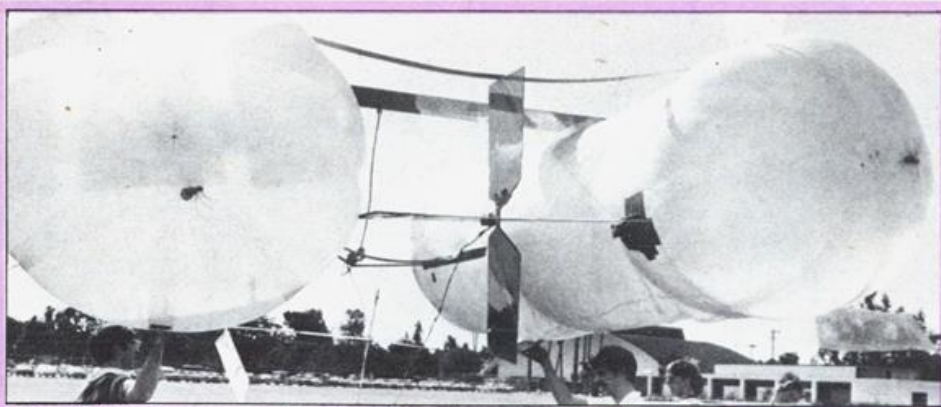


Mayor John Robinette of Vulcan (left) talks with Soviet journalist Iona Andropov about the town's main problem—no road or bridge to connect it to the outside world.

brought Robinette a bottle of vodka, which they drank while Andropov assured him that Vulcan "might" receive aid from the Soviet "Peace Fund" for underdeveloped nations. Andropov then filed his story, which was played up heavily in Russia as an example of American bureaucracy's inability to meet the needs of citizens.

The resulting world press attention prompted the Rockefeller administration to come through with the \$400,000 bridge, which will link Vulcan with the rest of civilization. A one-lane auto bridge less than 300 feet long, it will span the Tug River.

Andropov, Robinette later said, "is a fine fella, but his job is to spread rumors that there is no milk and honey in the good old USA—and he does a good job of it."



UPI

Three California Institute of Technology graduate students in Pasadena get ready to test-fly a ten-foot-long model of a solar-powered airship. The three built the model for a course in experimental design. After a successful test flight, the students have concluded that the concept might work on a large scale if advances in solar-energy technology bring down costs and increase efficiency of the energy cells.

Prince Tours U.S., Seeks New Crops

MIAMI—Prince Pisadej Rachanee of Thailand toured the United States recently looking for new crops that might be introduced in his native country to discourage peasant farmers from cultivating opium poppies.

Rachanee, a guest of the Department of Agriculture, visited Florida's Dade County orange groves. He also visited plantations in Georgia and Puerto Rico, studying American fruit cultivation and insect control.

The prince told American audiences about Thai farmers earning annual sums of \$150 and \$200 growing opium, only to be told that their neighbors had grossed \$3,000 a year growing coffee.

U.S. Suppresses Computer-Security Invention

MILWAUKEE—George Davida, professor at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, faces two years in prison and a \$10,000 fine if he discloses the results of his independent invention of a computer-security device. According to the U.S. Commerce Department, Davida's invention could, in the wrong hands, become a threat to U.S. security.

According to the university's assistant chancellor, Frank Cassell, Davida developed "a very simple machine that solves a big problem, the security of computers, keeping unauthorized persons from getting into records."

"The whole thing is shocking," said Cassell of the government's intervention. "It could mean that every professor will live in fear of his research being repressed if someone in the federal government sees fit to do it."

Canada Charges Soviets \$4 Million for Satellite Cleanup

UNITED NATIONS, NEW YORK—Canada wants the Soviet Union to pay \$4 million to cover the costs of recovering radioactive debris from the nuclear satellite that fell in northern Canada last winter.

The costs of the cleanup, which is still proceeding in areas where personnel have found satellite fragments of high radioactivity, are actually closer to \$12 million.

Men Banned from Women's Club

TORONTO, ONTARIO—In an era when more and more women are being admitted to once exclusively all-male clubs, a Toronto woman has done the obvious. She has created a club exclusively for women—and a very successful one at that.

Isabel Beveridge, a money-market trader for a Toronto investment firm, started the Twenty-One McGill Street Club four years ago. Already, the club has 1,800 women members and a long waiting list as well.

Most of the members are business and profes-

sional women looking for "a place they can call their own." They cheerfully pay an initiation fee of \$600 and annual dues of \$365. For their money they get an elegant lounge, rooms for crafts, billiards and meditation, sauna, massage and fitness rooms. There is also an Olympic-size swimming pool, a film theater and a library.

Beveridge says that lots of men eat in the dining room and attend special events. But most of the members object, saying they want the club to be mainly for women.



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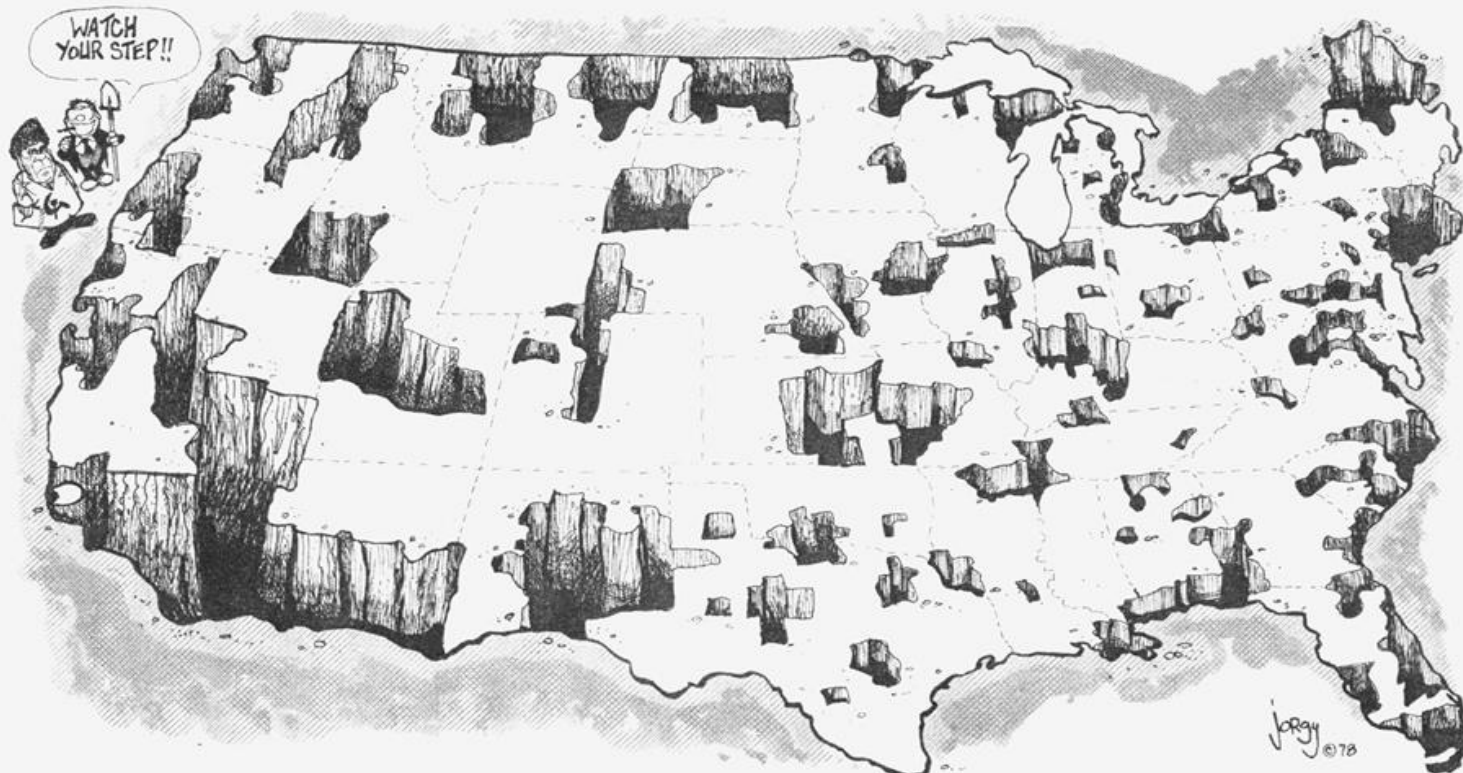
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Soviet Press Restricted in U.S.



WASHINGTON, D.C.—The recent charges of anti-Soviet libel against two reporters for the New York Times and the Baltimore Sun are only the latest development in the ongoing chess game of journalistic restrictions on U.S. and USSR reporters in each other's countries.

The restrictions, placed by the respective diplomatic establishments of the world powers, severely limit the abilities of reporters in each country to report as fully as they might under the press freedom both nations' constitutions guarantee.

In the U.S., Russian journalists are forbidden to visit areas amounting to nearly one-third of the continental United States, including Disneyland as well as missile bases. Soviet reporters are also forbidden to rent cars or leave their designated cities without filing travel requests with the State Department. When filing for permission to travel, the reporter must disclose how he or she intends to travel, who will go along, what roads will be used and where overnight stops will be made. The Soviet Union imposes reciprocal limits on American reporters' mobility.

S.S. Women to Guard Carter, Mondale

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Two women Secret Service agents are now protecting the president and vice-president. They are the first women agents assigned to guard duty since the service began

accepting women in 1971. Mary Ann Gordon, 28, has been assigned to the detail guarding President Carter. Phyllis Shantz, 31, has been assigned to Vice-President Mondale.

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Why Not Meet Carter, Says Castro



Junketeering U.S. mayors and their families visit the Bay of Pigs landing site.

HAVANA—Fidel Castro informed a group of American mayors visiting Cuba that he would like to meet with U.S. President Carter.

"I asked if he would be willing to meet with President Carter and he said, 'Why not?'" reported Mayor Wayne Pomeroy of Mesa, Arizona.

Castro, however, added, "But I can't suggest it," according to Pomeroy.

Obligingly, Pomeroy's fellow guest of Premier Castro, Mayor Joseph Tilem of Beverly Hills, later announced that he would place Castro's proposal before the next U.S. Conference of Mayors.



Haitian president Jean-Claude Duvalier reviews troops with his mom in Port-au-Prince.

"Baby Doc" Gets New PR Firm

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI—President-for-Life Jean Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier has hired the Washington-based firm of Edelman International, Inc., to "communicate positive developments in Haiti to the outside world," according to Edelman Vice-President David Banks. The firm's task will be difficult; Duvalier has happily continued the vicious methods of his father, "Papa Doc" Duvalier, for ruling the island as a personal dictatorship using secret-police brutality and permanent suspension of all human rights.



Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley

Leaders Quit Jamaican Senate

KINGSTON—Eight Jamaican senators, the entire opposition membership of the senate here, have quit in protest over the government's refusal to discuss the mysterious "Green Bay Massacre" in which five civilians were killed earlier this year.

The civilians were caught and killed in ambush at the Jamaican army's Green Bay firing range earlier this year. Five survivors claimed that the group had come to the firing range to apply for \$300-a-week jobs they had learned were open to civilians for range work.

According to opposition leader Edwin Seaga, who led the mass resignation, the massacre was staged by Prime Minister Michael Manley's Jamaican Defense Force in order to impose martial law on the island, thus controlling the population as its chronic economic crisis continues. Seaga accused Manley of "political responsibility" for the slaughter and demanded he resign.

Manley's cabinet denied the accusation, calling it "malicious mischief designed to mislead the people of Jamaica, damage the esteem of the prime minister at home and abroad, and interfere with the security of the nation."

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U.S. Tobacco Firms Export Cancer to Third World

RIO DE JANEIRO—The cigarettes that multinational tobacco companies have been exporting to Third World countries have been found to be more hazardous than those offered to developed nations.

A study by a British television documentary team has discovered that when identical brands of cigarettes in both developed and Third World nations were compared, the cigarettes in the Third World often contained much higher levels of tar.

The documentary team, headed by author Mike Muller, reports that it purchased identical packs of cigarettes in two different countries and then had the cigarettes compared by the U.S. National Laboratory at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Oak Ridge reportedly found that tar levels were up to 72 percent higher in the Third World cigarettes.

A related study found that smoking accounted for 20 percent of all fatalities in ten Latin American cities.

Caribbean Islands Seek Rent for U.S. Bases

MIAMI, FLORIDA—The Bahamas and Barbados are seeking compensation for the U.S. military bases on their land. A British colony, the Caicos Islands, at the southeastern tip of the Bahamas, are also asking rent from the U.S.

A precedent for the rental of foreign bases was made last year when the U.S. agreed to pay \$1.5 million annually for military real estate in the British-associated state of Antigua. Now the Caribbean Islands, whose leases with the U.S. military expire soon, have joined Turkey in demanding that the Pentagon pay its rent.

Peruvians Too Poor to Look for Work

In Peru, living conditions have gone from bad to worse to grim. Excessive spending on military forces and government bureaucracy is being fueled by rampant inflation. One social worker says most of Peru's 16 million people are moving from "malnutrition to the brink of starvation."

According to a recent study, one third of Peru's population has no cash income, and 85 percent are classified as poor. Many people can't afford to look for work because they don't have the 13 cents to buy a newspaper or the 9 cents for bus fare to apply for a job.

Conditions worsened in mid May when the U.S.-dominated International Monetary Fund tightened its belt, eliminating subsidies on such necessities as food, fuel and transportation. In the resulting riots, 38 people were killed.

Economists forecast a minimum 80-percent cost-of-living increase for Peruvians this year.



Puerto Rican terrorist Lolita Lebron in 1954, seized after blasting the House of Representatives with gunfire.

Castro Offers Prisoner Swap: CIA Man for Terrorist

WASHINGTON, D.C.—An East German lawyer has brought to Washington an unusual prisoner-exchange program offered by the Cuban government. The Cubans want to release American Lawrence K. Lunt, a former cattle rancher in Cuba now serving the 14th year of a 30-year sentence imposed when he admitted being a

CIA intelligence collector, for Lolita LeBron, a 57-year-old Puerto Rican nationalist who, with three other terrorists, began firing pistols at random from the visitors' gallery into the House of Representatives in 1954. Four congressmen were wounded in the blind barrage, which earned LeBron a 25- to 75-year prison term.

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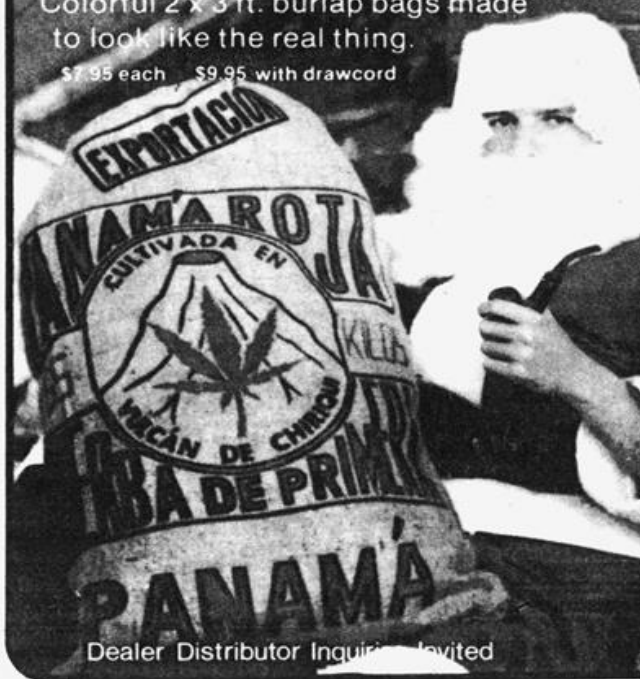
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British Gypsies Learn on the Road



A Gypsy caravan on its way through the British countryside.

WOLVERHAMPTON, ENGLAND—Huey Smith, leader of the National Gypsy Council, has given his official approval to a novel program to provide Gypsy children with complete educational services. Over the 500-odd years that the Gypsies have roamed and camped around this bucolic region, most of them have remained largely illiterate, both out of necessity and out of pride

in their traditions. When in this century they were obliged to switch from their horse-drawn wagons to motorized vans, many learned only enough English to read traffic signs.

The British educational system has traditionally failed to teach Gypsy children even basic reading skills, because of prejudice and difficulty in dealing with the Gypsies' nomadic lifestyles. With no fixed abodes, the 15,000 British Gypsies support themselves mainly by doing semiskilled piecework labor for West Midlands farmers and townfolk. They scavenge and recycle scrap, repair automobiles, lay tarmac, dig ditches and

tend sick animals with traditional veterinary treatments. Although local Britons have always been hostile and suspicious toward the Gypsies, they form an integral part of the West Midlands economy; they are especially appreciated for doing small construction work that professional contractors wouldn't normally bother with.

But the result of this lifestyle has always been poor education for Gypsy children. The few who tried to attend schools were typically ignored by the teachers, who automatically assumed they wouldn't be in class very long before moving; and thus Gypsy parents were confirmed in their conviction that education itself was just a waste of time.

Now this has changed radically, with 1,300 out of 1,500 school-age Gypsies attending regular classes. Eleven schools in the West Midlands are involved in the Gypsy program; a personal report card is kept for each child, indicating the skills he or she has learned to date; when the children move from one district to another, the report cards are mailed to the next school. The results have been conspicuous: "It has been three years since they hid any children from me," says the program director, Chris Brerersford-Webb.

The National Gypsy Council is still leery, however, of exposing their children to advanced vocational training in professional technological skills. Traditional Gypsy skills such as pathmaking and weaving are carefully handed down from parents to offspring, and Huey Smith sees no need for overspecialized training. "We get uptight when people say they want to train us up for jobs," he points out. "We've already got jobs. I wouldn't encourage my children to become professional people, because professionals don't seem to be happy and contented."

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Radical Shrink Aids Teenage Prostitutes

PARIS, FRANCE—A controversial "antipsychiatrist" who adheres to the radical theories of developmental psychologist R.D. Laing is currently running 15 counseling centers for young male prostitutes around Paris. Dr. Marc Pergaud imposes only the loosest obligations on the boys in his communal hostels, allowing them to come and go unsupervised. They are mainly required to split up the shopping, cooking and cleaning details and to simply talk with each other. The hostels are supported by the metropolitan child-protection society SOS Enfants, which also pays Dr. Pergaud's salary.

Believing that the main function of organized psychiatry is to keep pharmacies in business, Dr. Pergaud never holds formal counseling sessions with any of his 180 teenage wards; but his line is open to them 24 hours a day, and he visits with them continually.

Most often he visits with them in gay clubs on the Champs Elysees and in the penny arcades of Pigalle, traditional gay haunts of Paris. The boys, aged 13 to 16, are allowed by Pergaud to continue their homosexual lifestyle after being admitted to the SOS hostels, a practice which has so outraged the government that the Ministry of Health has repeatedly tried to shut down the whole SOS operation. But Pergaud is convinced that attempting to lead gay children away from

their sexual orientation constitutes faulty and harmful therapy. "Psychiatrists are most often employed for gay boys to 'normalize' them," he points out. "By making them feel guilty, they do."

Homosexuality is not the most important problem in these children's lives, Pergaud insists. A 16-year-old boy named Jean-Luc is a case in point. He was referred to Pergaud by a city magistrate after three years of highly successful hooking out of a St. Germaine drugstore. Jean-Luc commonly worked with a friend, entertaining wealthy male clients at their homes for 300 francs per half-hour session. He preferred to be paid by check, and was so good at what he did that no one, he says, ever bounced a check.

Pergaud repeatedly points out the contrast between the mild perils of Jean-Luc's street life and his previous life at home. Before age 13, the boy had undergone eight operations for a skull concussion resulting from beatings from his father. He left home finally after losing the sight in his left eye during a fight between his parents.

Boys like Jean-Luc, Pergaud says, "come from difficult home situations and discover the extraordinary powers of their seduction. Adults begin to treat them as equals or put them on a pedestal. Jean-Luc's response when he arrived here was to try to seduce me. I told him he didn't interest me, and he calmed down."



UPI
This sign in Stockholm, Sweden, says "No Entrance," and Moonlight, a highly poisonous Indian king cobra, was recently acquired to back it up. The 14-foot snake serves as night-watchman at the Stockholm zoo-aquarium, which had been hit by a series of costly break-ins. It's not surprising that the burglaries have stopped since Moonlight has been on the job, as zoo people made a point of circulating facts such as, "If you get a bite in a sensitive area, like a vein, you're dead in 15 minutes."

Italy's Latest Terror: Ballroom Dancing

ROME—Italians are fleeing crime, terrorism and social ills by flocking to ballrooms where they waltz, tango and polka by the millions—so say experts seeking an explanation of the compulsive revival of ballroom dancing here.

Balle liscio—"smooth dancing"—is as popular in the major Italian cities of Milan, Turin and Bologna as disco. Thousands of Italian teenagers are learning to fox-trot.

"What with all the crime, terrorism, pollution, people like to escape from the present-day reality, and this why many are choosing balle liscio instead of rock," says Raoul Casadei, regarded as the king of Italian swing. "They also need human contact," Casadei's orchestra tours Italy year-round, playing to sold-out houses.

In old Rome, however, disco remains the most popular dance trend.

Sherlock Holmes Mystery Solved

LONDON—A final mystery surrounding Sherlock Holmes and his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, appears to have been solved. It is the enigmatic riddle of the life of Sir Arthur's father, Charles Altamont Doyle, a distinguished nineteenth-century painter whose last years have remained a puzzle to historians.

Now, Charles A. Doyle's diaries have been found, and they reveal that he was imprisoned against his wishes in a Scottish insane asylum, where he died. The diaries, which appear to have been kept by Doyle with a view to eventual publication, begin with his warning: "Keep steadily in mind that this book is ascribed wholly to the produce of a madman."

The diaries also include a sketchbook that suggests Doyle senior was one of the most creative of the school of Victorian artists known as "fairy painters" for their preoccupation with images of dwarfs, gnomes, elves and fairies.

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Asia

Russians Want to Turn Rivers Around

MOSCOW—Soviet scientists want to reverse the flow of several of European Russia's mighty rivers in an effort to ease water shortages in that region, but a growing number of opponents claim that solution to the water problem would create immense environmental problems, some with global impact.

According to the plan, water currently flowing north to the Arctic Sea would be forced to flow south instead, where it would rescue the highly populated but arid Volga Basin and irrigate

millions of extra acres in Central Asia. However, critics say that, as a result, forests would die and wildlife, such as reindeer, fish, birds and insects, would be hard hit in the regions currently enjoying the water. River levels would be reduced, with a corresponding catastrophic effect on inland shipping.

Dissident climate specialists say that less water flowing northward into the Arctic Ocean would probably mean a colder Arctic, a change that would cause weather changes all over the world.

Africa

Lion Loves Lucy

SALISBURY, ZIMBABWE (RHODESIA)—Courtney Ferguson and his wife live in a home with four children, several dogs and a precocious year-old lion named Zhengli. "Zhengli is very intelligent," says Mrs. Ferguson, "much more so than a dog of the same age, and she is becoming a real character. Already she's beginning to stake her claim to certain things in the house, especially a

chair in the TV room on which she sits and watches programs with us." Zhengli was discovered in the Salisbury lion and cheetah park, abandoned by her mother. When she reaches adolescence, the TV-watching cub will be given the run of the farm at Inayanga, to serve as a "watchdog" for infiltrating black-nationalist guerrillas.

Boer Kids Spurn Old Values

JOHANNESBURG—A generation of deeply disaffected, restless and rebellious Afrikaner youth is emerging from the arch-conservative Boer lands of South Africa. In Boer high schools, dagga—dynamite Bantu marijuana—has become wildly popular in recent years, and Sunday attendance in Dutch Reformed churches, though legally compulsory, has been falling off precipitately. Most appalling of all, though, to their Calvinist, racist parents, white youths in the Veldt are flocking to the American-style discos that have lately opened everywhere, freely mixing with black youths.

Traditional Afrikaner Boer farmers take a stubborn pride in being probably the most pious and conservative people in existence. Though today they generally live in opulent modern mansions equipped with every luxurious labor-saving device known to Western technology, they still hold by the stern, gloomy Puritan values of their Dutch forefathers who migrated north to the

Veldt 140 years ago in covered ox wagons, battling Zulu and Shona warriors.

Since apartheid—the rigorous separation of races—is an actual religious tenet among Afrikaners, racial integration is regarded as a blasphemous obscenity by Boer hard-liners; the recent relaxation of the apartheid race-mixing laws, adopted by the Pretoria government as a cosmetic sop to the Carter administration, may soon be rescinded as a result.

Afrikaner teenagers are also running away from the farm in droves, for the first time ever. When they reach Johannesburg, a cosmopolitan city largely British in culture and language, Afrikaans-speaking youth might as well be on the moon. Afrikaner schools (which are segregated to English-speaking as well as Bantu students) mainly teach religion, so that Boer children are entirely unprepared to cope with civilization. Many runaway Veldt girls, especially, wind up working in downtown Jo'berg massage parlors.

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King Birendra and his consort perched atop the royal elephant.

King Eases Rule in Nepal

KATMANDU—King Birendra, the 32-year-old monarch of Nepal, is relaxing the tight political control he holds over this ancient Himalayan mountain kingdom famous for its exports of hashish.

The king has lifted his ban on several newspapers, although they still may not criticize him. Public meetings, formerly forbidden, are now occasionally permitted. And several dozen political prisoners have been released, among them opposition leaders Rishikesh Shaha and former

Prime Minister B.P. Koirala.

The Nepalese opposition is a loyal one, referring to the king and queen as "Their Majesties." "We all want His Majesty to stay on," said Mr. Shaha. "But he should share a bit more of his power with the people. His Majesty says he is responsible only to God. But we think he should also be responsible to the people."

Despite the recent liberal gestures, King Birendra has given no indication that he will abandon his taut control of Nepalese politics.

U.S. Profs Study Peasant Life in China

PEKING—Four American social scientists have been permitted by the People's Republic of China to study life in the village of Wukung in the southern Hopei province. By completing detailed questionnaires on the lives of some 600 villagers, they were able to obtain information that included people's ages, education and social status as well as their spare-time earnings.

The study, the first of its kind ever permitted by the Chinese Communist regime, was a breakthrough in allowing modern social science

to study contemporary Chinese life. Previously, Western sociologists have been banned as hostile to Marxist-Leninist goals.

The four researchers, led by Professor Paul Pickowicz, assistant professor of history at the University of California at San Diego, plan to publish their results in a book, which will undoubtedly contain a few surprises for Westerners about life under Communist rule in China. For example, many Americans probably do not even know that the Chinese have bank accounts.

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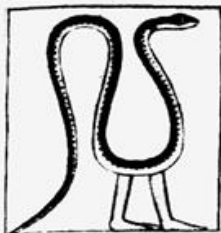


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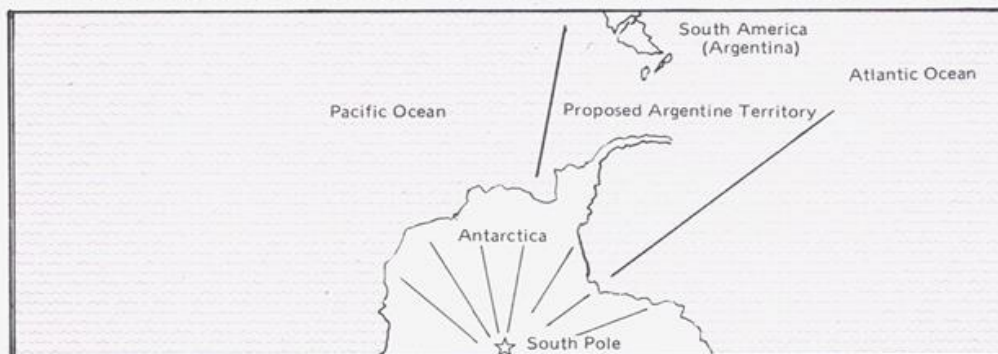
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BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—The second international "krill conference" opened uneasily here this fall, with 90 delegates from 13 nations considering various proposals to carve up the Antarctic continent for territorial fishing rights. Waters around the South Pole are particularly rich in a shrimplike shellfish called krill, containing an estimated five billion tons of them. Scientists speculate that 50 to 150 million tons of overpopulated krill could be safely harvested every year, amounting to twice the volume of the world's conventional fish catch. Protein-packed krill can be peeled and eaten like shrimp or pressed into fish sticks or paste, and they thus represent an invaluable addition to the global diet.

However, no less than seven nations claim conflicting 200-mile-limit fishing rights around the Antarctic, and six more top fishing countries are also deeply involved in the krill issue. Argentina, Brazil and Chile are particularly committed to their long-standing claims to outright territorial sovereignty over much of Antarctica. Japan, Poland and the USSR have spent millions over the last decade studying the possibilities of commercialized krill merchandising and naturally want a minimum of territorializing around the pole. Belgium, the United States and the Union of South Africa also oppose territorialization but want to impose strict conservationist regulations on the krill harvest.

Australia

Solomon Islands Cut Ties to Britain

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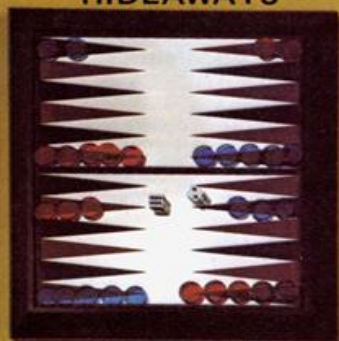
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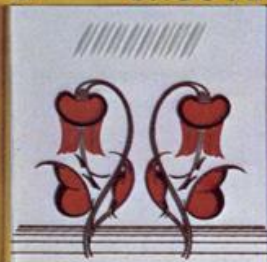
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Hallucinogen Reduces Hallucinations in Schizophrenics

Apomorphine, the smack substitute that William Burroughs used to kick his habit, is being used to reduce hallucinations in chronic schizophrenics in Chicago. In normal persons apomorphine tends to produce hallucinations. Its action in the brain seems to resemble that of the human hormone dopamine, which is produced in abnormal abundance by the brains of schizophrenics. Thus in normal people apomorphine tends to promote a condition of toxic schizophrenia, though in schizophrenics themselves it appears to alleviate the condition, much the way amphetamines promote tranquillity in some hyperactive children.

Professor Carol Tamminga at the University of Chicago has reported marked improvement in some chronic schizophrenics treated with apomorphine; she suggests the drug's paradoxical effect here may have to do with its effect on the presynaptic half of brain nerve cells, where it possibly turns off the production of dopamine in schizophrenics before it can be transmitted to the postsynaptic half of the cells.

Research Crippled by Hindu Orthodoxy

India's Prime Minister Moraji Desai, a devout, fundamentalist Hindu worshiper, has banned the export of rhesus monkeys to Western laboratories for use in medical research. Citing traditional Brahman dogma, Desai told stunned U.S. researchers, "The life of an animal is no less important than the life of a human being."

Rhesus monkeys are critical to medical research in many important areas, such as developing vaccines and new types of antibiotics to counter penicillin-resistant bacteria strains. The rhesus' physical system resembles the human system more closely than any other animal's. It has been studied intensively by researchers for over a century; to substitute a new variety of primate for the rhesus would require years of unnecessary basic research, during which more advanced medical research would be at a virtual standstill.

Prime Minister Desai, 83, starts every



Prime Minister Desai

morning by drinking a glass of his own urine, believing it to have a salubrious tonic effect. He insists that Western medicine is really unnecessary for the maintenance of good health, which is best preserved by thinking "peaceful thoughts" and keeping a vegetarian diet. A UNESCO researcher pointed out to *High Times* that while this pious regimen may have worked wonders for Desai, its results have not been quite so conspicuously grand for a majority of India's 500,000 equally devout Hindus.

Home Abortions Near

Doctors at John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford, England, are developing an abortion-inducing jelly that might eventually be sold in drugstores for women to use as home suppositories. Researchers have tested it with 309 women who were in the first three weeks of pregnancy, and they reported satisfactory abortion in 83 percent of the cases. The jelly is prepared from a prostaglandin hormone that has been used in abortion clinics for ten years but that usually promotes unpleasant side effects like vomiting and diarrhea. According to the journal *Lancet*, however, with the new suppository form these side effects are eliminated.

Chicken Soup Helps Cure Colds

Chicken soup, a traditional Jewish folk remedy for virtually any ailment, now has been proven to alleviate the common cold. Working with 15 volunteer subjects in Miami Beach, Florida, Dr. Marvin Sackner discovered that hot chicken soup speeds up the discharge of germicidal mucus from human nasal membranes and thus constitutes an "efficacious upper respiratory tract infection therapy."

The cold-alleviating property appears to derive from something specifically in the chicken too. "At first we thought it might be just the vapors," Dr. Sackner declares, "but chicken soup was significantly better than hot water." Administered orally, chicken soup was able to keep the test subjects' noses clear for a half hour after every dose. ☐

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Civil-Service Dopers Protected

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit has ruled that the government cannot fire a federal employee merely because that person has been convicted for possession of marijuana or other controlled substances. Dismissal or other disciplinary action is only appropriate, the Court stated, when the employee's off-duty offense has an adverse effect on job performance or efficiency of service.

Fights Virginia Fornication Law

When Bonnie Cord, a lawyer for the Federal Energy Regulatory Administration in Washington, applied to take the Virginia bar exam, she freely admitted that she was living in Virginia with a man she wasn't married to. Her application was consequently denied, and she's now filed a petition in the state supreme court challenging the state's antiquated fornication statute. Answering her petition, Assistant Attorney General John Young warned Cord that she was indeed liable to be prosecuted for breaking the law. Young said that Cord had "no right to a certificate of good moral character" necessary for entrance to the Virginia bar, since she is dwelling in a condition of "lewd and lascivious cohabitation."

Drugged Defendants Lose Rights

A man who was arrested in 1971 for allegedly murdering a Miami policeman was recently declared incompetent to stand trial, for the fourth time, because his psychotic symptoms reappeared after he was deprived of antipsychotic medication. The unidentified suspect was originally declared a schizophrenic and incompetent to stand trial; he claimed to hear voices urging him to kill people. After hospital treatment with Thorazine, a psychotropic medication used specifically to treat schizophrenics, the man was presented again for trial by psychiatrists who declared that he was now fully able

to understand the charges against him.

The judge, however, declared him to be only "chemically competent," since he was under constant medication, and remanded him to a county pretrial jail cell. There his medication was discontinued, and the voices gradually began again; so he was again declared incompetent to stand trial and returned to the state hospital. This process has been repeated three times in the last seven years, under three different judges, with identical results. Technically the man is still only being held under charges of suspicion of murder.

Writing in the Miami Herald, University of Miami Law School professor Bruce Winnick called for changes in the state's "automatic bar rule," which provides that persons under the influence of psychotropic drugs cannot stand trial in Florida. Most other states have similar rules that, Winnick suggested, stem mainly from legislative confusion between psychotropic medications and barbiturate drugs.

A technically "disturbed" person can function normally in society with the aid of psychotropic medication; Winnick insists that a "disturbed" criminal suspect, therefore, ought to be given the opportunity to prove his or her innocence in court under their influence. Numberless innocent individuals, under the "automatic bar rule," could conceivably spend most of their lives in hospitals for the criminally insane.

New Double-Jeopardy Danger

In a controversial 5-4 decision, the United States Supreme Court has ruled that defendants in criminal cases lose their Sixth-Amendment rights against retrial on the same charges, if the case is dismissed after the defendants themselves



Justice William Rhenquist

move for a mistrial on technical grounds. In a majority opinion, Justice William Rhenquist ruled that government prosecutors in such cases can appeal a mistrial dismissal, although it's still impermissible to retry a defendant after a formal acquittal. The case before the court from which this decision emerged involved a Muskegon, Michigan, man who successfully moved for mistrial on the grounds of undue delay between trial hearings. ■

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Dylan: Street Legal

If *Renaldo and Clara* did one thing for Dylan, it liberated him from the image of a man who never made a foolish move. The critics, in a scary display of pack-mentality bloodthirstiness, were quick to brand the four-hour movie shameless egotism when, ironically, Dylan's project seemed a heroic attempt to transcend the image/ego "Bob Dylan." No matter, it was the first stunning setback to his career, and it became fuel for the faddists who are ever so eager to gloat over the fall of the mighty.

They didn't have long to gloat. *Street Legal* (Columbia JC 35453) is the most powerful album Dylan has produced in over a decade, a stunning display of songwriting that reestablishes his clear supremacy over the rest of the singer/songwriter fold. From the opening organ strains of "Changing of the Guards," a surreal cross between "Times They Are a Changing" and "Belle Isle," it is clear that Dylan was successful in picking up the threads of his career and his private life and creating songs that will stand up against his best.

Gentlemen, he said,
I don't need your organization, I've
shined your shoes,
I've moved your mountains and marked
your cards,
But Eden is burning, either brace yourself
for elimination
Or else your hearts must have the courage
of the changing of the guards.[®]

After a sly blues romp, "New Pony," Dylan unveils "No Time to Think," an eight-minute-plus foray into the existential terrain of modern man buffeted by institutions, ravaged by hedonistic excess, burdened by a "wife who



***Street Legal* covers the existential terrain of modern man buffeted by institutions, ravaged by hedonistic excess, burdened by a "wife who sleepwalks through your dreams."**

sleepwalks through your dreams into walls." It's a song every bit as ambitious and successful as "Desolation Row," and the gospel-tinged female backup never sounds better. The rest of the LP features love songs that seem drawn from every period of Dylan's career. Notable also is "Senor (Tales of Yankee Power)," a murky tour de force that features Dylan's best delivery in years and his strongest political statement. And if all that is not enough, the album ends with "Where Are You Tonight?"—a love song with all the majesty of "Like a Rolling Stone."

"You have no expectations," Dylan wails in "No Time to Think," but that's a bit utopian. Expectations derailed *Renaldo and Clara* but ironically will probably work in favor of this LP as the critics scurry back onto the Dylan bandwagon. Dylan told me after the Rolling Thunder tour that "we'll follow anyone." And on this LP it is evident why. There are a lot of outlaws out on that street, but then again there's only one who is street legal. —Larry Sloman

Rundgren: Acid Wizard

"The use of psychedelics has done a lot for me," says Todd ("A Wizard, a True Star") Rundgren. "It moved me further in the shortest amount of time probably than anything else. It triggered a change in my outlook that made me conscious of new things I have been aware of ever since."

His new solo album *The Hermit of Mink Hollow* (Warner/Bearsville BRK6981) represents Todd's personal scenes, dreams and fantasies. His approach is still basic top-notch rock 'n' roll changes worked around well-worn pop themes: the past, the future, the destiny of humanity and brokenhearted love affairs. The tracks are heavily loaded with every supersophisticated production trick and technique he has learned from all his years as producer for The Band, Paul Butterfield, Meatloaf and his own power-rock band Utopia. On *Hermit of Mink Hollow* not only does he write all of the material, play all of the instruments and do all of

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"Kids in the audience want to see someone get up there, plug into their stack of Marshalls, blast out some chords and beat the shit out of their guitars."



Merry Alpern/Goldsmith Studios

Todd Rundgren: The acid wizard rockets off.

the vocals, but he also acts as his own producer, engineer and mix-down man.

"I've always taken the approach that the studio itself is one of my instruments," Todd says. "My attitude has been that unless I can do it the way I want to, then I won't do it at all. I'm using technology that would have otherwise gone for exploitative purposes and liberating it for more or less humanitarian reasons, trying to put it into human context. With Utopia we developed along philosophical lines as well

as technological lines; it became important that our philosophy be as futuristic as our technology.

"Sometimes it's strange, 'cause a lot of the kids in the rock 'n' roll audience just want to see someone get up there, plug into their stack of Marshalls, blast out some block chords and beat the shit out of their guitars."

Rundgren can rock out as well as he can rocket into the outer reaches of technologically enhanced acid consciousness.

—Charlie Frick

Bob Marley's Mysto-Politics

"Excuse me while I light my spliff. Good God, I got to take a lift, from Reality I just can't drift, that's why I'm staying with this riff..." says Bob "Rastaman" Marley, contemporary seer, dope saint, mystopolitician and

one of the big three in the Third World's cultural hit parade (Stevie Wonder and Muhammad Ali are the others). And he's got a solid groove backing his highly whacked-out songs about island life.

"If you smoke herb then go to the job, then the job don't have your mind," says Marley. "The greatest thing is don't

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“The government say that if you smoke herb, then I the people start to think alike. Them no want that.” -Bob Marley

let the job have your mind. The government and the scientists, them all say that if you smoke herb, then I the people start to think alike. Them no want that."

Marley sings, "I got to have kaya now, 'cause the rain is falling down." Kaya is a Jamaican word for ganja. This paeer to the holy herb kicks off the album's namesake, *Kaya* (Island ILPS 9517). Marley sings to the glory of the weed lazily with heavy rhythm accents falling delayed on the second and fourth beats while the organ and guitars scratch out the rasta vibration rhythm, a strange blend of syncopated percussion that gives the illusion of picking up the tempo and slowing it down at the same time.

Kaya plunges the depths of the island experience. Some of the songs carry almost a picture-postcard view of the paradise in the Caribbean, light-headed scenes wasted on the beach at Negril with a head full of smoke and the clear blue water sparkling in the bay. "Sun is shining, the weather is sweet, makes you want to move your dancing feet."

Marley croons in an island version of a Tom Jones hotel lounge act.

The rest of the songs on the album spotlight Marley as the musical figurehead for the lost tribe of Israel as he conveys the prophecies and politics of the Rastafarian movement to some of the 500 million people in the Third World. In "Crisis" he sings, "So little has been done, and they are still killing, killing the people." In "Time Will Tell" he sings the glories of the god of the Rastafarians by exclaiming over a catchy rhythm track that "Jah would never give the power to a bald head!" (Sure, Bob.) —Charlie Frick

—Charlie Frick

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Lynn Goldsmith

**"I would just as soon smoke
a stick of good grass than
some Kools or Prince Alberts."
-B.B. King**

changed. I think that smoking grass is no more harmful than smoking cigarettes. In fact, I don't smoke no more, but if I was, I would just as soon smoke a stick of good grass than some Kools or Prince Alberts." B.B. was playing Lake Tahoe when jazz producer Stu Levine and Crusaders drummer Sticks Hooper approached the king with the idea for an album of jazz and blues in collaboration with the Crusaders. King had been on the road and had no material ready for waxing, so Crusader keyboard man Joe Sample and lyricist Will Jennings took all of his blues recordings to a secluded cabin in the frozen Montana wasteland where they lived the blues day and night.

"They came back with some damn good tunes," says B.B. "The one stipulation was that I would not change my style to try and be somebody else. All of the songs that they wrote for *Midnight Believer* (ABC AA1061) seemed to fit pretty well with my approach."

Songs like "Never Make a Move Too Soon," "World Full of Strangers," "Midnight Believer" and the heart-breaker "Let Me Make You Cry a Little Longer" capture a rare combination of blues inspirations and the technical excellence of seasoned jazz players.

"Most of the good jazz players came up playing 12-bar blues progressions, and they know all the changes inside out," B.B. says. "It was easy for the Crusaders to fit into my style, 'cause I don't play nothin' but the blues. Work-

ing with them was real great, because when I'm playing the blues, when Lucille [B.B.'s guitar] is feeling well to me, when the band is playing good and we are all gettin' down, hey hey, that's when I'm really high! If everything is really swinging, that's when I'm really in there, and that's as much high as I ever need."

-Charlie Frick

Jimmy Buffett: A Smuggler's Life for Me

Jimmy Buffett's sixth album, *Son of a Son of a Sailor* (ABC AA-1046), gives every indication why he's a perennial favorite of the Caribbean-cruising, cannabis-carrying, contemporary pirates of the sea. ("Son of a son of a sailor/Son of a gun, load the last ton/One step ahead of the jailer.") Sipping Margaritas and taking a slow draw on a chillum filled with fresh Colombian, Buffett writes his songs while relaxing poolside at a swank Miami Beach hotel frequented by pot smugglers, who comprise Florida's largest industry. These modern-day swashbucklers carouse the islands drinking rum, "trying to cram lost years into five or six days." Buffett, who really is the son of a son of a sailor, finds his fun and inspiration as a seafaring outlaw and in relating the high-sea adventures of other local folk heroes.

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Lynn Goldsmith

Jimmy Buffet: High-seas songster.

and Greg Taylor, harmonica), along with the Reeferettes (vocalists Penny Nichols and Debra McColl) swing and sway in a laid-back, devil-may-care style and churn out hard-core rockers like "Livingston Saturday Night" and "Cheeseburger in Paradise," the latter a stoned-out tribute to "a big warm bun and a huge chunk of meat." The band's joie de vivre matches Buffett's light-hearted view of the smuggler lifestyle: if the laws of civilization don't fit you, then you best get a good laugh out of them and learn to run—real fast.

—Jay Saporita

So You Wanna Be a Dead Boy

The Dead Boys go to any length to provide cheap thrills for their rabid fans. For the opening of their song "Son of Sam," in which the bark of a demonic devil dog starts a tense electric psychodrama about murderer Berkowitz, Stiv and Cheetah scurried with tape recorder under cover of darkness to the iron gates outside the yard in Brooklyn where the actual dog Sam nightly howls to the moon and growls at unwary passersby. Cheetah still proudly displays the eight-inch gash in his neck where he unluckily was attacked while trying to obtain verisimilitude for his eager audience of gore addicts.

The Dead Boys are tough kids who grew up on gang movies and then got into gangs themselves. "Our life was a parody of *West Side Story*. Even our name sounds like a gang," says Stiv. These guys are really tough. "Some of our groupies want to get tied up, beat up and knifed all of the time, but we say no," Stiv reports. "But I've fucked a girl from behind—in every state we've been in... usually a state of inebriation." Cheetah used to inhale deodorant spray for the hexachlorophene buzz until he discovered it gives you cancer. Stiv used to get beat up for having long



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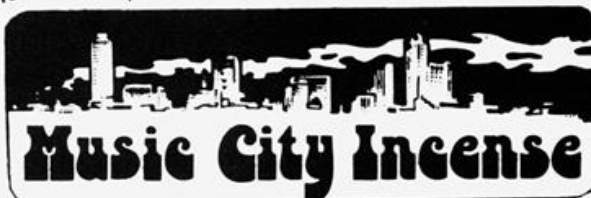
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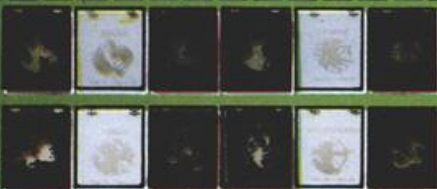
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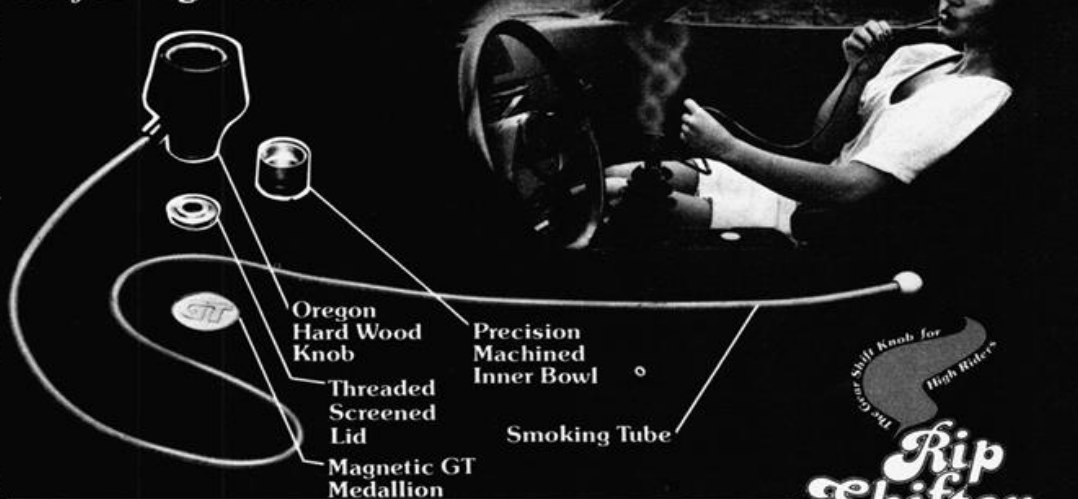
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Mick Rock

Dead Boys: Alive and hating.

hair, now he gets beat up for having short hair.

But the Dead Boys aren't just a rebel band without a cause. They hate the corporations "because they manipulate our minds" and because they buy up the best rock bands and "make them into assholes. The bigger they get, the bigger the assholes they are," says Stiv. The theme of their new album is self-explanatory from the title, *We Have Come for Your Children* (Warner/Sire SRK6054). "We're the youth history warned ya of... I could make money playing corporate rock/I ain't got nothing, rather live in hock," they sing in "Third Generation Nation." "I don't wanna be no Catholic boy/And get beat up by the nuns... I wanna beat my meat right in the street," they sing in "I Don't Wanna Be No Catholic Boy." "Ain't it fun when you get so high that you just can't come," they sing in "Ain't It Fun." In this album their punk vision has been well-honed by producer Felix (Cream, Mountain) Pappalardi's hard-rock expertise. Now that you can hear the lyrics they sound scarier than ever.

Their energetic cover of the Stones' "Tell Me," highlighted by Johnny Blitz's machine-gun percussion, would make a great AM single. As long as punk bands are derivative of the Stones, they might as well admit it and do Stones songs. (Devo does a great "Satisfaction.") Stiv sings as well as Alice Cooper in his prime. Jimmy Zero is a deadpan psychopath on lead guitar. Cheetah Chrome makes ugly faces while thrashing away maniacally on his blood-stained axe.

With *We Have Come for Your Children*, the Dead Boys have made the quantum leap from the gutters of every two-bit rock 'n' roll town from Cleveland to London to the realms of respectability in the rock world. While the Dead Boys were once looking to the Stones and Iggy for inspiration (Is "Son of Sam" a sequel to Iggy's "I Wanna Be Your Dog"?), the up-and-coming third-generation rock bands are looking to the Dead Boys for perspiration. They get what they sweat 'cause they ain't dead yet.

—Harry Wasserman

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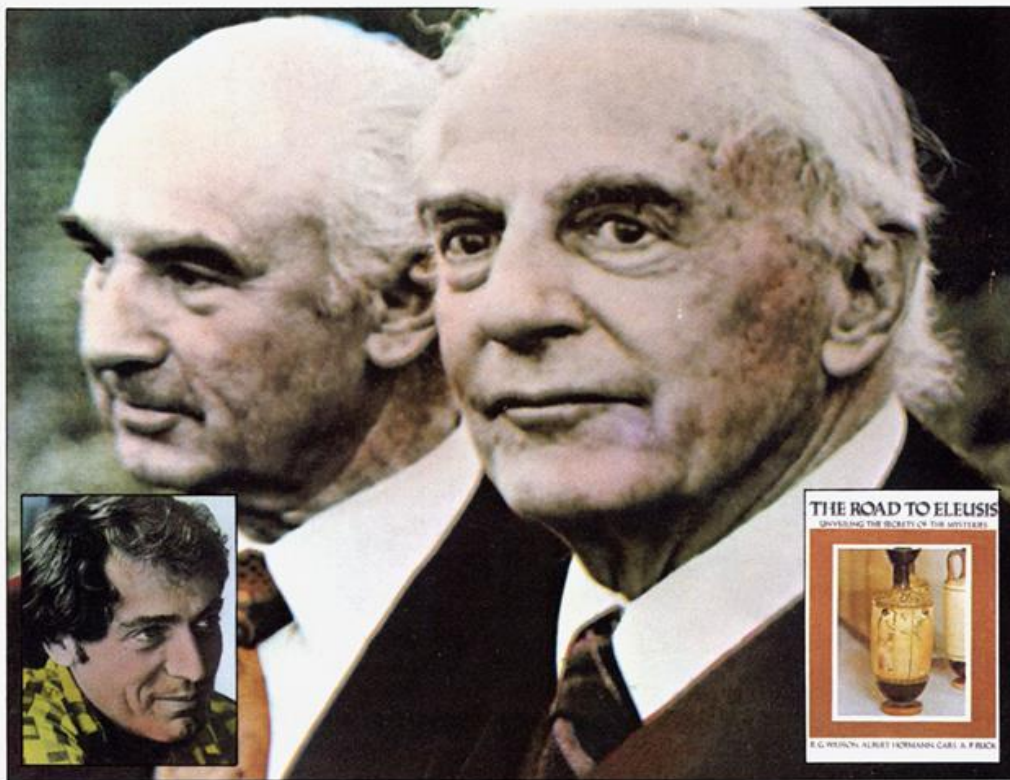
THE ROAD TO ELEUSIS: Unveiling the Secret of the Mysteries, by R. Gordon Wasson, Albert Hofmann, Carl A.P. Ruck (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.95 cloth, \$4.95 paper).

This is the most radical book to be published on the classical antiquities in over a century; not since Friedrich Nietzsche single-handedly rehabilitated the dark, mad underside of Greek rationality in *The Birth of Tragedy* has anyone looked at the origins of Hellenic—and hence our own modern—civilization with as few illusions and as much knowledge of what probably happened as the present authors.

Albert Hofmann is, of course, the Swiss chemist who discovered LSD-25 in 1943 and one of the world's leading experts on the plant alkaloids. Gordon Wasson, a retired partner of the Morgan Bank, is the world's leading ethnomycologist, or scholar of the role of the higher fungi in the past of the human race; his distinguished work over the past three decades has established to within spitting distance of academic recognition that the psychedelic mushroom fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) was the Soma of the *Upanishads* and has made possible the discovery, by John C. Allegro and Peter T. Furst, that Jesus Christ was, in point of fact, a mushroom. Dr. Ruck is Professor of Greek at Boston University, specializing in what Wasson calls "the recalcitrant field of Greek ethnobotany."

It is the contention of these men in *The Road to Eleusis* that the great Eleusinian mysteries, celebrated by the Hellenes for some 2,000 years and generally regarded by Greeks as the noblest vessel of their faith, were in fact a hallucinogenic LSD divertissement of the utmost abandon.

The mysteries at Eleusis were ostensibly a ritual commemoration and reenactment of the kidnapping of the maiden Persephone by Hades, the lord of the underworld, and her subsequent probation, negotiated by her mother, the goddess Demeter, the terms whereof provided that this Homeric Patty Hearst would spend half the year in Hades and the rest topside. Obviously, the Persephone legend is an expression of the coming and going of the seasons, and her time on earth was felt to coincide with the blossoming of the green things thereof, while the



Albert Hofmann and R.G. Wasson; inset, Carl A.P. Ruck

The ritual mushroom trip was the Greek holy of holies, performed with a solemnity that modern religions can't reproduce.

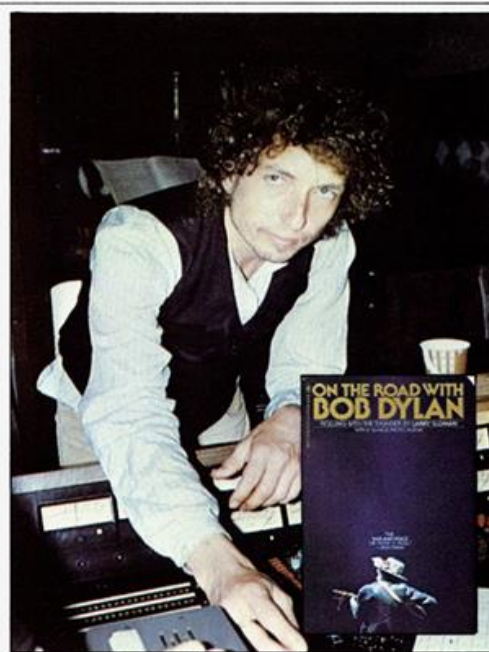
world metaphorically mourned her absence in time of winter.

The myth was more than agricultural, however; or rather, to the Greeks, the planting cycle and Persephone's journeys were metaphors for death and rebirth—that is, the "ego death" and rebirth of the soul during a bout of mushroom intoxication and the hangover later. The ritual mushroom trip was the Greek holy of holies, performed with a solemnity that modern religions are helpless to reproduce. Indeed, possessed of as much understanding as we have of the primitive mind, it is virtually impossible for us to recapture the spellbound intensity of its own participation in the mysteries.

Here, however, we have the supple, poetic writing of these three psychedelic scholars to recapture for us, in art if not in fact, what must have happened when the fathers of modern civilization worshipped the gods of Olympus at Eleusis. In an artistic sense, and quite apart from its historical importance, *The Road to Eleusis* is a very holy book, a very spiritual experience.

The book is lovingly printed, illustrated with fine shots of the rare ergot growths from which LSD is distilled, and it contains a fine new translation by Danny Staples of the "Homeric Hymn to Demeter" stressing the fungal nature of the original. In short, a book that every mushroom fancier will want to own.

—Eric Kibble



ON THE ROAD WITH BOB DYLAN: Rolling with the Thunder, by Larry Sloman (New York: Bantam Books, \$2.50). Bob Dylan gathered together the Rolling Thunder Revue (Joni Mitchell, Joan Baez, Bob Neuwirth, Ronny Blakley, Mick Ronson, etc.) to help him recapture the spirit of the old days, pay back favors and regain some lost ground. The four-hour movie made (in part) on the tour through New England, *Renaldo and Clara*, was in Dylan's mind always more important



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than the music and perhaps the real raison d'être for the whole project. Playwright Sam Shepherd was originally hired to write the script for the movie, but all he could get together was *Rolling Thunder Logbook* (New York: Penguin Books, \$3.95), which is really a picture book with long captions. The only time Shepherd's book comes to life is when Larry "Ratso" Sloman comes onstage.

Sloman, invited on the tour by Dylan himself, was ostensibly covering the Revue for Rolling Stone and finding street people in every town to play characters in the movie. "Sloman is the supreme master of tack and bad taste," writes Shepherd. "I've never seen one to match him... Sloman is in a class of his own. He's a New Yorker, but somehow he's made contact with the owner of every strip joint, porn shop, bad-news corner in town." Sloman drags the reluctant Shepherd from place to place searching for his ultimate discovery, a "63-year-old schizophrenic dyke named Ethel... She disappeared on me. Great chick! Fantastic chick! I wanted to introduce her to Dylan!"

According to Sloman's *On the Road...*, many Rolling Thunder people shared Shepherd's wary disdain of Sloman. A groupie he befriends warns him that the functionaries and factotums think he's a "sleazy prick." Much of the book describes the author's intense quest to be accepted by the stars and their satellites. But as the rejections, humiliations and manic pressures mount, as his control begins to slip, Sloman undergoes a metamorphosis. Rechristened by Joan Baez, he becomes "Ratso."

Sloman/Ratso is a sycophant's sycophant, able to maneuver himself into any restricted nook and cranny. But unlike most groupies he never loses his personality in the reflected glare of his idol's power. He's always self-aware and scrupulously honest. A quintessential new journalist, he's like a billiard ball with tape recorder. He starts things in motion and records the collision and then its aftermath.

Sloman's extraordinary technique, coupled with his tenacity, results in some amazingly revealing moments. He gets Jewish-mothered by Beattie Zimmerman herself, and he's the only journalist to get close to Joni Mitchell during one of the most creative periods in her life. It's extraordinary to find yourself in a hotel room with them and listen while they bounce lines off each other for a song that later became "Coyote." And the best interview with Dylan since the March 1965 Playboy comes out of exasperation after Ratso has interrupted Sara and Dylan on the verge of fucking.

Dylan and his Dylanoids aren't always the central figures in the Sloman book, for Sloman often finds that the street people he meets on the road are more interesting than the incestuously insulated tour stars.

Stoned Dylan fans will also appreciate Michael Gross's *Bob Dylan: An Illustrated History* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, \$12.95 cloth, \$6.95 paper), which compiles every published fact about Dylan except the ones Sloman has ferreted out in *On the Road with Bob Dylan*. Gross's *Illustrated History* does have a fine compendium of photos, though, including one of A.J. Weberman and David Peel celebrating Dylan's birthday with a riot in front of Dylan's former MacDougal Street digs.

—Michael James

THE BROOKE BOOK, by Brooke Shields, illustrated (New York: Pocket Books, \$3.95). This wonderful book is the



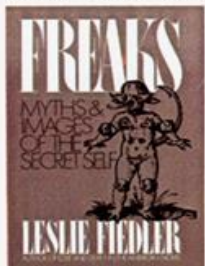
very apotheosis of pornography, the crowning glory of erotica, a really very tasteful and aesthetically appealing artistic study of a young woman, which only happens to generate in the central nervous system of any

moderately responsive man who looks upon it the irresistible urge to masturbate. This young woman, Brooke Shields, has evidently dwelt since infancy in the company of photographers with a well-developed appreciation of the very intense sensuality that certain children—male as well as female—irrepressibly express every time they yawn, burp or scramble up into your lap.

Vladimir Nabokov described it superbly and lyrically, without even being particularly prey to this particular sort of enchantment with the barely nubile. But I can't conceive of any adult, male or female, who wouldn't be positively pulverized by this reincarnation of Grace Kelly in her prime, translated into terms of a 12-year-old in a skimpy shift and red-striped stockings rolled halfway up her sassy little 12-year-old thighs. And that's only the cover; it gets lots hornier inside! Buy this book up quick, fellers: if it sells well, it's bound to generate a commercial demand for more of the kind.

—Dean Latimer

FREAKS: MYTHS AND IMAGES OF THE SECRET SELF, by Leslie Fiedler (New York: Simon & Schuster, \$12.95).



Fiedler is America's hippest lit prof. His 1960 *Love and Death in the American Novel* put him on the map with an analysis of classic American literature in terms of its underlying obsessions with death, incest and homosexuality. In 1967—the same year that his *Return of the Vanishing American* (which hailed the shift from a liquor culture to a drug culture as “the red man's revenge”) was published—Fiedler was the

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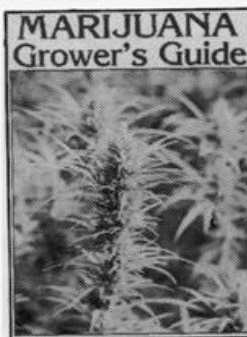
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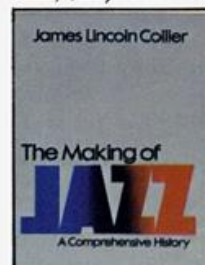
victim of a well-publicized pot bust. His new book, which he began work on in 1971, is clearly a product of the late '60s cultural revolution.

Fiedler writes of "the sense of quasi-religious awe which we experience when face to face with fellow humans more marginal than the poorest sharecroppers." Freaks, he says, "challenge the conventional boundaries between male and female, sexed and sexless, animal and human, large and small, self and other, and consequently between reality and illusion, experience and fantasy, fact and myth." The first half of his book contains chapters on dwarfs, giants, beast-men, hermaphrodites, siamese twins, etc. In each case Fiedler ranges throughout history like a supererudite P.T. Barnum to come up with amazing anecdotes and life stories.

The second half of the book is more theoretical—dealing with the history of teratology (the science of freaks) and freaks as they have been depicted in literature and popular culture (including a long analysis of Tod Browning's classic film *Freaks*). Finally, Fiedler gets into his theory of the counterculture—why he thinks that the idea of "freaks" and "mutants" took on a new set of meanings in the '60s. It is doubtful that anything more provocative or entertaining will be written about the subject for a long time. *Freaks* is also filled with grisly illustrations, some of which you may wish that you'd never seen.

—Jim Hoberman

THE MAKING OF JAZZ, by James Lincoln Collier (New York: Houghton Mifflin, \$20). The "comprehensive history" of



jazz has been told many times but seldom as elegantly as James Lincoln Collier has done here. Only those great autobiographies written by a few of the great jazz men and women, their oral histories recorded by diligent chroniclers of the art, and of course the great body of jazz music itself, live and on tape, rival in eloquence Mr. Collier's account of the form past and present.

Few writers on jazz have conveyed as picturesquely as Collier the low-down origins of jazz in the brothels of New Orleans, the gin mills of Kansas City and the speakeasies and dingy dives of the Prohibition Era; few have told with as succinct a narrative gift the rich and tragic lives of Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday and the great Bix Beiderbecke.

Collier's chapter on Charlie Parker, "An Erratic Bird in Flight," is a masterpiece of jazz commentary, placing in the context of Parker's antagonism for white people all the 8- and 32-bar breaks of "Cherokee."

Nor does Collier neglect the pharmacological origins of the jazz perception.

"Cocaine was sold freely in Storyville," he writes, "and without question many of the early players sampled it"—thus laying to rest forever the wishful thinking of Johnny-come-lately Republican jazz fanciers who maintain that the musicians didn't partake. This is must reading for jazz lovers and anyone who wants to learn to love jazz.

—Eric Kibble

RECREATIONAL DRUGS, by Young, Klein and Beyer (New York: Collier, \$5.95).

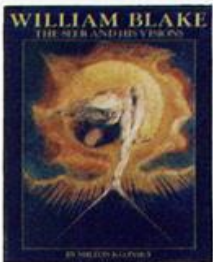


For the intrepid traveler who may be planning to visit East Africa to indulge in chewing the leaves and stems of the large Khat shrub, or for one who is cruising to the South Pacific to imbibe some Kava-Kava for an instant

pick-me-up, *Recreational Drugs* is a valuable encyclopedia of dope info. From marijuana and magic mushrooms to the sweet-smelling leaves of the damiana shrub and the hallucinogenic Dona Ana cacti, this alphabetical guide lists 88 different drugs found throughout the world, both synthetic and organic exotics, many of which are unfamiliar to your average drug consumer. Each listing includes the particular drug's history, usage and effects. Pemoline (MBA), for a fascinating example, is a synthetic mental stimulant used by American and British pilots during World War II to keep them alert and flying high during long missions. You are what you ingest, so look out for number one by checking out *Recreational Drugs* before you take anything.

—Barbara Jacobs

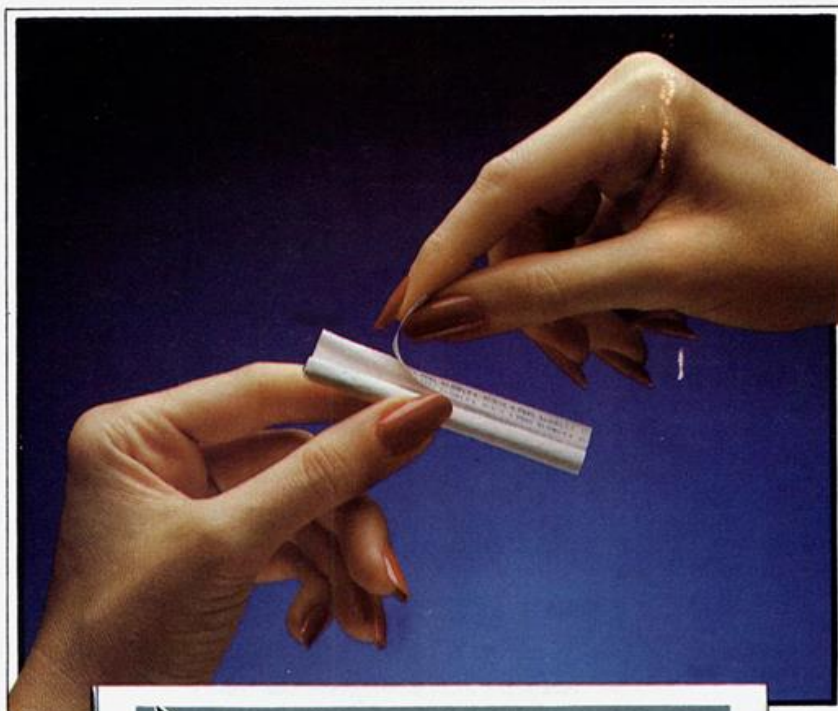
WILLIAM BLAKE: The Seer and His Visions, by Milton Klonksy (New York: Harmony Books, \$12.95 cloth, \$7.95 paper). William Blake had so many vi-



sions it makes you wonder about his chemical intake. He talked about fairies, monsters, serpents and the walking dead enough that his contemporaries thought him mad. He was a visionary who did a lifetime of work under "dictation from the angels," all the while conducting dialogues with the ghosts of long-dead poets and philosophers who, he claimed, would ask him to rewrite their works. In this volume are Blake's painted etchings as rendered from his magnificent imaginings. Etched on metal, scraped with corrosives, his metallic rainbow colors are glorious, his conceptions staggering. Calligraphic verse, design and imagery are interwoven in the manner of the psychedelic poster art they would inspire 200 years later. Blake at his best.

—Terez Coe

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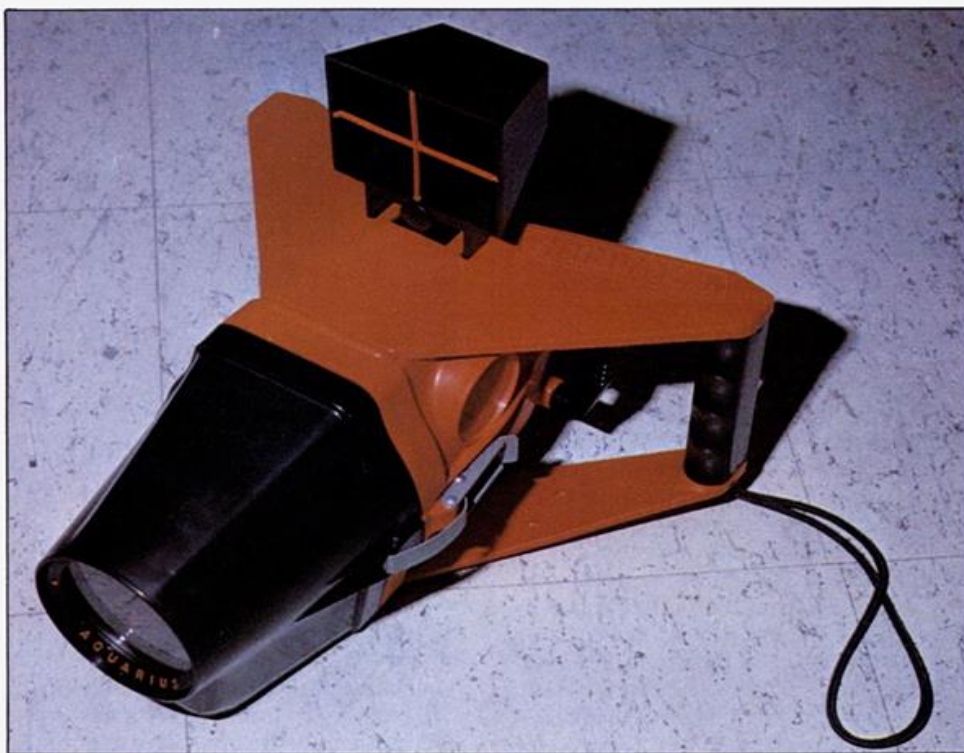


Flash



Disco Lashes

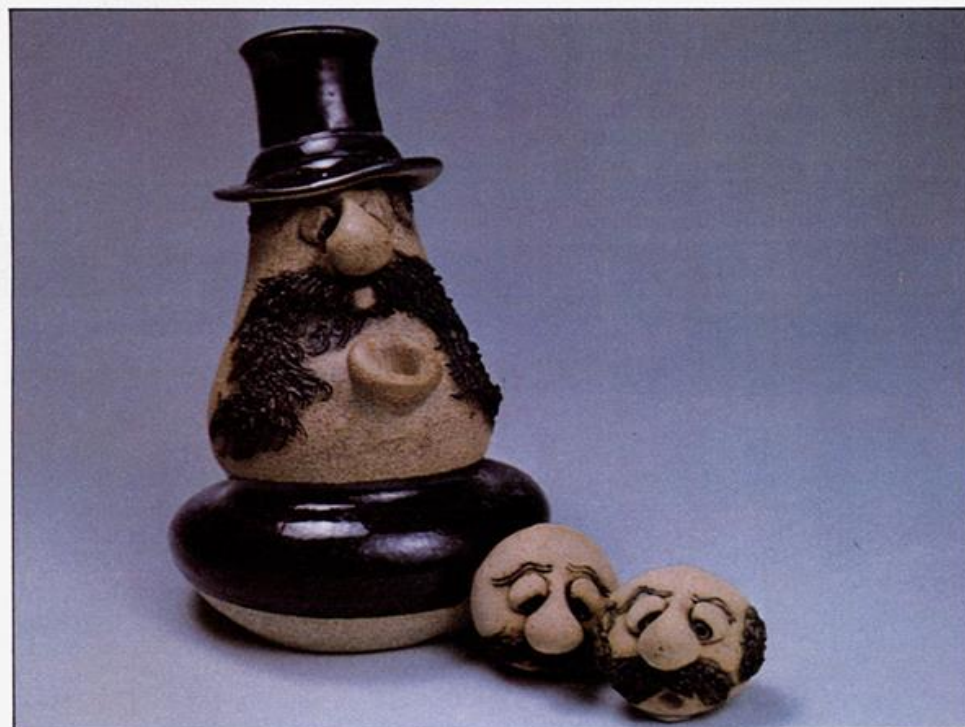
See the dance floor through rose-colored lashes. These extravagant sweeps of color—ranging from pale blond to vibrant vermillion—announce to all within eyeshot that “Here is one wild and crazy gal!” Add a strategic stroke of eye shadow and you’ll have a sweaty, stained-pants Travoltaoid drooling at your door. \$6 each from Debbie Associates, 100 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1203, New York, New York 10011.



Jack Abraham

Depth Perceptions

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Jack Abraham

Kill Yourself

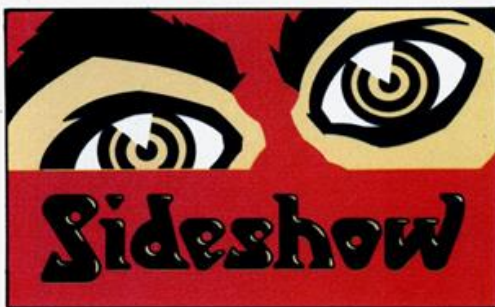
Plant your palsied kisser on this dapper little fellow’s puss and suck like you had bronchitis. You’ll drop dead with delight smoking a People Bong (\$25), each individually handcrafted from clay and painted with hard glaze. Or shove your dirty battered joint into a little People Smokestone (\$3) and cauterize your lungs in ecstasy. Write People Pipes, P.O. Box 266, Farmingdale, New York 11735.



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“Flash” spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, send it to the Flash editor. ☐



Fleetwood Narc

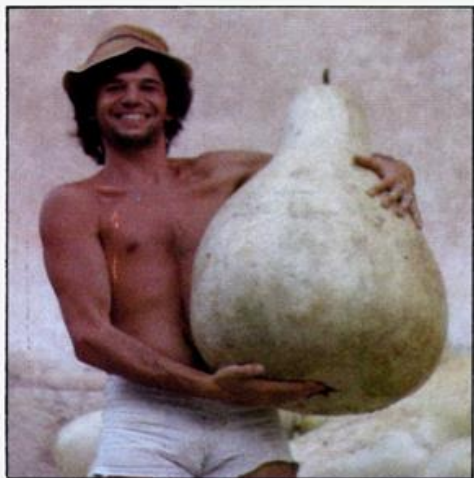
Blake Fleetwood isn't a narc, but he knows the inside of their minds well enough to do the hard police reporting that led to his exposé of the Nicky Barnes frame-up that appears on page 58. He's gone undercover himself—once when he got into a high-security prison in Venezuela to get an exclusive interview with international terrorist and alleged JFK hitman Orlando Bosch, and once when he posed as a heroin addict to investigate methadone: "It's a potent opiate," he says, "great stuff." His articles have appeared in the New York Times and New Times.



Edo Bertoglio

Machine-Gun Kelley

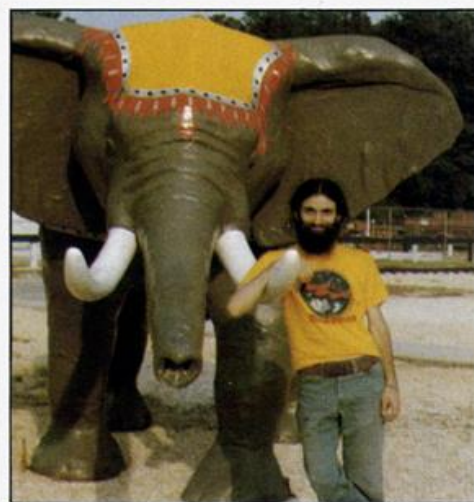
Douglas Kelley, 22, was surprisingly heartened from researching "The \$350 Billion Weapons Trade." "People can start investing in vacation homes and other long-term things again, because big business can't afford a nuclear disaster. It simply won't happen—I've become an optimist!" Formerly editor of the Electric Company Magazine (the kid's show, not the utility), Kelley's work has appeared in Esquire and Oui, and he's currently writing a rock musical about "psychotic feudalism—urban life in the near future." The accompanying photo shows Kelley as lead singer of J. Tabasco and His Rhythm Artists.



Laurence Cherniak

Hash Slinger

Laurence Cherniak has been photographing cannabis culture (page 70) throughout Europe, Asia, Canada and the U.S. for 15 years. Back in 1966 he founded the first and original Head Shop Ltd. in Toronto and went on to revolutionize the rolling-paper industry with his own designs: Rainbow World, Canada Goose, Leopard Skins and, most recently, the innovative Cutsides. An actor and painter, Cherniak creates great dope art and does his own stunts besides. His dope photos and journalism will be collected and published later this year in *The Great Book of Hashish*.



Nancy Janusz

Abominable Sloman

Larry Sloman interviewed Dr. James Munch (page 42), the government scientist whose testimony in 1937 before Congress was responsible for the banning of marijuana, while working on his book *Reefer Madness: A History of Marijuana in America*—which is going to cause quite a stir when Bobbs-Merrill publishes it later this year. Among other things, Sloman will document the government plan to round up Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday and every other black jazz musician in America on dope charges in the 1940s. Sloman also has the evidence to prove that the authors of the original federal antipot laws never intended it to punish personal possession. It's another journalistic coup for Sloman, whose past scoops include "The Case for Valium" (*High Times*, August '76) and the bestselling Bantam paperback *On the Road with Bob Dylan*:



Jack Abraham

Rolling with the Thunder, an unforgettable account of Dylan's road show as seen from the inside by someone who was thrown out repeatedly.

Prepare for World Frick Out

Photojournalist Charlie Frick wrote this month's "Culture Hero" story on black acid-movement leader George Clinton after spending a week fishing with the Cosmic Funk Father in the Bermuda Triangle. "Clinton is taking the black kids where the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead took the white kids ten years ago," says Frick. "I've seen this all before." Where Frick saw it was on the staff of the East Village Other, America's leading psychedelic newspaper of the '60s, which he joined as a 16-year-old runaway from New Jersey in 1966. After seven years at EVO, Frick went on to freelance for Rolling Stone, Rock, Circus, the Soho Weekly News and *High Times*. He is now working on a scholarly history of rock 'n' roll in New Jersey. ☐



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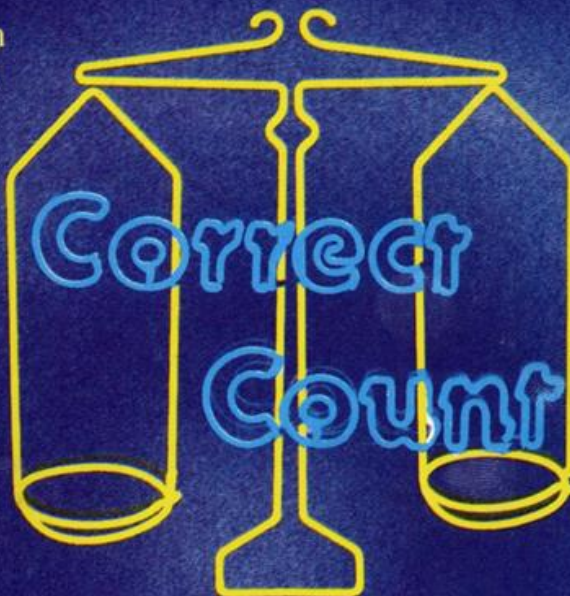
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